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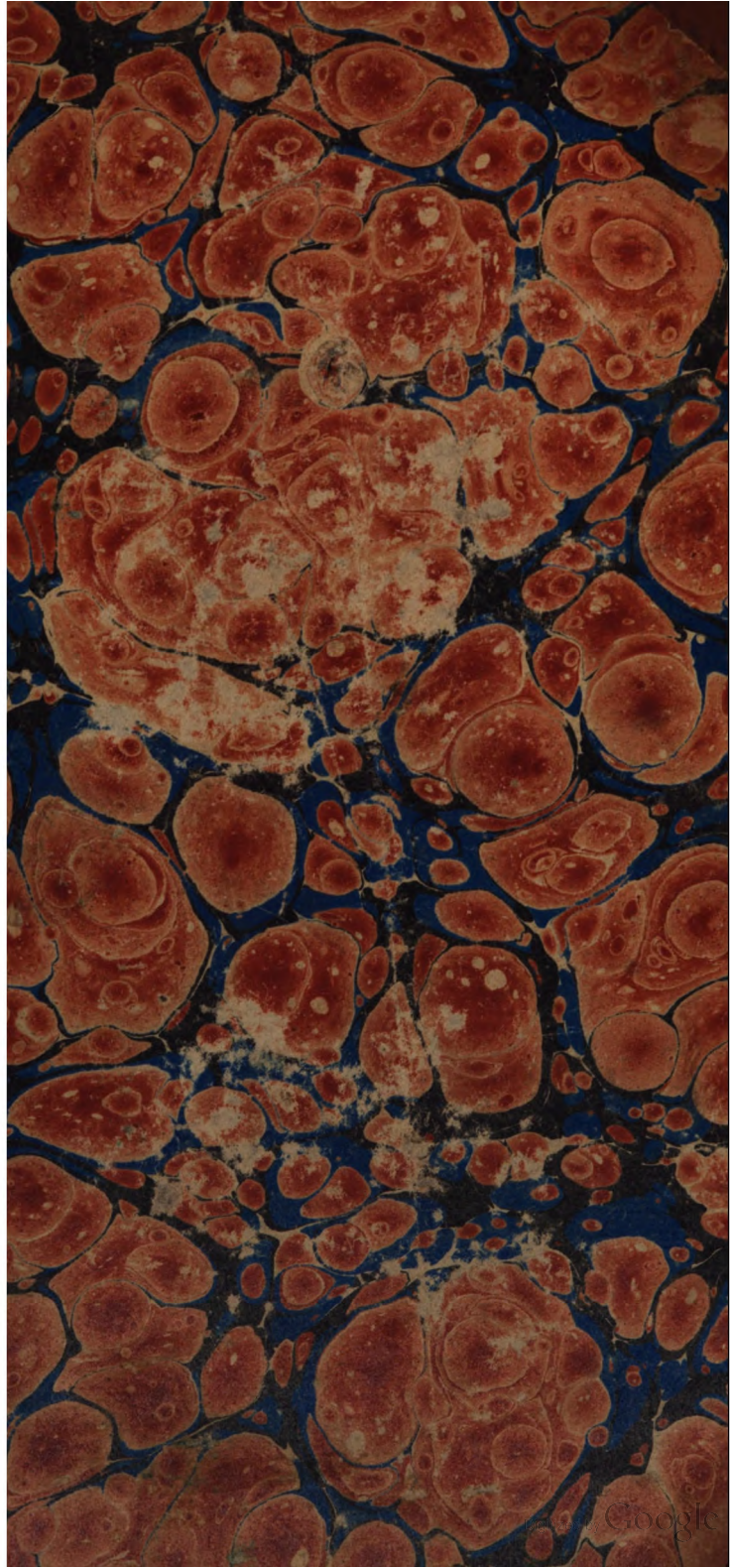
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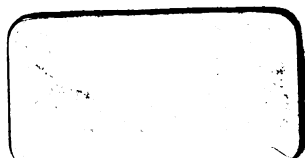
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THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

JUNE,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1831.

Bolton, May 5, 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I being a constant reader of your valuable work, should you think the following account of bees, taken from the history of insects, would be interesting to some of your readers, you will much oblige yours,

In the bonds of F. L. and T.,

P. S. LOMAS.

Welcome Travellers Lodge.



We are only sure of one principle of action among bees, the love for their queen or rather the numerous posterity to which she is to give birth. Each bee seems to be guided by a feeling which has in view the welfare of all, or by the love of posterity.—Whether they build cells, or most carefully polish them, or labour to gather a harvest of honey, it is never distinctly for themselves. This may appear somewhat strange to those who have remarked that at the end of winter the bees consume the honey they had stored up in spring and summer. But it appears from experiments which have been made that the moment they lose hope of a large family, they cease to gather the food which is necessary for their own preservation. Life seems to them of no value, when unsupported by this hope, and so they choose to die. The love of offspring appears, therefore, to be the moving principle. From what observers have remarked little doubt can be entertained that the conduct of bees to the mother is tender, true and full of devotion. To prove this, the following experiment was made;—A queen was removed from one hive and shut up with some working bees taken from another, so that both were strangers to each other—I was curious, says the person who made the experiment, to note how she would be received, and I saw that she was received like a queen. Bees to the number of a dozen, or more, surrounded her, and treated her with great

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honor. It happened that the box in which she had been inclosed was filled with dust, in consequence of which, when introduced amongst the working bees, she was literally grey with that which stuck about her. The first care of the bees was to unpowder and clean their future sovereign. For more than two hours she remained at the bottom of the hive, surrounded and sometimes covered by them, while they licked on all sides. It seemed as if they were anxious to warm her, and in truth she required it, as she was benumbed by the coldness of the night. I could not help admiring the anxiety and diligence of their attentions. They relieved each other in the task of cleaning her. They removed her to another spot, more than an inch distance, some were upon her, some under her. For more than two hours I witnessed this interesting scene. For a day or two, the person who made the experiment, kept them close prisoners, but afterwards placed them near the very spot from which they had been taken, and gave them the liberty of going away. He found however that though they went out they returned to their new habitation and new queen, and built cells for her accommodation.— This fact removed all doubt. These had been taken from a numerous hive, well stored, and yet they completely forgot their old companions and their birthplace, put up with all inconveniences of a small hive, and undertook to labour for a stranger. But though thus prodigal of their affections for any mother, still a number of hours must pass before they will adopt a stranger, and the lives of a thousand of their fellow labourers is nothing to them, in comparison with that of the elected queen. An observer of bees found a queen and some working bees seemingly dead from cold. Some of the latter he had brought to life, so that though feeble they could yet walk. The others, with the queen, were still without motion. Putting them all in a box, he warmed it by degrees, in the hope of reviving the whole. As soon as some of the working bees came to life they ranged themselves round the dead mother as if they were pitying her situation. With their trunks they licked her breast, head and body, but took not the slightest notice of the other bees, although as dead as this sole object of their care. The observer watched with anxiety for the signs of returning life in their queen. At first, says he, one limb quivered and after a short time the motion was repeated. No sooner was this proof of life given than a humming was instantly heard in the box, where all had before been silent — Many persons, who were with me, and who watched the revival of the queen, were struck with the sound, as being louder than usual, and all named it the sound of rejoicing. The following reflections form a suitable close to the subject;—after all, the principle which regulates the proceedings of the social tribe of insects is involved in a depth of mystery, which with all our boasted advantage we in vain attempt to fathom, the motives which urge to fulfil in so remarkable yet varied a way their different destinies,

baffle the researches of human sagacity. But one thing is clear, that these creatures and their instincts loudly proclaim the power, wisdom, and goodness of the great Father of the universe, and prove beyond all doubt the existence of a ruling Providence, who watches, with unceasing care, the welfare of the meanest of his creatures.

PROCESSION.

On Whit Monday last, the "Loyal Lune Lodge" of the Independent Order of Oddfellows; and a Sick Club, the Union of the village of Caton, near Lancaster, headed by the Dolphinholme band, proceeded to the Church at Brookhouse, when a very excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, M. A., from the 1st Epistle of Timothy, 8th verse, in which he commented at some length upon the necessity of persons enrolling themselves into such societies, and the benefit to be derived therefrom;—in the case of sickness, to themselves,—and, in the event of death, to their widows and children. He endeavoured also to instil into their minds the duties which their religion called for—teaching them to live in brotherly love and unity with all men, and to resemble the Good Samaritan,—to heal the wounds of the afflicted, and help a brother in distress—to remain true to one another in this life, in the hope of being once more united in the Kingdom of Heaven.—So truly impressive was his discourse, and so pathetic the manner in which he addressed his hearers, exhorting them to provide for a future day, and pointing out to them the benefit to be derived from such Orders and Institutions, that those who heard him (not being members of such societies) will, no doubt, avail themselves of the earliest opportunity of becoming so.—The sermon being concluded, both Clubs formed in a procession on their return to Caton, where an excellent dinner was provided by Mrs. Hogg, at the Ship Inn; and the day was spent in much good order and regularity—*From a Lancaster Paper.*

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER MEDAL TO P. G. & P. C. S. SCOTT.

On Monday evening, April 18, 1831, the members of the Nelson lodge, Kendal, after having concluded the business of the night, presented Mr. Jas. Scott, P. G. & P. C. S., with a handsome Silver Medal, value £2 12s. 0d. as a mark of their approbation of his unremitting zeal in the cause of Odd Fellowship. Mr. Joseph Robinson, D. G. M., for that district of lodges, was deputed by the brethren to present the medal, which he did in a very neat and appropriate speech, in which he several times adverted to the valua-

ble services conferred by Mr. Scott, on that lodge, since he became a brother. Mr. Scott next addressed the brethren, nearly as follows:—

RESPECTED BRETHREN,

In receiving this handsome token of respect which has just been presented to me, I feel myself at this moment too much overpowered to express in an adequate manner, the feelings which so liberal a mark of your estimation gives rise to. The inscription you have placed upon it is, to me, very flattering;—You say it has been “presented to me for my meritorious labours in promoting the interest of my lodge, as well as the order in general”—If such has been the case, the high compliment now paid me, makes me aware that I have, in some measure, paid attention to those duties which Odd Fellowship enjoins us to do;—it likewise enables me to look back with pleasure on those humble endeavours which have been the means of calling forth such marked respect this evening towards me.—Odd Fellowship, to me, was always a source of the greatest pleasure, when conducted on those principles which have for their end “PEACE AND GOODWILL TO ALL MEN,” and I think, that a society which has for its basis a sentiment like this, ought to be honoured and revered by all good men. You, my respected brethren, have bestowed your unwearied exertions, for a series of years, in the behalf of this lodge—You have calmly and steadily proceeded in that course which has now brought this lodge to its present perfection.—The day is not far gone by, when you had to contend with the insidious shafts of calumny. The day is not far gone by, I repeat, when the very name of Odd Fellowship was looked on in this part with abhorrence, but with the assistance of your unwearied and assiduous exertions in the cause, you are now going forth conquering and to conquer, and I hope, ere long, the foul stigma which has been cast upon us, will be wiped away, and that calumny will be ashamed to raise her head, but will sink unheeded and despised into the bosom of oblivion.

It now only remains for me to return you my most unfeigned thanks for the very distinguished honour you have conferred upon me, and rest assured that if my exertions have hitherto proved worthy of your notice, it shall hereafter become a duty incumbent on me, to do all that time and circumstance will permit, to conduce to the prosperity of the lodge.

The worthy past officer then sat down amidst the most enthusiastic cheers.

THE FOLLOWING IS A COPY OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MEDAL.—A tribute of respect, presented to James Scott, P. G. and P. C. S., of the Nelson Lodge, Kendal, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, for his meritorious labours, in promoting the interests of his lodge, as well as the Order in general.

Kendal, April 18, 1831.

YR ODYDDION ANNYMDDIBYNAWL.

(INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS)

MESUR "LLWYN ONN."

"Cyfeillgarwch, Cariad, a Gwirionedd."

I.

CYDUNWCH Odyddion,
Mewn cynes amcanion,
I seinio'n bereiddlon
O'r galon i gyd ;
Y'nghadwyn Brawdgarwch,
Heb ofid na thristwch,
Cawn wledd o ddiddanwch,
Mewn heddwch ynghyd :
Ni ddaw i'n * Cyfrinfa
Gyfeillgar ni yma,
Un math o anfwydra,—
Ni feiddia fe ddôd.
I blith yr Odyddion,
Sy'n frodyr cariadlon,
A chalonn wrth galon,
Wyr glewion o glôd .
Mewn cariad ac undeb,
Ac eithaf ffyddlondeb,
I bawb o'n gwiriondeb,
Uniondeb â wnawn :
Ein bryd yn oestadol,
Yw buchedd rinweddol,
Fo'n unol a'n rheol
Ragorol ac iawn.

II.

Er cwrddyd rai troion,
A gwawdwyr pen—boethion,
Fo'n llawn o ddichellion,
Rai ffeilstion a ffôl ;
Cânt dreulio'u ffraethineb,
Mewn twyll a dallineb,
I foddio'u gwiriondeb,
Heb ateb yn ol :
Er fod ambell goegyn,
Rhagfarnllyd a chyndyn,
Yn chwythu ei gornyn,
'N ein herbyn o hyd ;
E geidw'r Odyddion,
Eu breiniol † gyfrinion,
Oddiwrth holl daioigion,
A beilchion y byd :
Ni chaiff un gwalch pen-rhydd,
Na chib-ddal athrodydd,
Byth wybod un arwydd,
Neu nodydd â wnawn,
I 'nabod Dyn-garwyr,
A didwyll Odyddwr,
Trwy'r byd sydd yn bleidwyr
I wyr fyddo'n iawn.

III.

Beth dâl i rai gwamal,
O nwydau anwadal,
Freuddwydio a sisial,
A dâl ar ryw dwyll,
A chablu'r Odyddion,
Sy'n ymdd wyn yn ffyddlon,
Wrth reol iach gyson,
Yn burion, trwy bwyll ?
'Nol treulio hir amser,
I ffurfio tyb ofer,
Ni fydd ar eu cyfer,
Ond swper go sâl ;
Ni chânt am eu cabledd,
Athrodus diawlweidd,
Ond eislyn-fwyd gwagedd
O'r diwedd yn dâl.
Am hynw wyr mwynion,
Sy'n addas Odyddion,
Byw fydd ein cyfrinion,
Ynghalon pob un,
Sy'n canlyn ffyrdd ceinwedd,
Dyngarwch a Rhinwedd,
Gwir addurn holl fuchedd,
A nodwedd pob dyn.

IV.

Ynghanol pob ingfa,
Blin adfyd, neu wasgfa,
E fydd ein Cyfrinfa
Fel noddfa in ni :
Cawn yno gyfeillion,
I'n llo'n serchoglon,—
Heb ddadwrdd taioigion,
Câs creulon eu cri :
Cawn hefyd lonyddwch,
I feithrin brawdgarwch,
A gwir Gyfeillgarwch,
Mewn harddwch a heddw ;
Ni ddaw i'n Cyfundeb
Gras, annoeth, groesineb,
I darfu sirioldeb
O'n gwyneb, na'n gwedd :
Pfydd, Gobaith, a Chariad,
Mewn cadarn gysylltiad
Sy'n dal ein hadeilad,
Mor iawnfad ynghyd ;
Ein llyw yw Gwirionedd,
Pen-llywydd pob rhinwedd
Fe'n tywys'n y diwedd
Yn burwedd o'r byd.

* LODGE. } CYFRINFAR
† SECRET. } IFORIAID CAREDIG, } J. BRYCHAN,
TREDEGAR. } YS. GOHEB.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The following description of a quarrel, between a couple of rural lovers, the one a hosier's literary apprentice, the other a lady's maid, is copied from an amusing work, recently published, and may, perhaps, prove acceptable to many of your readers, who may not have an opportunity of perusing the original.

Yours, &c.

X. Y. Z.

Nottingham, May, 1831.

"The next day they met again after church, and took a walk together in the evening, in the course of which they discovered another subject common to both, that subject which those who like it at all find so delightful—the Theatre. Stephen, certainly the most literary of hosiers' apprentices, was especially enthusiastic on the drama, had twice appeared at a private theatre, and entertained a strong desire to embrace the stage as a profession as soon as he was out of his time. Now Peggy had herself been at three plays, and talked of them with some discretion: knew comedy from opera, and tragedy from farce. But it was not a talker that Stephen required on this theme: a listener was what he wanted; and no one ever acted audience whilst he rehearsed the story of his two appearances in *Romeo* and *Richard the Third*, better than the little blue eyed girl who hung on his arm so admiringly as they walked round *Aberleigh Green*. Nothing, he said, could exceed the applause with which his debut in *Romeo* had been greeted by a large audience of city 'prentices, and shopwomen, troubled only by the astounding height of a bouncing *Juliet*, half as tall again as himself, who quite spoilt, as he observed, the proportions of the play. Again they made the tour of the *Green*, and Peggy had half promised to study the part of *Juliet*, when a difference arose out of this very subject which put an abrupt end to their courtship.

"From his personal adventures Stephen wandered to a general critique on plays and actors, especially to a warm encomium on one great actor, who was as he said his model. Peggy (who had seen the tragedian in question in *Othello*) assented heartily to the panegyric, adding 'that it was a great pity so clever a man should be black.'

"'Black!' ejaculated the astonished Stephen; 'Black!'

"'Yes,' answered Peggy, 'black; a blackamoor, a negro.'

"'Blackamoor!! Negro!!!' re-echoed Stephen, more and more astounded. 'Mr.—black! Are you dreaming? He's as fair as you are. What do you mean? What can you mean?'

"'What I say;' returned Peggy. 'Did not I see him with my own eyes, and was not he as black as a chimney sweeper?'

and did not his wife and every body talk of his complexion all through the play? You need not stand there, Mr. Stephen, holding up your hands and eyes, and looking as if you thought me a fool. I am not such a dunce as Sally North. I have been to London, and been to the play, and what I have seen I believe, for all your strange looks. He's as black as my master's great greyhound,'—continued Peggy, who had gradually talked herself into such a passion, that her cheeks, generally like a cabbage-rose, were of the colour of a red cabbage—'as black as your hat.'

"Stephen on his part was for the first time in his life dumb founded; first at the singular mixture of ignorance and simplicity implied in the assertion and the reasons brought to support it; secondly at the impudence of the little country damsel who did not know Westminster Abbey from St. Paul's, and yet ventured to impugn his authority on such a point. 'Let me tell you—' he began, when a little recovered from his consternation, 'Let me tell you child—'

"'Child!' interrupted Peggy, touched on the very point of dignity; 'child yourself! It is well known that I am sixteen all but eight months, and as for you, you'll look like a boy all the days of your life. You play Tragedy! Why your hardly tall enough for punch. Child indeed! And I almost sixteen. Never come near me again Mr Long, I have nothing to say to you— and off marched Peggy; and poor Stephen twice rejected in three days would certainly have hanged himself in Sally North's scarlet garters, had he not had the lucky resource of tender poesy, that admirable vent-peg of disappointed love. He went back to Town, and wrote an elegy, and we have heard no more of him since."

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

On the evening of this day, a party of the Ivorian Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows met at the King's Head, Tredegar, to celebrate this national Welsh anniversary. Each of the party wore the badge of their titular saint on their hats, ornamented with gold leaf. A Welsh harper, with several other musicians and vocal singers, attended on the occasion, and the company were highly entertained with excellent songs and national airs, and *cwrs da*. This is the first time this ancient custom was celebrated at Tredegar Works.

THE PATRIOT KING.

MR. EDITOR,

You *must* insert the following—'tis not politics. How grateful to the feelings of an honest man, when he can now conscientiously join in the National Anthem, without incurring the censure of those who knew he could not formerly be sincere. Hundreds, nay thousands, will now chaunt it, that never could before, and the subjects of a Patriot King no longer be branded as hypocrites. How differently does William Henry fill the throne, compared with those of whom the poet speaks :—

“ Where *half* the monarchs who have sat before,
Have only sat to eat and drink and snore ;
To d——n the credit of the age,
And load with folly History's blushing page.”

MONA.

Manchester, June, 1831.

Authentic narrative of a plan, (now first made public,) for capturing Prince William Henry, his present Majesty, during his stay at New York in 1782 ; with the original letters of General Washington.

When his present Majesty William IV. served as a midshipman in the British navy, he was for some time on the coast of the North American colonies, then in a state of revolution, and passed the winter of 1782 in the city of New York. He is still borne in lively recollection by many of the elder inhabitants of that city, as a fine bluff boy of sixteen : frank, cheery, and affable ; and there are anecdotes still told of his frolicsome pranks on shipboard. Among these, is the story of a rough, though favourite, nautical joke, which he played off upon a sailor boy, in cutting down his hammock while asleep. The sturdy sea urchin resented this invasion of his repose ; and not knowing the quality of his invader, a regular set-to of fisty-cuffs ensued in the dark. In this, it is said, the Prince shewed great bottom ; and equal generosity on the following morning, when he made the boy a handsome present of money. His conduct in this boyish affair is said to have gained him the hearts of all his shipmates.

The prince manifested, when on shore, a decided fondness for manly pastimes. One of his favourite resorts was a small fresh water lake in the vicinity of the city, which presented a frozen sheet of many acres ; and was thronged by the younger part of the population for the amusement of skating. As the Prince was unskilled in that exercise, he would sit in a chair fixed on runners, which was pushed forward with great velocity by a skating attendant, while a crowd of officers environed him, and the youthful multitude made the air ring with their shouts for

Prince William Henry. It was an animating scene, in the bright sunny winter-days, so common in that climate, and probably still retains a place in His Majesty's memory.

While the prince was thus enjoying himself in the city of New York, a daring plan was formed, by some adventurous partizans of the revolutionary army, to pounce upon him and carry him off from the very midst of his friends and guards. The deviser of this plan was Colonel Ogden, a gallant officer, who had served with great bravery in the revolutionary army from the very commencement of the war, and whose regiment at that time was stationed in the province (now state) of New Jersey.

The present statement is drawn up from documents still preserved by the family of Colonel Ogden, a copy of which has been obtained from one of his sons. The Prince at the time was living on shore, with Admiral Digby, in quarters slightly guarded, more for form than security, no particular danger being apprehended. The project of Colonel Ogden was to land secretly on a stormy night, with a small but resolute force, to surprise and carry off the Prince and the Admiral to the boats, and to make for the Jersey shore. The plan was submitted to General Washington, who sanctioned it, under the idea that the possession of the person of the Prince would facilitate an adjustment of affairs with the mother country, and a recognition of the United States as an independent nation.

The following is a copy of the letter of General Washington to Col. Ogden on the occasion. The whole of the original is in the handwriting of the General :

To Col Ogden of the 1st Jersey Regiment.

"Sir,—The spirit of enterprise so conspicuous in your plan for surprising in their quarters, and bringing off, the Prince William Henry and Admiral Digby, merits applause; and you have my authority to make the attempt in any manner and at such a time as your judgment shall direct.

"I am fully persuaded, that it is unnecessary to caution you against offering insult or indignity to the persons of the Prince or Admiral, should you be so fortunate as to capture them; but it may not be amiss to press the propriety of a proper line of conduct upon the party you command.

"In case of success, you will, as soon as you get them to a place of safety, treat them with all possible respect; but you are to delay no time in conveying them to congress, and reporting your proceedings, with a copy of these orders.

"Given at Morris Town, this 28th day of March, 1782.

"G. WASHINGTON."

"*Note.*—Take care not to touch upon the ground which is agreed to be neutral—viz., from Raway to Newark, and four miles back."

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Before relating the particulars of this plan, it may be expedient to state, that the city of New York is situated upon the point of an island which advances into the centre of a capacious bay. A narrow arm of the sea, vulgarly called East River, separates it on the left from Long to Nassau Island; and the Hudson, commonly called the North River, separates it from the state of New Jersey. The British Army was in possession of the city, and was strengthened by a fleet; but the opposite bank of the Hudson, which is about two miles wide, was under the power of Congress, and the revolutionary army was stationed at no great distance in New Jersey, in a winter encampment of wooden huts.

The party that should undertake this enterprise, would have to embark in boats from the Jersey shore: and it was essential that the whole affair should be accomplished between sun and sun.

The following is the plan intended to be observed, copied literally from the original, in the handwriting of Colonel Ogden:—

“It will be necessary to have four whale boats (which can be procured without cause for suspicion); they must be well manned by their respective crews, including guides, &c.; beside these, one captain, one subaltern, three sergeants, and thirty-six men, with whom the boats can row with ease.—N. B. It is known where the boats are, and that they can be collected without suspicion, with their oars-men; and it is taken for granted, the owners will not object, though, for fear of giving the least cause of alarm, nothing has as yet been said to them.

“The time of embarkation must be the first wet night after we are prepared. The place is not yet agreed on, as it will be necessary to consult those skilled in the tides previous to determining, which must be put off until we are as nearly prepared as possible, for fear of inferences being drawn from our inquiries. We must, however, set off from such parts of the Jersey shore, as will give us time to be in the city by half past nine. The men must be embarked in the order of debarkation.

“The Prince quarters in Hanover-square, and has two sentinels from the 40th British regiment, that are quartered in Lord Stirling’s old quarters in Broad-street, 200 yards from the scene of action. The main guard, consisting of a captain and forty men, is posted at the City Hall—a sergeant and twelve at the head of the old slip—a sergeant and twelve opposite the coffee house—these are the troops we may be in danger from, and must be guarded against. The place of landing at Coenties Market, between the two sergeants guards, at the head of the old slip and opposite the coffee house.

“The order of debarkation to agree with the mode of attack, as follows:—

“First—Two men with a guide, seconded by two others, for

the purpose of seizing the sentinels—these men to be armed with naked bayonets, and dressed in sailors' habits—they are not to wait for anything, but immediately execute their orders.

Second—Eight men including guides with myself, preceded by two men with each a crow bar, and two with each an axe, these for the purpose of forcing the doors should they be fast, and followed by four men, entering the house and seizing the young Prince, the admiral, the young noblemen, aides, &c.

“Third—A captain and eighteen to follow briskly, form, and defend the house until the business is finished, and retreat a half gun shot in our rear.

“Fourth—A subaltern and fourteen, with half of the remaining boats' crew, and form on the right and left of the boats, and defend them until we return—the remainder of the crews to hold the boats in the best possible position for embarking.

“Necessary—Two crow bars, two axes, four dark lanterns, and four large oil-cloths.

“The manner of returning as follows;—

“Six men with guns and bayonets, with those unemployed in carrying off the prisoners, to precede those engaged in that business, followed by the captain (joined by the four men from the sentry) at a half gun-shot distance, who is to halt and give a front to the enemy, until the whole are embarked in the following order—

“First—The prisoners, with those preceding them.

“Second—The guides and boatmen.

“Third—The subalterns and fourteen.

“Fourth—The rear.”

Such was the daring plan laid for the capture of the Prince, and which, even if not fully successful, might have placed his Royal Highness in a most perilous predicament. It appears, however, from a fragment of a letter addressed by General Washington to Col. Ogden, and apparently written almost immediately after the preceding one, that some inkling of the design had reached Sir Henry Clinton, then in New York, and commander in chief of the British forces. General Washington communicates in his letter, the following paragraph from a secret despatch, dated March 23rd, which he had just received from some emissary in New York.—

“Great seem to be their apprehensions here. About a fortnight ago a great number of flat boats were discovered by a sentinel from the bank of the river (Hudson's), which are said to have been intended to fire the suburbs, and in the height of the conflagration to make a descent on the lower part of the city and wrest from our embraces His Excellency Sir H. Clinton, Prince William Henry, and several other illustrious personages, since

which great precautions have been taken for the security of those gentlemen, by augmenting the guards, and to render their persons as little exposed as possible."

In another letter, dated Newburgh, April 2d, 1782, General Washington observes: "After I wrote to you from Morris Town, I received information, that the sentries at the door of Sir Hen. Clinton were doubled at eight o'clock every night, from an apprehension of an attempt to surprise him in them. If this be true, it is more than probable the same precaution extends to other personages in the city of New York, a circumstance I thought it proper for you to be advertised of."

This intelligence of the awakened vigilance and precautionary measures of the British commander, effectually disconcerted the plans of Colonel Ogden, and his royal highness remained unmolested in his quarters until the sailing of the squadron.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NELSON LODGE, KENDAL, OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

On Tuesday, May 23, the Members of this Lodge accompanied with a large assemblage of gentlemen of the town, (amounting in all to upwards of 150,) met together and partook of an excellent Dinner, in the White-Hall Buildings, prepared by Mr. Hartley, of the Wool Pack Inn. The room being beautifully decorated with a triumphal arch, bearing the inscription of "*Fear God and honour the King,*" which greatly added to the splendour of the place.

The cloth having been withdrawn, Mr. WM. LAMB was called to the Chair, and Mr. A. MASKOW, of Keswick, to the Vice-Chair.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and made a brief but appropriate address, after which, he proposed the health of "His Majesty and may he always reign in the hearts of his people," 4 times 4 (loud cheering) — After several other toasts and sentiments the CHAIRMAN wished to call the attention of the meeting to a few remarks which his respected friend Mr. D. CARTER, was desirous of making; he said it would be useless for him to comment on the trustworthy exertions made in aid of the Society, by his friend Mr. CARTER, as he believed, they were well known to the meeting at large.

Mr. D. CARTER rose, and spoke nearly as follows: — Another year he said, had revolved over the wheels of time, and another opportunity was now allowed them of meeting together in convivial intercourse to celebrate the noble cause they had embarked in. — He (Mr. C.) had the gratification to inform the Country Members, and those who had not an opportunity of meeting on more fre-

quent occasions, that the Nelson lodge of this town, was steadily proceeding down the channel of prosperity. Its finances were in a most prosperous state ! Disease, he was sorry to say, had been more prevalent among the Members than in some preceding seasons ; notwithstanding this, only one death had taken place since they last had the pleasure of meeting together on an occasion like the present. The initiation of new Members had become more prevalent—all of which, at least to his (Mr. C's,) knowledge had hitherto conducted themselves with becoming propriety. The expulsions in the past year had been two : instances like these are undoubtedly very painful to the feelings of all good Odd Fellows, and he hoped it need not further be commented upon, except to the younger branch of Members, that it might act as a caution to them in proposing characters that might at any time be likely to prove a detriment to the well being of the Society. Having gone thus far, he now came to the " Benevolent Gift," which was also in a prosperous state, and he (Mr. C.) might safely say, its usefulness had been in a great many cases felt in the dark and dreary months of the past winter. The object of this Gift was to relieve those Brethren who might be suffering from want of employment, by extending to them a weekly allowance of from 1s. to 2s. per week ; also, if disease had got into a family, they had those sums granted to them, in addition to the relief held out from the lodge. He hoped that what he had now stated, would convince the Members of the utility of the " Benevolent Gift." He now begged the attention of the Members to the " Widows' and Orphans' Fund," which had been established two years, and was supported by voluntary contributions of the Members. The object of this fund was to grant to widows of departed brethren, an annual allowance, and also, for the education of children that may have been left to the care of a bereaved mother. This he hoped would prove satisfactory to the feelings of all—and as it was one of the periods appointed to receive voluntary subscriptions, he earnestly solicited their assistance in the aid of so good, so glorious, and so charitable a cause. Let us be the means, he said, of soothing down the troubled breast of the widow and the orphan, let us administer the balm of consolation to those whom it has pleased the Almighty to take from them their fellow helpmate. (Cheers.) Those considerations he wished deeply to impress upon their minds, and concluded by hoping every brother, would draw the picture to himself, and to consider that if they were about to close their earthly career, leaving a widow, who had toiled night and day through their sickness, who had been a solace to them in the most trying moments ; he would ask then if such were the case, would they be backward in coming forward to lend their assistance, in so noble an undertaking. (Loud Cheers which lasted for some minutes,) after which

Mr. R. WILSON, Solicitor, highly commended so benevolent a cause, and spoke at great length on the good that might accrue

from such charitable designs, and concluded an able speech by adding a very liberal subscription to the "Widows' and Orphans' Fund," (Loud cheering which continued for several minutes.)

The CHAIRMAN, (in behalf of the Society,) returned thanks to those Gentlemen who had so liberally extended their favours in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, but at the same time he wished it to be perfectly understood that gentlemen were not brought there for the purpose of being called on, in the manner they had so liberally come forward, he would assure them that the wish of the Society was, that members alone were the individuals to whom such call was made.

Toast—"The health of the Board of Directors of the institution." (Cheers.)

"The Delegates now assembled at Liverpool, and may their labours be for the progression and welfare of the Order in general."

Air—"Odd Fellows Holiday."

Mr. D. Carter, would, with the permission of the chairman, drink the health of a gentleman present, and who had largely contributed to the conviviality of the meeting. It was the health of Mr. R. Wilson. (Cheers.)

Mr. Wilson, returned thanks.

Mr. D. Carter, would again intrude himself on the Meeting, whilst he proposed the health of another gentleman present, and one who had first introduced Odd Fellowship into Cumberland, and he was glad to say, that such had been the exertions of this person, that Odd Fellowship was now making rapid strides over the stupendous mountains of the sister County. "The health of Mr. Maskew, and success to the St Herbert lodge, Keswick." (Applause.)

Mr MASKEW then rose and spoke nearly as follows:—Mr. Chairman and gentleman, were I to consult my feelings on this occasion, they would urge me, if not to remain entirely silent, at least to confine myself to the simple expression of my sincere acknowledgment for the distinguished honour which you have bestowed on me, from a conviction of my incompetency as well from want of talent as of self-possession, to do justice in any reply I could make to so particular a mark of your favour, but considering the high station I have the honour at present to occupy as Vice President, to a Meeting of a Society whose establishment and prosperity we are this day drawn together to commemorate, I cannot avoid taking the advantage of the occasion afforded me to express my individual gratification and delight in witnessing so numerous and respectable an assemblage as the present. The Institution, Gentlemen, is in itself honourable to its supporters and friends, and is substantially beneficial to those who stand in need of its aid; let me, therefore, entreat every one who is connected with it, to strain every nerve in its support,

so that we may be enabled to hand down to posterity the benefits, the sick—the deceased—and the distressed traveller have received therefrom. The worthy vice president concluded a long speech by informing the company there had been applications for lodges to be opened at Cockermouth, Workington and Whitehaven. (Cheers.)

Many other Gentlemen addressed the meeting at great length, amongst whom was Mr JOSEPH ROBINSON, whose speech from its length we are sorry to omit from want of room.

The society and friends retired to their respective homes at about nine o'clock. The entertainment went off with the greatest effect, and gave universal satisfaction.

WORTHY EDITOR.

Will you have the goodness to inform us, why the Oldham Deputies, at the Liverpool Committee, so unexpectedly gave up their claim to the next Annual Meeting to be held at that place? We imagine here (and we beg pardon if we wrong them, for we trust they are all "honourable men")—that it was done for the purpose of enabling the Oldhamites to remain in the room during polling, and thereby *secure* as they thought, the election for Bolton. We are led to this conclusion, by the simultaneous rush they made towards, and the undisguised manner they threw their poll tickets into, the Bolton box, observing none of that secrecy which alone gives value to the so much talked of "vote by ballot." If we wrong them, again we beg their pardon—Perhaps they will explain in the next Magazine—until which period we leave the subject without comment.

Yours,

Q, in the CORNER.

Liverpool, May 29, 1831.

[We were too unwell to notice much of the squabbling of the parties here alluded to; but we *guess*, as brother *Jonathan* says, that, under all the circumstances, Q in the Corner has hit the right nail on the head—we shall, perhaps, know better by and by.]—EDIT. MAG.

"Religious disputes are never suffered in any lodge; but as Odd Fellows, we pursue the universal religion of nature, and that is the cement which unites in one bond men of the most discordant opinions, and brings together those who are most distant from each other."

To the EDITOR of the MAGAZINE.

When mankind discovered that religion has been principally the cause of all their quarrelling, and fighting, they endeavoured to introduce some means to

stop the progress of such disorder. The first step they took, was, to introduce Societies free from religion, so as to "unite in one bond men of the most discordant opinion." They, therefore, (among the rest) established Odd Fellowship, where "religious disputes are never suffered;" on these principles they flourished, and I do not hesitate to say, as long as Odd Fellows will observe that golden rule, "do unto others, as you wish to be done unto," they will continue to flourish—let them not think because one religion is more prevalent than another, that any pre-eminence is to be given to that religion—no! it would be illiberal in a committee (composed principally of Jews) to pass a law that no business is to be done on Saturdays; or of a committee (principally Turks) to say, that no business is to be done on Fridays; and it is as illiberal for a committee of Christians to say, that no business is to be done on Sundays—let it be remembered that we live now in an age when liberal opinions are adopted by mankind in general. We do not say that Christians *shall* transact business on Sundays; Jews *shall* transact business on Saturdays; or, Mahometans *shall* transact business on Fridays—no! no! we leave that to their own option—if a lodge (principally composed of Jews) wishes to sanctify the Saturdays, they are at liberty to do so; but let that lodge not expect Christians to do the same,

"For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Let it be known that our objects are charity, morality, and so on; it may be morality for a Christian to observe his rites, but it is very uncharitable for a Christian to make a Jew, or a Mahometan, observe the same rites. The very argument which has been introduced at Liverpool, against my mode of reasoning, is in reality supporting it—they said "our laws are conformable to "all laws," religion, and sound morality; now, "all laws" must mean the laws with which we are governed as a nation, whether in England, or in America; in France, or in Germany; in Turkey, or any where else; and the adjective "all" is as applicable to "religion," as it is to "laws;" therefore, it means "all religions," and on this ground no sect should be allowed to monopolize any particular privilege, and the passage should be read as it was intended, viz:—our laws are conformable to all laws, *all religions*, and sound morality. I hope the above will be considered at the next A. M. C., in the meantime, let the members individually consider the justness of my argument; for if we wish to establish Odd Fellowship all over the globe, we must necessarily dispense with all localities—I am sure many intelligent, and respectable, individuals will refuse to enter our Institution, on account of intermixing theology with our general laws.

I am,

Yours, respectfully,

J. PEISER.

Manchester, May 30, 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

I feel myself called upon, under all the circumstances of the case, to give some explanation of, if not an apology for, the somewhat abrupt termination of the Liverpool Committee, on Friday evening last.

The absence of the G. M., for the last two days, necessarily, but most unexpectedly, compelled me to take the chair, for which I was by no means prepared, and threw a degree of responsibility upon me, which was truly irksome. I did not feel myself rested, as it were, with the full power and sovereignty that necessarily belong to a G. M., and I am afraid suffered many things to be said and done which his more august authority would have prevented.

It is customary, I know, at the termination of an Annual Committee, for the Officers of the Order to go through certain ceremonies highly necessary for the well-being of the Institution. How was this *desideratum* to be accomplished?—It will be seen, by the Minutes, that one-fourth of the Committee had already left—the G. M. absent—the C. S. engaged receiving moneys from deputies all anxious to return to their families, after an absence of six, seven, or eight days,—others flying in all directions for any conveyance they could meet with—my fare already taken, and business *compelling* me to be in Manchester that night—what, I ask, was to be done?—why, I *resolved unanimously* and *magnanimously* to leave undone that which could *not be done*, and rest on the *necessity* of the case for my apology.

Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM GRAY, D. G. M.

JUNE.

(FROM HOWITT'S "BOOK OF THE SEASONS.")

We are come once more to sweet June, the month which comes to those who regret the speed of time

"Who like the soil, who like the clement skies,
Who like the verdant hills and flowery plains,"

to behold how far the season has advanced. But with this we must be sensibly struck, if we give a retrospective glance to the days when, in our walks, we hailed with delight the first announcement of a new spring; the first snatch of milder air; the first peep of green; the first flowers which dared the unsettled elements,—snowdrops, primroses, violets, and then a thousand beautiful and short lived blooms. They are gone! The ligh

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tints of young foliage, so pure, so tender, so spiritual, are vanished. What the poet applied to the *end* of summer is realized now.

"It is the season when the green delight
Of leafy luxury begins to fade,
And leaves are changing hourly on the sight."—*Barton*.

A duller and darker uniformity of green has spread over the hedges; and we behold in the forest trees the farewell traces of spring. *They*, indeed, exhibit a beautiful variety. The oak has "spread its amber leaves out in the sunny sheen;" the ash has unfolded its more cerulean drapery; the maple, beech, and sycamore are clad in most delicate vestures; and even the dark, perennial firs are enlivened by young shoots and cones of lighter green. Our admiration of the foliage of trees would rise much higher, did we give it a more particular attention. The leaves of the horse-chestnut are superb. Passing through a wood with a friend, we broke off one, without thinking much of what we were doing; but, being immediately struck with its size and beauty, we found, on trial, that it measured no less than one yard and three quarters round, and the leaf and foot-stalk three quarters of a yard in length, presenting a natural handscreen of unrivalled elegance of shape. It is now, too, that many of the forest trees put forth their blossoms. The chestnut, in the earliest period of the month, is a glorious object, laden with ten thousand wizen, pyramidal flowers. Then come the less conspicuous, but yet beautiful, developments of other giants of the wood. The sycamore, the maple, and the hornbeam are affluent with their pale, yellow florets, quickly followed by winged seeds; the ash shows its bunches of green keys; and, lastly, the lime bursts into one proud glow of beauty, filling the warm air with honeyed sweetness, and the ear with the hum of a thousand bees,—

"Pilgrims of summer, who do bow the knee
Zealously at every shrine."

The general character of June, in the happiest seasons, is fine, clear, and glowing, without reaching the intense heats of July. Its commencement is the only period of the year in which we could possibly forget that we are in a world of change and decay. The earth is covered with flowers, and the air is saturated with their odours. It is true that many have vanished from our path; but they have slid away so quietly, and their places have been occupied by so many fragrant and beautiful successors, that we have scarcely been sensible of their departure. Every thing is full of life, greenness, and vigour. Families of young birds are abroad, and give their parents a busy life of it, till they can peck for themselves. Rooks have deserted their rookery, and are feeding their vociferous young in every pasture and under every green tree. The swallow and swift are careering in the clear skies, and

"Ten thousand insects in the air abound,
Flitting on glancing wings that yield a summer sound."—*Wifen*.

The flower garden is in the height of its splendour. Roses of almost innumerable species,—I have counted no less than fourteen in a cottage garden,—lilies, jesamins, speedwells, rockets, stocks, lupines, geraniums, pinks, poppies, valerians, red and blue, mignonette, &c, and the glowing rhodendron abound.

It is the very carnival of Nature, and she is prodigal of her luxuries. It is luxury to walk abroad, indulging every sense with sweetness, loveliness, and harmony. It is luxury to stand beneath the forest side, when all is still and basking, at noon, and to see the landscape darken, the black and tumultuous clouds assemble as at a signal; to hear the awful thunder crash upon the listening ear; and then to mark the glorious bow rise on the lurid rear of the tempest, the sun laugh jocosely abroad, and

"Every bathed leaf and blossom fair
Pour out its soul to the delicious air."

It is luxury to haunt the gardens of old-fashioned houses in the morning, when the bees are flitting forth with a rejoicing hum; or at eve, when the honeysuckle and the sweetbriar mingle their spirit with the breeze. It is luxury to plunge into the cool river; and, if ever we are tempted to turn anglers, it must be now. To steal away into a quiet valley by a winding stream, buried, completely buried, in fresh grass; the foam-like flowers of the meadow-sweet, the crimson loose-strife, and the large blue geranium nodding beside us; the dragon-fly, the ephemera, and the kingfisher glancing to and fro; the trees above casting their flickering shadows on the stream, and one of our ten thousand volumes of delightful literature in our pockets,—then, indeed, might one be a most patient angler, though taking not a single fin. What luxurious images would there float through the mind! Gray could form no idea of heaven superior to lying on a sofa and reading novels; but it is in the flowery lap of June that we can best climb

"Up to the sunshine of uncumbered ease."

How delicious, too, are the evenings become! The frosts and damps of spring are past; the earth is dry; the night air is balmy and refreshing; the glow worm has lit her lamp; the bat is circling about; the fragrant breath of flowers steal into our houses; and the moth flutters against the darkening pane. Go forth when the business of the day is over, thou who are pent in City toils, and stray through the newly shot corn, along the grassy and hay-scented fields; linger beside the solitary woodland,—the gale of heaven is stirring its mighty and unbrageous branches. The wild rose, with its flowers of most delicate odour and of every tint, from the deepest red to the purest pearl,—the wreathed and luscious honeysuckle, and the verdurous snowy flowered elder embellish every way side, or light up the most shadowy region of the wood. Field peas and beans, in full flower, add their spicy aroma: the red clover is at once splendid and profuse of its honeyed breath. The young corn is bursting into ear; the awned head of rye, wheat, and barley, and the nodding

panicles of oats, shoot from their green and glaucous stems in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise. The very waters are strewn with flowers : the buck bean, the water violet, the elegant flowering rush, and the queen of the waters, the pure and splendid white lily, invest every stream and lonely mere with grace. The mavis and the merle, those worthy favourites of the olden bards, and the woodlark fill the solitude with their eloquent evening songs,

“Over its own sweet voice the stock dove broods ;”

and the cuckoo pours its mellowest note, from some region of twilight shadow. The sunsets of this month are transcendantly glorious : the mighty luminary goes down pavilioned amidst clouds of every hue—the splendour of burnished gold, the deepest mazarine blue fading away into the highest heavens, to the palest azure ; and an ocean of purple is flung over the twilight woods or the far stretching and lonely horizon. The heart of the spectator is touched : it is melted and wrapt into dreams of of past and present—pure, elevated, and tinged with a poetic tenderness which can never awake amid the crowds of mortals or of books.

The state of nature I have described, is just that which might be supposed to exist with perpetual summer : there are sunshine, beauty, and abundance, without a symptom of decay. But this will not last. We soon perceive the floridity of nature merging into a verdant monotony : we find a silence stealing over the landscape so lately filled with the voice of every creature's exultation. The nighingale is gone ; and the cuckoo will depart in less time than is allowed him in the peasant's traditional calendar.

“In April the cuckoo shows his bill,
In May he sings both night and day ;
In June he altereth his tune ;
In July away he'll fly ;
In August go he must.”

Anon the scythe is heard ringing,—a sound happy in its immediate associations, but, in fact, a note of preparation for winter,—a knell of the departing year. It reminds us, in the midst of warmth and fertility, that we must prepare for nakedness and frost, and that stripping away of the earth's glorious robe, which when it begins, will never cease till it leaves us in the dreary, tempestuous region of winter ; so

“That fair flower of beauty fades away,
As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.
Great enemy to it, and all the rest
That in the garden of fair Nature springs,
Is wicked Time, who, with his scythe addressed,
Doth mow the flowering herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downfalls,
Where they do wither and are foully marred.
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both bud and leaf without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.”

Fairy Queen, b. iii.

Let us not, however, anticipate too sensitively the progress of time : let us enjoy rather the summer festivities that surround us. The green fruits of the orchard are conspicuous, and the young nuts in hedges and copses peep from their fringed husks. The garden presents ripe cherries, melting strawberries ; and gooseberries and currants, assuming tints of ripeness, are extremely grateful. Grasses are now in flower ; and when the larger species are collected and disposed tastefully, as I have seen them by ladies, in vases, polished horns, and over pier glasses, they retain their freshness through the year, and form, with their elegantly pensile panicles, bearded spikes, and silken plumes, exceedingly graceful ornaments.

PAT, THE FRENCHMAN, AND THE GRIDIRON.

I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was. So I took aff my hat, and, making a low bow, says I, "God save all here," says I. Well to be sure they all stopt ating at wanst and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost look'd me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be taken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite ; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron, "and so," says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but its only bein' in disthress in regard of ating," says I, "that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "I'd be intirely obliged to ye." By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor more, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds,) "Indeed its thrue for you," says I, "I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but its by raison of the storm," says I, "whish dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin'," says I. So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing it wasnt dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity, with that, says I, "Oh ! not all," says I, "by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it," says I, "if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron," says I, makin' a low bow. Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the Captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all, and so, says I, "I beg pardon, sir," says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver, "maybe I'm undher a mistake," says I ; "but I thought I was in France, sir : arent you furriners?" says I. "*Parly voo Frongsay.*" "We munseer," says he. "Then would you lind the loan of a gridiron," says I "if you plase?" Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads ; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy, and so, says I, making a bow and a scrape agin, "I know its a liberty I take, sir," says I, "but its only in the regard of bein' cast away,

and if you please, sir," says I, "*Parly voo Frongsay.*" "We munseer," says he, mighty sharp. "Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, "and you'll oblige me." Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the devil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, "By my sowl, if it was you was in disthriess," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, its not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte.*" Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wonst more, quite slow, that he might understand, *Parly—voo—Frongsay*, munseer?" "We munseer," says he. "Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, and had scram to you" Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.* "Phuoh! the devil sweep yourself and your tongs," says I, "I dont want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison," says I—" *Parly voo Frongsay?*" "We munseer." "Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, and howld your prate." Well, what would you think, but he shook his ould noddle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen; throth if you wor in my counthry its not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows' an you, you ould sinner," says I, "the devil a longer I'll darken your door." So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relent, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I turnin' back, "Well, I'll give you one chance more, you ould thief, are you a Chrishtain at all at all? are you a furriner?" says I, "that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?" "*Parly voo Frongsay?*" says I. "We munseer," says he. "Then thunder and turf," says I, "will you lind me tbe loan of a gridiron?" Well, sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me, and so with that, the "Curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly villiain," says I, "the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet," says I; "and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away, and in troth its often sence, that *I thongh it was remarkable.*—*Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland.*

* Some mystifications of Paddy's touching the French *n'entends*.

ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A young Irishman, of considerable expectations, and an only son, was allowed from his infancy, to indulge in idleness and dissipation. While yet in his youth, his extravagance became so excessive, as to give his too-indulgent parents the greatest

uneasiness ; and the necessity of withholding the usual supplies often forced itself upon their anxious minds. But the fatal habit was formed. No sooner was the resolution for curtailing his resources carried into effect, than he turned his thoughts to other means of supplying the deficiency ; and his fertile imagination as quickly suggested schemes of a more fruitful, though less honourable, nature. His ideas of justice—if ever he had any—seemed to be entirely perverted ; and he appeared incapable of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*. It was at an early period of his youth that his unhappy parents became more fully sensible of his most dangerous and alarming practices, and to see the absolute necessity of putting a stop to them, if possible.—Various schemes and plans were suggested, and at the last it was determined to provide our hero with a situation, if practicable, in the West Indies, where, it was hoped, he would be under such restraints as were best calculated to produce a salutary effect in his future conduct. The necessary steps were accordingly taken ; and, for once at least, the young prodigal complied with the wishes of his parents.

Behold him now in the western hemisphere, placed in a situation entirely new to him, and without a single qualification adapted to it. He had an utter aversion to labour ; he could not brook confinement, temperance was worse than death to him ; and he knew not what it was to be honest ! What then was to be expected from him ? Exactly what happened. He broke through all restraints ; he indulged in all his criminal and vicious habits ; and so frequently did he levy contributions on the property of others, that in order to save his life, he was under the necessity of withdrawing himself clandestinely from the scene of his villainous pursuits.

We next find him at Philadelphia, in North America. The alarming situation in which he had just been placed, awakened in him better feelings, and determined him to pursue a different course of action. Under this salutary impression, he conducted himself with more propriety. But alas ! the work of reformation was very incomplete : his better resolutions fail him, and he relapses into all his former dangerous habits. Nay more—vice urges her votaries onwards—and her devoted victim pursues his wonted course, until he can proceed no farther. To all his other crimes he now adds that of—forgery ! A bill of exchange which he had drawn, and to which he had affixed another's name, became due, was presented, dishonoured, and returned. The author was shortly discovered, arrested, confined, tried, condemned—to be hung ? No, no. He was sentenced to the Penitentiary House, there to be confined to hard labour, for a term of years proportioned to the nature of the offence.

On his being committed to the custody of the superintendent of this excellent institution, he was asked what employment he would prefer, if it were left to himself to determine ? His answer was “ None : I am a *jontleman*.” He was then told that

no gentlemen were kept there, and that he must make a selection, or he would have one forced upon him. He again replied, "I am a gentleman." Seeing that he had taken the resolution not to work he was immediately stripped, and placed in a large vessel, which was connected with a reservoir well supplied with water. On turning a cock, the water began to flow into the vessel, and as it advanced up his body, a small pump was put into his hands, by the constant use of which he was just able to keep himself from drowning. In this situation he was left until noon, when the water was stopped: he was then taken out, dressed and supplied with food.—When the dinner hour was expired, he was again asked the same question which had been put to him in the morning; to which he returned his former answer. Nothing more was said, and he was instantly placed, *sons ceremonie*, as before mentioned; and left another half-day to pump or drown. At night he was again taken from his work, clothed, fed, and put to rest.

You will reasonably think that by this time our gentleman had enough of pumping; and so it proved; for the next morning he informed his overseer that he had been considering what sort of trade or business he should like the best, and had fixed on that of a shoemaker. His wish was complied with, and he was disposed of accordingly. It is unnecessary to say that he was now sober, honest, and industrious, for he was compelled to be so. But the most important consideration is the ultimate effect which this salutary discipline produced. You will naturally be anxious to know what use he made of it. His first object, then, after his liberation, was to engage himself as a journeyman to a respectable shoemaker in Philadelphia; and in this he succeeded. With liberal wages, and a prudent management of them, he was able, in a few years to begin business on his own account; and he was happy to find that by industry, œconomy, and common attention, he succeeded in obtaining the summit of his wishes. After acquiring a moderate competency, he retired from business, with a good character, and returned to his native land to inherit the remains of his patrimony, and to be united to his surviving relatives and friends.

To what a crowd of reflections does this narrative give birth! We here behold a man who, in his youth, had made the most alarming progress in the ways of vice, afterwards restored to society and to his friends, with principles and habits that endeared him to both. But let it ever be remembered, that for this glorious change he was indebted, through the favour of Heaven, to an institution, worthy of freemen to establish, and of all mankind to support. Had this youth been tried for the same crime in this country, he would, in all probability, have suffered death; in which case he would have been deprived of the power of rendering society any reparation: he would have been bereaved of every chance for reforming his conduct; and would have been

"sent to his account,
With all his imperfections on his head."

Thanks to the benign influence of enlightened reason, he suffered under a milder system : instead of an ignominious and disgraceful death, he passed through a course of salutary discipline ; instead of terminating his earthly career with dispositions that would have unfitted him for subsequent happiness, he lived to enjoy the society of the good and virtuous ; instead of his lifeless corpse being given for dissection, he was restored in health and vigour to his country and friends !—To offer any thing more to prove the superiority of the probationary system over that of capital punishment, would be an insult to common sense.

It strikes me that there is something in this mode of punishment agreeable to the mild spirit of the Divine Government.—Our present state is a probationary one ; and all the trials and sufferings allotted us here, are designed to promote our improvement, and to fit us for better society. Were the author of our being to deprive us of life, immediately upon the violation of his laws—and surely they are as sacred as *ours*—what would be our condition ? No one could escape destruction. But, blessed be his goodness, this is not his plan of government : he knows that we are all liable to error, and that we have all violated his holy laws ; yet he graciously invites us to return to our allegiance ; offers us pardon on the *most favourable terms* ; and gives us *sufficient time* for acceptance.

Let it, then, be the concern of all finite legislatures and rulers to attend to the government of the infinite Ruler of all ; and endeavour to be perfect, according to their nature and capacity, as he is perfect.

POPULAR ERRORS RESPECTING FREE AIR:

In a lecture on respiration, which formed one of a course delivered at the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, by Dr. Southwood Smith, the lecturer observed, it was of great importance that it should be well understood by all classes of people, and especially by the inhabitants of large towns, that *agitation* of the air is highly conducive to the energy of life.—“Nature,” said he, “has been at great pains to provide means for impelling the air with a certain degree of impetus against the respiratory organs. The fish in swallowing water, drives it forcibly among the folds of the branchiæ, in order that the air contained in the water may strongly impinge against the blood-vessels which are spread out upon them. The frog in swallowing air propels it forcibly into its trachea, and the vacuum formed in the human chest by one of the respiratory movements, causes the air to rush with considerable impetus into the bronchi during the performance of the other.

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There is a remarkable difference in our sensations in an atmosphere which is perfectly still, and in an atmosphere which is agitated by slight motions or undulations. In the former we have the feeling of oppression; in the latter, that of refreshment and invigoration. When we respire in an air moderately agitated, the chest is more dilated; a greater quantity of air is admitted to the lungs, and that change produced in the blood by the act of respiration, are produced on a larger column of it in a given time. This is one reason why the air of a large and open space is so much more agreeable and refreshing than that of a narrow and confined situation, and why a large room is more healthy than a small one. Persons who have what is called a delicate chest—that is, those who from any cause are incapable of taking into their chest a large quantity of air by one respiratory act, are acutely sensible to this narrowness of space, and consequent want of motion in the use of it. They experience an uneasy, and sometimes even an intolerable sense of oppression in a small apartment, which diminishes or disappears the moment they enter a more spacious chamber, or breathe in a larger bulk of air.

In choosing an apartment for those whose respiration is deficient, this is an important consideration; and it is equally applicable to all whose health is feeble and infirm from the languid manner in which the organic functions are performed. Whenever these functions languish, it is important to increase the extent of the respiration to let in strength, by this the main agent throughout the system is sustained and stimulated; by which the blood the food of all the functions, is fitted for the various purposes of the economy. Every one must have observed the difference in his feeling of refreshment when he has arisen in the morning after having slept in a close and confined apartment, or in a large airy chamber. To infants and children who have to build up the structure of the body, and whose nutritive processes are necessarily in such constant and vigorous action, respiration in a large bulk of air is peculiarly advantageous. The common practice of drawing the curtains closely around a child when it sleeps, and of covering its head with the bed clothes, is highly pernicious, and affords a striking instance of the mis-direction of maternal anxiety and tenderness. The object of the mother is to guard her child against some apprehended evil; the evil is imaginary, but the means she adopts to avert it, produce a positive result, and that a highly injurious one. If it be true in general that affection can seldom accomplish the object of its wishes without knowledge, how peculiarly true is it of maternal affection. How numerous and how melancholy are the failures of the mother, through the profoundness of her own ignorance. What an exhibition would an analysis of the practice of the nursery afford, even in relation to the physical health of the infant, to say nothing of the discipline of its intellectual and moral nature! In the case before us, the mother, anxious above all things

to benefit her child, knows not, and never suspects, that in pursuing her object, she adopts the most effectual means she could invent to counteract the refreshment of sleep, and to lessen its invigorating effects on the system."

READING.

The book does not deserve even to be read which does not impose on us the duty of frequent pauses, much reflecting, and inward debate ; or require that we should often go back, compare one observation and statement with another, and does not call upon us to combine and knit together the *disjecta membra*. It is an observation which has often been repeated, that, when we come to read an excellent author a second and a third time, we find in him a multitude of things that we did not, in the slightest degree, perceive in a first reading. A careful first reading would have a tendency, in a considerable degree, to anticipate this following crop.—There is a doggerel couplet, which I have met with in a book on elocution—

Learn to speak slow : all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

I could wish to recommend a similar process to the student in the course of reading.—Toplady, a celebrated Methodist preacher of the last age, somewhere relates the story of a coxcomb, who told him, that he had read over Euclid's *Elements of Geometry* one afternoon at his tea, only leaving out the A's and B's, and crooked lines, which seemed to be intruded merely to retard his progress. Nothing is more easy than to gabble through a work replete with the profoundest elements of thinking, and to carry away almost nothing, when we have finished.—*Godwin's Thoughts on Man*.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

On Wednesday evening June 1st, the Waterloo Lodge, in Monmouth, held a special meeting for the purpose of adding to their number, B. Hall, Esq. the newly elected M. P. for the Borough. The new and splendid hall of the society was appropriately fitted up for the occasion, and 170 members, in the costume of the Order, assembled to witness the ceremony. After the introduction of Mr. Hall, six other members were initiated, with the customary formalities, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to the interchange of social feeling. The health of Mr. Hall was received with rapturous enthusiasm, and he returned thanks in a manner that established him more

firmly than ever in the good opinion of the assembly. Song, toast, and sentiment, interspersed with addresses of thanks from several gentlemen who were present, and who have honored the society by becoming members, together with appropriate airs from the band of the lodge, stationed in the music gallery, gave additional speed to the rapid flight of old Time, and the noon of night was passed before the national anthem concluded lodge business. Mr. Hall then again addressed the company, in explanation of his political views, which seemed to give general satisfaction. The society, headed by the band, accompanied Mr. Hall to the King's Head, where a party of "good ones," freed from the restraint of the rules of the order, indulged themselves in pledges to the healths of those gentlemen of the county and borough, whose exertions have secured to Monmouthshire the services of two active reform members, until the

- "Grey morn bright warning gave
of time to be at rest."

D E A T H.

Wherever I may chance to die,
I wish my body there to lie,
I would be decently interred ;
All pomp in my case is absurd ;
And needless cost would be unkind
And hurtful to those left behind,
The commonest coffin is enough,
Cover'd, if cover'd, with coarse stuff :—
Why should we feed the worm or moth,
Whose food is carrion, upon cloth ?
No handles, ornaments, nor plate,
No name, of birth and death no date ;
In church yard, not in church I'd sleep,
Nor want a grave exceeding deep ;
No vault, of either stone or brick,
With cramping irons, strong and thick,
Lest, haply, on a future day,
Some rogue should steal my corpse away,
And sell it for the surgeon's knife
In death more useful than in life ;
Nay, might I not my dear friends grieve,
A legacy I would it leave,
With a positive direction,
For anatomical dissection ;
My skeleton should be entire,
Kept in a hospital on wire ;
So, many wise things might be said
About, that ne'er were in my head ;
While learned orators, then would teach
Far better than I e'er could preach ;
Or afterwards be carried off in,
What I desire, the simplest coffin ;
When I shall very soon be rotten,
And quite as soon by most forgotten.

June, 1831.

J. C.

Great orators we're too,
 Who talk till all is blue ;
 To gain applause,
 They praise our laws,
 They have always something new.
 Great motions they've at hand,
 With mighty wisdom plann'd,
 So wise, that neither us nor they
 Themselves, can understand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

To shew the superiority of the moderns over the ancients, is at present so easy, that we look upon the ancients merely as ciphers. At the present day, we don't wonder that such or such a discovery has been made, No ! we only wonder that such or such things have not been done. We find all the arts the ancients possessed are reduced to a regular system ; even the very privileges claimed by the demi-gods, are so systematically arranged, that any boy or girl might serve an apprenticeship to it. Were some of the ancients to lift up their heads, they would be surprised to see so many clever fellows in the world now. "Rome !" they would say, "ancient Rome ! could only boast of one *Cicero*, but now a-days, the *Ciceros* are so numerous, that an orator is only classed among the rest of the trades, such as weavers, spinners, taylors, &c." and if any of his old friends should attempt to question him on the subject, he would not only bring ocular demonstration, but bon proof :—he would say, "Have you not heard the P——r's, the L——n's, the F--y's, and the rest of the Manchester orators?" and, with the same breath he would continue to ask, "Are the *Ciceros* of Rome to be compared with the W——d's, of Rochdale ? the T——r's, of Oldham ? nor are we confined," he would add, "within the suburbs of Manchester, for if we peep into Yorkshire, we shall find some profound orators there ;" and above all, he would say, (as if out of breath) "Do not, do not forget the powerful reasonings of the W——n's." Should his friend still continue sceptical, he will enter more minutely into the subject, by enumerating the capabilities of each individual. "There you have the P——r's," he would say, "who were opening the business, even with more abilities than could have been expected from the *Isocrates* at *Athens*, it is true they were satiated in the latter end of the week, but then it was not because they were exhausted, O no ! it was only because they were so enraptured with the logic and oratorical powers of the W——n's, and even if the P——r's had been exhausted, it does not follow that the F--y's were so. Did you not hear the business like manner the F--y's went to work ; the dimension of every word was taken previous to its being uttered, and how beautifully the designs were drawn ; the pencil of a *Raphael* could not have rivalled them. As for the L——n's, I am sure any reasonable being would have been satisfied with half the

'Very well's,' and smacking of lips. The scrutinizing eye of the W——d's, I am sure did not seem exhausted, for verily do I believe, the W——d's could have kept trotting on till now, if it had been considered necessary. Nor did the T——r's, of Oldham, seem to be so lazy as some of their profession, for they never left a hole in their coats for want of stitching. The L——s senator, nobody will deny that he

" Was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss over."

" For every why he had a wherefore.
Knew more ——— do,
As far as words and terms could go,
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion served, could quote ;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung."

To the W———n's, every body would have gladly said—

" Thou art my all,
My only safeguard, do not, do not leave me."

It is true they did not like to be from home, but then, if they would have let them have their own way, they would not have been exhausted these two months. It might be said that they spoke a little more than was necessary, but then it was only to put others right, and if the assembly did not seem inclined to adopt their opinion, it was only because they had not sagacity enough to understand the highly accomplished W———n's."

Your's, &c.

Apollo Lodge, June 1st. 1831.

G. N.

[We insert the above at the request of the author, fully convinced that nothing offensive is *meant*, and we trust, offence will not be *taken*. A good-natured smile, now that the labours of the week are over, cannot do us much harm. Had the writer, however, and one or two of his friends, or disciples, avoided the system he here attempts to censure, *one day*, at least, would have been saved to the Committee, and nearly £50 to the respective Lodges sending deputies!—This is a serious consideration, and we are apprehensive the parties will think they have paid dearly for their whistles.—
EDIR. MAG.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

At one period of the battle, the Normans were nearly routed. The cry was raised, that the duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and galloping through the squadrons, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest among the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye, he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The

English began to give way, or, rather, to retreat to the standard as their rallying point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz-Ernest had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on, with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman, from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet that he was nearly brought to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman was pierced by their lances. About the same time, the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied, and repelled the Norman barons; but Harold was not amongst them; and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. In the thick crowd of the assailants and the assailed, the hoofs of the horses were plunged deep into the gore of the dead and the dying.—Gurth, Harold's brother, was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear—he fell by the faulchion of William. The English banner was cast down, and the Gonfanon, planted in its place, announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror.

The PROGRESS of a THUNDER STORM.

(From the German of Klopstock.)

See ye the signals of his march?—the flash
Wide streaming round? The thunder of his voice
Hear ye?—Jehovah's thunder?—the dread peal
Hear ye, that rends the concave?

Lord! God supreme!
Compassionate and kind!
Praised be thy glorious name!
Praised and ador'd!

How sweeps the whirlwind!—leader of the storm!
How screams discordant! and with headlong waves
Lashes the forest!—All is now repose.
Slow sails the dark clouds—slow.

Again new signals press;—enkindled, broad,
See ye the lightning?—hear ye, from the clouds,
The thunders of the Lord?—Jehovah calls;
Jehovah!—and the smitten forest smokes.

But not our cot—
Our heavenly Father bade
Th' o'erwhelming power
Pass o'er our cot, and spare it.

LIVERPOOL ANNUAL MOVEABLE COMMITTEE.

THIS important Meeting took place on Whit Monday, and continued that and the four following days. We refer our readers to the Minutes for particulars and a correct List of the Deputies. We intended this list for the Magazine, but it has been ordered otherwise, and to appear in both would be superfluous.

We are sorry we cannot speak of this Meeting in the same almost unqualified terms of approbation, which he have hitherto done of all others. A feeling prevailed which we shall not attempt to describe—it does not belong to us—and we hope those who held it, will “throw it like a loathsome weed away!”

We shall say no further on this subject now, but again refer our readers to the *more ample* Minutes already published of the proceedings, and conclude by hoping some of them may, at least be found *useful*.

BIRTHS.

Lately, the Wife of brother William Read, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Leicester, of a Daughter.—February 1st, 1831, the Wife of P. G. Ward, of the Saint John lodge, Salford, of a Son.—April 2nd., 1831, Ann, the Wife of Thomas Hallam, C. S. of the Leicester District, of a Daughter.—April 4th., 1831, the Wife of P. V. Grimsley, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Leicester, of a Daughter.—March 11th., 1831, the Wife of P. V. Clark, of the North Briton lodge, of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

December 11th, 1830, brother Francis Heaps, of the North Briton lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Clark.—January 17th., 1831, brother Richard Wardson, of the same lodge, to Miss Mary Dodgson.—January 21st., 1831, brother Henry Casson, to Miss Mary Cook, Dress Maker.—February 12th., 1831, brother John Hodgson, to Miss Mary Walker.—On the 7th. of May, P. G. Harrison, of the John O’Gaunt lodge, Lancaster, to Miss Agnes Grundy, the Daughter of Host Grundy, Fleece Inn, Kirby Lonsdale.

DEATHS.

February 6th., 1831, brother Ralph Langley, of the Constitution lodge, Warrington, aged 65 years.—April 1831, brother James Barlow, of the Industry lodge, Mansfield.—Lately, Mrs. Overton, Wife of brother James Overton, of the Saint George’s lodge, Leicester.—March 10th, the Wife of brother George Needle, Phoenix, Manchester.—March 11th, brother John Armstrong, Devonshire, Salford.—March 28th, brother Gabriel Smith, Rock of Horeb, Manchester.—On the 27th of April, 1831, at Workington, Cumberland, aged 27, after a long and painful illness which she bore with truly christian resignation, Mary, the beloved and affectionate Wife of brother Robert Lowe, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester. Her worth was beyond all price—her virtues were the common topic of her friends.—Nothing but the certainty of her eternal happiness, can console her afflicted husband for the loss he has sustained by this bereavement.

P. G. M. WARDLE, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, [PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.] 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

The introduction of miscellaneous matter, will render the work doubly valuable, if due care be taken in selection. The study of Biography is, perhaps, better calculated than any other to improve the human mind. It is always interesting to mark the early workings and wanderings of genius, and to participate in their progress and development. Who can read the following sketch of "poor Ferguson," without rising from the perusal with a more elevated and improved mind, and a desire to emulate the virtues therein enumerated?—I hand you the sketch *sans ceremonie*.

H. W.

Near Wigan, July, 1831.

JAMES FERGUSON

Was born in the year 1710, a few miles from the village of Keith, in Banffshire; his parents, as he tells us, being in the humblest condition of life (for his father was merely a day labourer) but religious and honest. It was his father's practice to teach his children himself to read and write, as they successively reached what he deemed the proper age; but James was too impatient to wait till his regular turn came. While the father was teaching one of his elder brothers, James was secretly occupied in listening to what was going on; and, as soon as he was left alone, used to get hold of the book and work hard in endeavouring to master the lesson which he had thus heard gone over. Being ashamed, as he says, to let his father know what he was about, he was wont to apply to an old woman who lived in a neighbouring cottage to solve his difficulties. It was this way he actually

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learned to read tolerably well before his father had any suspicion that he knew his letters. His father at last, very much to his surprise, detected him one day reading by himself, and thus found out his secret.

‘When he was about seven or eight years of age, a simple incident occurred which seems to have given his mind its first bias to what became afterwards its favourite kind of pursuit. The roof of the cottage having partly fallen in, his father, in order to raise it again, applied to it a beam, resting on a prop in the manner of a lever, and was thus enabled, with comparative ease, to produce what seemed to his son quite a stupendous effect. The circumstance set our young philosopher thinking; and, after a while, it struck him that his father in using the beam had applied his strength to its extremity, and this, he immediately concluded, was probably an important circumstance in the matter. He proceeded to verify his notion by experiment; and having made several levers, which he called bars, soon not only found that he was right in his conjecture, as to the importance of applying the moving force at the point most distant from the fulcrum, but discovered the rule or law of the machine, namely, that the effect of any form or weight made to bear upon it is always exactly proportioned to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum. “I then,” says he, “thought that it was a great pity that by means of this bar, a weight could be raised but a very little way. On this, I soon imagined that by pulling round a wheel, the weight might be raised to any height, by tying a rope to the weight, and winding the rope round the axle of the wheel; and that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick; and found it to be exactly so, by hanging one weight to a rope put round the wheel, and another to the rope that coiled round the axle.” The child had thus, it will be observed, actually discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics—the lever, and the wheel and axle; he afterwards hit upon others; and all the while, he had not only possessed neither book nor teacher to assist him, but was without any other tools, than a simple turning lathe of his father’s, and a little knife wherewith to fashion his blocks and wheels, and the other contrivances he needed for his experiments. After having made his discoveries, however, he next, he tells us, proceeded to write an account of them; thinking his little work, which contained sketches of the different machines drawn with a pen, to be the first treatise ever composed of the sort. When, some time after, a gentleman showed him the whole in a printed book, although he found that he had been anticipated in his inventions, he was much pleased, as he was well entitled to be, on thus perceiving that his unaided genius had already carried him so far into what was acknowledged to be the region of true philosophy.

'It is a ludicrous blunder that the French astronomer, Lalande, makes, in speaking of Ferguson, when he designates him, as "*Berger au Roi d'Angleterre en Ecosse*;" the King of England's Shepherd for Scotland. He had no claim to this pompous title; but it is true he spent some of his early years as a keeper of sheep though in the employment not of the state, but of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of his native place. He was sent to this occupation, he tells us, as being of weak body; and while his flock was feeding around him, he used to busy himself in making models of mills, spinning wheels, &c during the day, and in studying the stars at night, like his predecessors of Chaldæa.—When a little older he went into the service of another farmer, a respectable man called James Glashan, whose name well deserves to be remembered. After the labours of the day, young Ferguson used to go at night to the fields, with a blanket about him and a lighted candle, and there, laying himself down on his back, pursued for long hours his observations on the heavenly bodies. "I used to stretch," says he, "a thread with small beads on it, at arms-length, between my eye and the stars; sliding the beads upon it, till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another, and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads." "My master," he adds, "at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day time, of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man." Having been employed by his master to carry a message to Mr. Gilchrist, the minister of Keith, he took with him the drawings he had been making, and shewed them to that gentleman. Mr. Gilchrist upon this put a map into his hands, and having supplied him with compasses, ruler, pens, ink, and paper, desired him to take it home with him, and bring back a copy of it. "For this pleasant employment," says he, "my master gave me more time than I could reasonably expect; and often took the threshing flail out of my hands, and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen." This is a beautiful, we may well say, and even a touching picture—the good man so generously appreciating the worth of knowledge and genius, that, although the master, he voluntary exchanges situations with his servant, and insists upon doing the work that must be done, himself, in order that the latter may give his more precious talents to their more appropriate vocation. We know not that there is on record an act of homage to science and learning more honourable to the author.

FERGUSON has turned his mind to mechanism of clocks, but having, he says,—

"No idea how any time-piece could go but by a weight and line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions; and

was sorry that I had never thought of asking Mr. Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house (which was close by a public road) I asked him what o'clock it then was? He looked at his watch and told me. As he did that with so much good nature, I begged of him to shew me the inside of the watch; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened his watch, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring box, with part of the chain round it; and asked him what it was that made the box turn round? He told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having then never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked him how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it? He answered, that the spring was long and thin; that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box; that the axis was fixed and the box was loose upon it. I told him, that I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. 'Well, my lad,' says he, 'take a long, thin piece of whalebone; hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger; it will then endeavour to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop.' I thanked the gentleman, and told him that I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone; but found that I could not make the wheel go when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheel was rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance; although the wheels would run fast enough when the balance was taken off. I inclosed the whole in a wooden case, very little bigger than a breakfast tea-cup, but a clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and broke it all to pieces, which so provoked my father that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much, that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use."

'What a vivid picture is this of an ingenuous mind thirsting for knowledge! and who is there, too, that does not envy the pleasure that must have been felt by the courteous and intelligent stranger, by whom the young mechanic was carried over his first great difficulty, if he ever chanced to learn how greatly his unknown questioner had profitted from their brief interview!—The stranger might probably have read the above narrative, as given to the world by Ferguson, after the talents which this little incident probably contributed to develope had raised him from

his obscurity, to a distinguished place among the philosophers of his age; and if he did know this, he must have felt that encouragement in well-doing which a benevolent man may always gather, either from the positive effects of acts of kindness upon others, or their influence upon his own heart. Civility, charity, generosity, may sometimes meet an ill return, but one person *must* be benefited by their exercise; the kind heart has its own abundant reward, whatever be the gratitude of others. The case of Ferguson shows that the seed does not always fall on stony ground. It may appear somewhat absurd to dwell upon the civility which cost, at most, but a few minutes of attention; but it is really important that those who are easy in the world—who have all the advantages of wealth and knowledge at their command—should feel of how much value is the slightest encouragement and assistance to those who are toiling up the steep of emulation. Too often “the scoff of pride” is superadded to the “bar of poverty;” and thus it is that many a one of the best talents and the most generous feelings

“Has sunk into the grave unpitied and unknown,”

because the wealthy and powerful have never understood the value of a helping hand to him who is struggling with misfortune.

How many there are who, without any intention of unkindness would have carelessly refused poor FERGUSON, greedily thirsting for knowledge, the desired view of the machinery of the watch. And how many would have been incapable of affording the explanation of its works! What a lesson of humanity, and of the advantages of every degree of knowledge, is conveyed in this benign example! How inestimable in effect may be the slightest service rendered to a fellow creature! Without knowing the necessity or may not be aware of the serious value of aids apparently too small for service, and too insignificant to be asked or rendered.

USEFULNESS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

On my return, I found an old woman at a door, where she seemed unable to gain admittance. I knocked for her. At last a man put his head out of the window. “Ha! it is this everlasting hag that wakes us: she will never die.”

I was shocked at this brutal answer. “Madam,” said I, “may I ask the reason of your coming home so late?” “I have been to take care of a sick person; but, as I have already sat up two nights, they are afraid I shall fall asleep, and have sent me away.” “They should have let you sleep at the house that employed you.” “I feared lest I should be troublesome. At my age, Sir, we are not sufferable but in cases of the most urgent necessity; yet there is no tenderness but in women, there is no

attention but in old women. The young ones are constantly occupied in taking care of themselves. As for me, I divide myself into four parts when I am nursing one that is sick : I have an eye to every thing. I do not fear that want of sleep will weigh my eye-lids down, make me become pale, and even indisposed.

"A sick person never constrains himself with an old woman."

I felt that this woman knew exceedingly well the utility of her age. Still the door was unopened. I knocked again, but no answer was made. At this moment a man arrived from the house that the old woman had quitted. "Ab, *Mrs. Thompson*, are you here yet !" cried he : "your patient wants you again ; he will have none but you ; I beg you will return." The good old woman returned. I saw that she was not destitute of information ; she was highly pleased that the sick person had sent for her again. I went with her, in order to have a little further talk on the subject.

"Women," said she to me, "are men's nurses. I heard it once told to an old officer, whom I nursed during sickness, that after the battle of *Rosbach*, the general, who had many wounded soldiers, and few people to take care of them, determined to make nurses of all the loose females that follow the army, and told them that they would do well to behave properly. Well, Sir, the greatest part of them became steady, industrious, and attentive ; they took care of the soldiers as if they had been their children, and saved three parts of them. A woman is often praised, but never sufficiently valued. When a man sees a woman, what ought he to see in her ? His nurse, his guardian, his mistress, his wife, his unceasing friend, his comforter in sickness ; the being that gives him his first life, that affords him his first food, that is the creator or promoter of every pleasure he enjoys during his life, and whose tender attention can alleviate the dreadful pangs of approaching dissolution. Young, she is beautiful ; old, she is good ; one grateful word over-pays her. Old women are fit for a number of things which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble. An old woman is never tired of any thing. I am old, Sir, and I know my value in society."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN WALKER, M. D.

Dr. Walker was long well known in London, as much by the singularity of his manners as by his devotion to one beneficent pursuit. He has been called the apostle of vaccination ; and it was in the spirit of one that he, without the remotest consideration of self-interest, and with an utter disregard of dan-

ger or difficulty, wandered over a great part of Europe, and a portion of Asia, to disseminate what he considered, and what all men now consider, the good tidings of the Jennerian discovery. He assumed a costume which even among us is singular, but which would strike the Turks and Arabs amongst whom he figured, as still more so—he permitted his beard to grow a great length; he wore a very broad-brimmed white hat, with a coat of an extraordinary width in the skirts; his features were gaunt, his frame exceedingly meagre, his thinness making his bony structure stand out in all its angularity.

The Turks, during the Egyptian campaigns, when Dr. Walker was employed on a mission of vaccination in our army, mistook him for a French *savant*—though, if the description be accurate, he must have been more like one of the animals the French soldiers used to call the *demi savans*. The fancied resemblance had, however, nearly cost the Doctor his life: for the Turks began to belabour him; and had he not cried out "*Inglese!*" would soon have ended his vaccinator career.—His being an Englishman was, however, put to a test, which, though the Turks deemed it an infallible one, was not so in Dr. Walker's case. If he is an Englishman, said they, he will be able to say, *God damn your soul!*—the very sounds of the words filled the Doctor with consternation; he refused to pollute his lips with the blasphemous phrase; and he was of that enduring constancy of mind, that he would have sooner died under Turkish or any other swords, than have flinched for an instant from his notion of rectitude. His fortitude would, in this instance, have been speedily tried, had not the opportune arrival of some English officers rescued him from the hands of the Philistines.

Unshrinking firmness, carelessness of danger, untiring perseverance, mixed up with the enthusiasm of character, fitted Walker for the undertaking of one of those great tasks which wait for an individual of adequate powers. He was another Howard, with another object; and he would, had benevolence been the end, have reached the interior of Africa. He was the Clarkson of inoculation; the one abolished the slave trade—the other destroyed the plague in its form of small-pox. It is a strange, but pleasant subject of reflection, to think what a man may do if he be but sincere, devoted, and fearless.

Walker lived more than half his life before his great task was laid before him; but he was, in his previous course of life, distinguished by similar characteristics. He undertook his *Gazetteer* in poverty and want: and yet, to complete it, he travelled over the greater part of the three kingdoms, sometimes sleeping in a hovel, sometimes indebted to casual hospitality, but still pursuing his object—cringeing to no one, but, on the contrary, claiming the respect of others by the evident respect he paid himself. This quality, called by some pride, is termed,

by his biographer, self-complacency: under whatever name, it was one which guided him in all his actions. JOHN WALKER, with his diploma entitling him to relieve pain, was a person, in his own estimation, on a level with the highest of mankind; the distinctions of rank were almost invisible to him: and in the perception of forms he was as dull. When he wanted a *fir maun* from the Egyptian Pacha to travel to Jerusalem with, which he conceived, by the good he had done in the Turkish army, he was entitled to, he asked nobody's leave, but in spite of guards, eunuchs, and bowstrings, he marched right into the Pacha's tent, and, face to face, he demanded what he wanted, and got it. In the heat of the French revolution he entered that territory, surrendered himself as a prisoner, showed his diploma, described himself, his objects, and his views, and ended by procuring a passport, which, as the Parisians said, would have taken him to the moon, if he had wished to go there.

At a time when suspicion was most sensitive, and the hostility between this country and France hottest, Walker lived in Paris, and shared the society of its leading men—his principle being, that he was a citizen of the world, and would interfere in no matter that tended to the injury of any one, be they British or of any other land. That which had been his security in France, was his safeguard on his return: he had no concealments as to what he was, or where he had been; he made himself an exemption from all national declarations of war—he, John Walker, was at peace with all mankind, and no government could involve him in their quarrel. He abhorred war; and it would be well if more than he agreed in calling it

“That game of kings, which, were their subjects wise,
They would not play at.”

The same spirit actuated him after he took up his benevolent mission. He did not seek the wealthy for subjects, or, by means of the great instrument in his hand, endeavour to raise his own fortunes. He went amongst the poorest of the poor; and was never happy unless he was in a room crowded with mothers and their infants, of the lowest classes of life, dispensing the healing poison, the vaccinating virus, the salubrious pus. For nearly twenty-eight years he never ceased toiling in the same cause; and, for the greater part of that time, after his establishment in London at the vaccine institutions, he never missed a single day in travelling a laborious round through the streets of London, to perform his duty at the different stations appointed by the Society. His salary was wretchedly small, and ill-paid; but money had never been a consideration with him, from his earliest youth to his latest moment; and he lived to that age when the spirit of accumulation takes possession of the man, if it ever is to do so. He very rarely vaccinated persons who could pay, and when he did, he rarely received any thing. On one occasion only was he ever known to

ask for his fees, and he had probably been moved to it by some particular causes. He had vaccinated several children of a wealthy merchant, who had insisted upon having the operation performed by him only, but for which no fee had been presented. One day meeting the merchant in St. Paul's Church-yard, he thus addressed him—"Friend, if thou hast sent by thy servant a draft for my services to thy family, he has either robbed me or deceived thee."

In his religious opinions, John Walker was a mixture of the sceptic and the enthusiast; he did not believe in the divinity of the scriptures, though he held that we each had an inward monitor which guided us by its councils, and which, when listened to, assures us of the right path.

WATERLOO, MONMOUTH.

On Saturday, June 19, 1831, the Waterloo Provincial Lodge, of the Monmouth District, celebrated their twelfth anniversary. By the present laws of the society, their festival must always take place on the 19th of June, being the day on which the glorious victory of Waterloo was achieved. The circumstance of the two wool fairs at Monmouth and Chepstow happening also on Saturday, and of its being market-day, prevented so full an attendance as would otherwise have been witnessed. About twelve o'clock the members moved off to church in procession, arrayed in the costume of the order, bearing the insignia of office, accompanied by banners, and preceded by a full band. Divine service was performed by the Rev. R. Davies, who delivered an appropriate discourse, in his usual affectionate and effective manner. The society then paraded the principal streets, passing under two arches composed of shrubs and flowers, which were thrown across Monnow and Church streets. At three o'clock upwards of 200 Odd Fellows, together with several respectable visitors, sat down in the society's splendid new hall. It is but justice to the host, Mr. Watkins, to observe that the dinner was served up with an elegance and bountiful liberality which have oftentimes been found wanting where the price of the dinner ticket has been considerably higher. Messrs. Renie, Syner, and Wilks presided at the head of the three tables, the former acting as chairman for the evening. On the removal of the cloth, the following amongst other toasts and sentiments passed in quick succession, alternated with songs and glees, and occasional airs from the band stationed in the music gallery.—"Our patriot King," Air, The King, God bless him—"Queen and Royal family," Here's a health to all good lasses—"The Minister of the day," Sicilian mariners' hymn—"The Tredegar, Abergavenny, and Merthyr Lodges," Ap Sheakin—"Our patriot friend and brother, Benj. Hall, Esq. M. P., whose attention to Par-

liamentary duties deprives us of his company," (drunk amidst the most enthusiastic cheering.) See the Conquering Hero comes—"The Medical Gentlemen belonging to the Society, with our acknowledgments for their attendance this day." Geo. Wilson and C. Dyer, Esqrs. returned thanks. "R. J. Blewitt, Esq., and success to the *Monmouthshire Merlin*." Mr. Blewitt, after returning thanks, proposed the health of the chairman, to whom the society was under the greatest obligations for the zeal and ability with which he had on all occasions promoted their interests. The Chairman in reply, congratulated the Waterloo lodge and the Monmouth district on the increasing prosperity of the order. In England only, 46 new lodges had been opened during the past year, making a total of 504 lodges. The information from the American lodges was equally gratifying. The general funds of the order were also in a prosperous state; for although a bountiful share of relief had been afforded to distressed lodges and members, yet there was still a considerable surplus for further acts of benevolence. In the Monmouth district two new lodges had been added in the past year, viz. the *Cambrian*, Merthyr; and the *Brougham*, Lydney; and preparations are making for the opening of two more. The number of members in the district then amounted to 503, shewing an increase in twelve months of 164. With respect to the Waterloo lodge, notwithstanding many members had withdrawn their names in consequence of their removal to other parts of the country, the society boasted of 238 subscribing and honorary members.—The legalised fund had also increased, but not to the extent of former years; for disease and distress had afflicted several members in an extraordinary degree, and the claims of the sick in the past year had required a sum exceeding £100. To relieve such distress, however, was the very purpose of the society, and the officers were grateful that the funds had enabled them not only to meet every claim with promptitude and liberality, but also to make a very respectable addition to the common stock. The removal of the society to the splendid hall in which they were then assembled, was also an important feature in the transactions of the past year. "On days like these, (continued Mr. Renie,) we know how to appreciate the comfort and advantage of so commodious a room, wherein upwards of 250 can dine together without crowding, and without experiencing the excessive heat which in the generality of cases destroys the pleasure of a dinner party in the height of summer. The liberality and public spirit of Mr. Wilks, in the erection of this building, must not be forgotten. His recompence in a pecuniary point of view will be comparatively trifling; but to use his own words, his reward will be in the enjoyment of the friendship and affection of this most numerous society. On their behalf I would tender the assurances of our unfeigned gratitude, and in a bumper pledge our thanks to him, through whose generosity we are enabled to boast of the best lodge room in the empire."—Mr. Wilks made a suitable reply. "Elsom of Nottingham,"

Parson of Leeds, Cooke of Lewes, and Carter of Kendal, separated by space but united by spirit."—"Prov. G. M. Syner and the district officers."—"The Gloucestershire Lodges." In proposing the "G. M. and Board of Directors," the Chairman observed, he had been solicited by some young members to enter into a detail on the antiquity of the order. He had no objection, at a proper time and place, to comply with their request; but any one acquainted with the principles of the institution must be convinced that nothing would be more out of season than the performance of the task on that occasion. If they were sincere in their wish to obtain information, he would refer his young friends to Smith's tract on the antiquity of the order, to many of the articles in the Magazines, particularly to some in the old series, and to the celebrated sermon of the Rev. B. Vale, preached before the Pottery district; but, above all, he would solicit their attendance on the lectures, and invite them to obtain by merit advancement in the higher degrees of the order. Unlike other institutions, wherein all emulation or research ceased the moment of initiation, it was the characteristic of their order that it required attention, patience, and the perseverance of years, to obtain its most honourable distinctions. He would also press upon their minds the necessity of not attaching too great a degree of importance to the antiquity of the order. A great mass of matter published in reference to the origin of that and other secret societies was of course merely speculative. Rather let the useful and practical benefits of the institution be kept in view. He would ask, what man served the order most, the one who devoted his time solely to historical research, and which in most cases terminates in doubt; or the brother who, by attention to lodge rules, by acts of benevolence and kindness to distressed members, and by entering into the spirit and design of the institution, lived in the hearts of his fraternity? He (the Chairman) was happy to say there was a great disposition on the part of those who moved in a higher sphere to countenance the society. Those individuals were convinced of the activity of the human mind, and of the disposition of man to the formation of unions, and they were also aware that if the mind were employed in the duties of the order, or if attention were paid to the rules of the same, there would be no disposition to join unlawful combinations for the purpose of destroying property, or enforcing illegal and unreasonable demands. One fact indeed on this head would speak volumes for the system. Amidst the numbers engaged in the various species of agitation and disturbances which had afflicted different portions of the country, not one member belonging to the order had been implicated. "We have our political feelings (continued the chairman.) What man, indeed, in this free country is without them; and who will attempt to restrain their honest exercise? A genuine Odd Fellow, however, will never trespass beyond the pale of the law, in attempting to redress any private injury or public grievance." In the course of the evening, a deputation from the Silurian

Lodge, Abergavenny, presented a splendid memorial of their gratitude and regard for the friendly assistance they had received from the members of the Waterloo Lodge. After the circulation of a few more sentiments in pledges of success to the Brougham Lodge, Lidney, the American Lodges, the Past Officers of the Lodge, the Editor of the Odd Fellows' Magazine, the Bristol and Bath Lodges, the Officers of the Lodge &c, &c., the chair was vacated and at an early hour the company separated, all was gratified with the recollection of the pleasures of the day, and more than ever attached to the principles of an order founded upon the broad basis of charity and of brotherly attachment.

MR. EDITOR,

Allow me a place in our Magazine, for the following brief extract from a sermon on the "Power of Christ's Character," by J. W. Fox.—How beautifully the writer describes what Oddfellowship might be—enlightened, consistent and active—securing by the potency of its *character*, the admiration, confidence and love of all mankind. That it may soon deserve and obtain that character, is the earnest wish of

A REAL ODD FELLOW.

"If the term power be used without explanation, it is commonly referred to political authority. It is the attribute of kings. 'Those in power' are the persons who fill high offices of state; who frame or administer a nation's laws; direct the movement of fleets or armies; and superintend the various internal arrangements or external relations of a community. But as, through industry and commerce, different portions of a people rise to opulence, it soon becomes evident that political authority is frequently subservient to other views than those of the individuals in whom it is nominally vested. Men will not thus acquire riches but under a government which affords them something like security; and if security be conceded, there is no preventing their arriving at the possession of influence. They can make their friendliness an advantage, and their hostility a deprecated evil, not only to the labourer who is beneath them, but to the senator or noble, the minister or sovereign, who is above them in the order of society.—Hence *wealth is power*, a power which grows up under, but which in time raises its head above, and controuls the operations of political authority.—Gold turns aside the sceptre, as the sceptre superseded the sword. The process goes on; another element mingles itself in the social mass; the mind as well as the soil, becomes cultivated; information, as well as riches is amassed; the light of intellect dawns, and brightens, and spreads; and, following the same course that wealth did with authority, both with wealth and authority, it enlarges the application of the term, adds another maxim to the former and makes it perceived, and felt, and recognized, that

Knowledge is power. And truly it is; a more pure, a more subtle, a more elevated and lasting power than either wealth or authority. It first checks their abuses, and then assumes their direction. It holds forth that prize of opinion which the one cannot command, nor the other purchase. An enlightened nation cannot long be sacrificed to the interests of individuals or of classes. The men of mind soon, in real influence, walk side by side with those of wealth or station. Where learning has been made a monopoly, they have taken the lead among privileged castes, generally by means of a priesthood, as in Egypt, India, and in the Romish church during the dark ages: and as knowledge spreads itself through the bulk of a community, despotism and privilege sink before it. But there is yet another ascent in the scale, a more exalted and beneficent species of influence, the moral energy of goodness; and in a nobler sense than of station, wealth, or knowledge, may it be said that *character is power*. It attracts affection; it enforces admiration; it secures confidence; and therefore, and thereby, it must exercise extended influence. I speak not of the negative qualities, the mere inoffensiveness, the often blundering well-meaningness, which are so frequently dignified with the name of goodness: I speak of real excellence; of virtue—enlightened, consistent, and active virtue; and I say that its force on society is the greatest of all forces that are framed to bear upon society; that it stands in a similar relation to knowledge with that of knowledge to wealth, and with that of wealth to authority. Power only works on base fear; wealth can only bribe the senses; knowledge only sways the intellect; but the dominion of character is on the heart. Its potency is that of admiration, confidence, and love. It goes forth in society like the beneficent William Penn among the Indians, and who, even of the most savage, ever darted arrow or brandished tomahawk against the man who never violated faith, committed injustice, or neglected kindness? —*Sermons on the Power of Christ's Character, by J W Fox.*

"Never is human nature so debased as when Ignorance is armed with Power."

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud and vain;
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit."

BUTLER.

So soon as a Plebian is raised to the dignity of commander-in-chief, so soon does he begin to domineer over those whom he has the control ; he thinks himself a man of consequence, he imagines that his abilities have raised him to that eminence, whereas if the truth was known, he was very likely raised to that dignity on account of a party spirit existing betwixt the electors, or else a want of judgment on their part ; however, he is in office, and he acts accordingly, he treats every one with contempt, has more ambition about him than a prince of the royal blood, has as many if not more courtiers than a person of this distinction, does not know

“ When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play
And turn their cards another way.”

He cannot see that the same parties would forsake him so soon as another is appointed to succeed him. Butler beautifully describes the vanity of man on this subject, when he says,

“ An ass will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away ;
But man delights to have in's ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.”

He finds himself all at once a man of consequence, and is therefore deaf to the advice given of those who wish him well, he thinks they are jealous of his power, heeds not what they say, flies to his flatterers. They tickle his vanity, they tell him he has the law on his side ; he ransacks the laws over, finds one to bear him out ; takes the law book again, finds something fresh, an old shelved law that has laid dormant for time out of date, enforces it for to make himself conspicuous, inflicts fines, censures, does all he can to make himself contemptible, does not know the tendency of such laws are for parties to neglect instead of performing their duties, stimulus to absent themselves constitutionally by sending apologies ; but his flatterers bravo him, they call him clever, he gets bloated, has hard work to conceal his ambition, he makes himself great, gives *opinions* on points of law, but does not know that

“ Opinion governs all mankind
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led,
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, opinion.
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The token upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion,
Invades the sick imagination,
And when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart ;
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match,
And nothing's so perverse in nature,
As a profound opiniator.”

Nor does he consider, that

"The false are numerous, and the true
That only have the right but few,
Hence fools, that understand 'em least,
Are still the fiercest in contest."

In short the *man* of yesterday looks arrogantly upon those with whom he used to associate; he cannot look behind him, for he has a stiff neck like some other ravenous animal, or like the song describes the Oldham recruit, who has a vile stiff thing about his neck, so that he cannot see his shoes from the time he puts them on until he pulls them off; in fact, the time he is in office he does all in his power to make himself popular, nay immortal; he even succeeds, but then it is for his stupidity and arrogance; his time expires, his courtiers forsake him, he begins to reflect, his past conduct hurts him, he is sorry, but alas! 'tis too late.

Your's respectfully,

J. PRISER.

Apollo Lodge, Aug. 24th, 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

Odd Fellowship either is or is not, something more than a mere name. We either are bound in one common reciprocity of feeling and of interest, or we are not. Society cannot stand still. We *must* either advance or retrograde, and we may yet make our election. It is now in our power to become a great, and flourishing, and useful community, and to render more real service to society than ever was conferred upon it by any similar institution in any age or country in the known world. I say, Sir, we have *now* the opportunity, and if we do not embrace it, instead of a "bundle of sticks" we become a "rope of sand."

I shall not in this letter, point out many of the causes that at present retard our progress, but there is one so pre-eminently conspicuous and dangerous that if it be not reformed altogether, we must fail in our great and legitimate object of extensive usefulness. I mean, Sir, the want of one "common reciprocity of feeling and of interest." If we do not lay aside all individual and local feelings and prejudices,—if we do not, one and all throw our mite into the same scale—if we do not make the *general good* the all-absorbing consideration—if, in short, we do not go *HAND* and *HEART* together—our institution will soon be bereft of its brightest beams, and our lodges become mere *sick clubs*! To this complexion, unless we pull altogether, we must come at

last; and our much boasted "principles of benevolence and charity," become the jargon and cant of hypocrisy.

The directors seem, hitherto, to have done well. They have laboured, I understand, gratuitously, and I am sure, assiduously, for the *general good*. These labours, judiciously supported by our annual committees, cannot fail of producing a beneficial result. I was not, Sir, of the Liverpool committee, but I find by the minutes a considerable sum of money has been granted to various lodges and districts, and I am told that no enquiry was made whether the parties receiving had contributed ought towards the *general fund*. This is not as it ought to be. Those who are not partners in producing cannot *honestly* participate in the produce. The books of the directors should be so kept, as to shew, at one view, who *trade* with them and who do not. Those who do not, should not only not share in the profits, but be precluded from any voice in their appropriation—every shilling given to the *non-trader*, is, I maintain, a direct and palpable fraud upon the conscientious trader, and ought not to be tolerated. Much more might be said on this subject, but I shall conclude, for the present, by observing, that those who are not with us are against us, and to allow such grants is to encourage and countenance disunion. Let the directors look to it.

I am, dear Sir, with my best respects to you personally, and my best wishes for the M. U. of I. O. F. Your's,

J. W. SMITH.

August, 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

Having been a constant reader of your valuable work, I think it a duty incumbent upon me as a true and sincere friend and well-wisher to our great and good cause, yes, great and good I do call it, and honestly too. First it is great, for in spite of all the enemies it has had to encounter, in spite of all the sham friends that have entered it to disgrace it, it is still methinks the greatest order in the British Empire. There was a time when the waters of Odd Fellowship might be waded to the ancles, but now the enemies of Odd Fellowship dare not venture in, to say nothing of wading them. Second, it is a good cause; it has a tendency or means of putting many characters on their guard how they act towards themselves and the public at large, in order to secure the title of an I. O. It is further a good cause for it has been instrumental in numerous instances, in relieving the distresses of the widow and fatherless, the weary and destitute traveller; many more acts might be stated, but I think the present statements are quite sufficient. I therefore think it a duty towards you to send

you these few remarks, trusting that great good may attend them. in placing them in your Magazine, you will greatly oblige,

Your's, &c.

JOHN HUDDART, Honest View Lodge,
Rochdale, Lancashire.

HONEST. VIEW. LODGE. I shall divide them into three parts.
1st. Honest. 2nd. View. 3rd. Lodge.

First.—Honest—what we are to understand by the word honest is performing every act of justice and fulfilling every obligation and relation of, not merely I. O. but as good members of society. Now a man may if he fulfils his obligation as an I. O. claim his title to the word honest, but if a man by excessive drinking neglect his family, and thereby cause them to starve, he no longer can claim his title to the word honest, if he is an O. F. in the lodge and not one out, he no longer can claim his title to the word honest; if he is a member through self-interest not studying nor caring for the good and welfare of the Order he no longer can claim his title to the word honest; if he wrongs a brother or sees him wronged, his lodge, or the public at large, he can no longer claim his title to the word honest.

Second.—View—what we are to understand by the word view, is to survey or to look on by way of examination, to see whether we are the people we represent ourselves to be now, by taking an honest view of our hearts, we, by that means shall be able to prove whether we are pursuing the paths of peace or destruction; we may if willing amend our lives, correct our errors, cast off the weapon of destruction, put on the helmet of peace and happiness, if we by taking an honest view of our hearts, find them immersed in evil thoughts, ill-will, or evil actions, let us endeavour to extinguish them, otherwise we cannot claim our title to the words honest view.

Third —Lodge—the word L. has a many points and references, first, it points to us as I. O. for it is here we the members of the I. O. prepare for a day of sickness or distress, for when father or mother, sister or brother, relation or friend, forsake us, it is here we have our hope well grounded, that we have a friend to assist us in our day of sickness or distress so long as we remain faithful to our good cause. Let us then prize our lodge of deposit and happiness. It is a lodge of comfort so long as we remain in the bonds of F. L. and T. for it is here by uniting ourselves in these bonds we cheer one another, and abate those encumberers of the heart, care and sorrow, ever remembering that if our walk and conversation be such, while we are sojourning and attending this our earthly lodge, as will entitle us to the words honest view, we shall gain admittance into that heavenly lodge

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which will never be closed against us after we once gain admittance; may this be the lot of all that bear the name and title of I. O. and lastly, it is a lodge of good order so long as we remain in the bonds of F. L. and T. for it is here, while we remain in those bonds we hear not the base insulting language of the scornful, nor the vile swearing of the drunkard, but 'tis here we seem as if Heaven had entitled us to the words, behold how good, joyful and pleasant a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in brotherly love and unity. 'May we then one and all of us take an honest view of our hearts as well as of our lodge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

Should feel obliged if you would insert in the next Magazine the following account of the celebration of the Ninth Anniversary of the Loyal Hope Lodge, Gloucester.

Your's in friendship,

W. W.

The anniversary of the Loyal Hope Lodge, Gloucester, was held on Monday the 13th June, 1831, and displayed the largest assemblage of brothers ever seen in that lodge on the like occasion. About twelve o'clock the arrival of brothers from the following lodges in the district, still increased the numbers. The Loyal Albion Lodge, Cheltenham; The Noah's Ark Lodge, Stonehouse; The St. George's Lodge, Dursley; The Lord Apsley Lodge, Cirencester; and The Norfolk Lodge, Thornbury. Precisely at one o'clock the P. G.s assembled for the purpose of holding a purple lecture, and which was most numerous attended by the P. G.s of the various Lodges above-mentioned. At half-past two the brethren sat down to a most excellent dinner, comprising all the delicacies of the season, and some of the substantials, and which was served up in a manner highly to the credit of the worthy host, to whom too much praise cannot be given for the very excellent accommodation afforded to the brethren on that day. On the cloth being removed and the table well stored with the juice of the grape, the following toasts and sentiments were then given by the G. M. of the Gloucester district, who presided on the occasion, being most ably supported by P. D. G. M. Cherterton on the right, and N. G. Beard on the left. The vice-president's chair, was ably filled by P. G. Whittard, of the St. George Lodge, Dursley.

The King, The Queen. The M. U. of I O F. and may the principles of Odd Fellowship be general throughout the world. Song. Br. Burnett,—“What is pleasure but a pipe.”

'Toast. Health and prosperity to the Loyal Albion Lodge, Cheltenham. Br. Thomas returned thanks. Song. Br. Thomas. "Odd Fellows Holiday."

Prosperity to the Noah's Ark Lodge, Stonehouse. Br. P. G. Hill returned thanks. Song. Br. Harper.—"To-Morrow."

P. G. Whittard of the Dursley Lodge then rose and proposed the health and prosperity of the Loyal Hope Lodge, Gloucester, with thanks to them for their attention to the duties of the district. The G. M. returned thanks.

The health and prosperity of the St. George's Lodge, Dursley. P. G. Whittard returned thanks in a very luminous speech, which we are sorry our limits will not allow us to insert at full length.

Success to the Lord Apsley Lodge, Cirencester. P. G. Godwin returned thanks.

Health and prosperity to the Norfolk Lodge, Thornbury. N. G. Dyer returned thanks.

Thanks to the Host and Hostess for their kind attention to the Brethren on this and on all occasions. Recitative. P. G. Whittard. Song. G. M. Reece—"The Glasses Sparkle on the Board."

The health of the G. M. of the Gloucester District. G. M. Reece returned thanks. Song. P. G. Bevan.—"The Waterloo Man."

May the world be a Lodge and all Religions Brothers. Song. "The Banner of Peace."

The Wooden Walls of Old England. Song.—"The Steam Packet."

The health of P. G. M. Chesterton, of the Gloucester District. P. G. M. Chesterton returned thanks.

The health of P. G. Whittard, of the St. George Lodge, Dursley. P. G. Whittard returned thanks.

The health of the Visitors who have favoured us with their company this day. Song. C. S. Portlock.—"Wake of Teddy the Tiler."

The health of Br. John Phillpots, Esq. Br. John Chadborn, Esq. and the rest of the absent brethren.

Health and prosperity to the Waterloo Lodge, Monmouth, and all Lodges in the Unity.

May all Odd Fellows be as independent in principle as they are in spirit.

A number of other songs and sentiments passed in the course of the evening, while mirth and harmony prevailed, until the lateness of the hour warned all brethren to retire, highly pleased with the festivities of the day—indeed upon no occasion have we witnessed such an union of Friendship, Love and Truth, as prevailed between the whole Lodges connected with the Gloucester District, and we trust the same feeling will prevail in all Lodges connected with the Manchester Unity.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

The following is an account of the anniversary of the Midway Lodge, which I hope you will insert in your valuable Magazine. I remain your's in the bonds of F. L. T.

WM BEARD,

Sec. to the Earl of Chesterfield Lodge, Midway,

Midway, July 31, 1831.

On Monday the 18th of July, the Earl of Chesterfield Lodge, Midway, held their anniversary and procession, attended by the excellent band belonging to T. Cook, Esq. Longford, and the beautiful regalia belonging to the Nottingham District. At eleven o'clock the procession moved off to Hartshorn church, where the Rev. F. Tunicliffe delivered a most excellent and impressive sermon on the occasion; exhorting the members to live in unity and peace with each other, to render and assist each other in time of need, and to direct their steps to that path which leads to the mansions of eternal peace and happiness. The lodge room was beautifully decorated with a choice assortment of flowers, selected from the gardens of the Earl of Chesterfield, and the Hon. George Lamb. The procession had a very imposing and beautiful appearance, and it would be difficult to determine which attracted most attention, the respectable appearance of the members, the rich silk banners floating in the wind, or the valuable regalia. There were hundreds of spectators, who seemed pleased with the splendour of the scene, which was much heightened by the fineness of the day. At half-past three o'clock the members sat down to a most sumptuous dinner prepared by our worthy Host Cole, consisting of every delicacy the season afforded. After the cloth was removed P. G. Allen of the Marquis of Anglesey Lodge, Burton, was called to the chair, supported on his right by the Rev. F. Tunicliffe, and F. Tunicliffe, jun. On his left Dr. Sheffield and Wm. Campbell, Esq. and G. M. Wayte, of the Midway Lodge, acted as vice, supported on his right by P. G. Whielden, and on his left by P. G. Dalton of the Marquis of Anglesey Lodge, Burton. The chairman rose and made a most excellent speech, and the following is a list of the toasts, songs, &c. that were given during the evening. The King. Song and chorus—Our Gracious Queen. Song—Our Queen is the Wife of a Sailor. Air—Hearts of Oak, Song—The Death of Nelson. Toast—The Immortal Memory of Nelson. Air—Slow march. Toast—His Majesty's Ministers. (*Much applause.*) Song—In this Little Island. Air—Rule Britannia. Toast—Prosperity to the I. O. Air—O. F. March. Song—Alice Graye. Air—Ye Banks and Braes. Toast—The Board of Directors and may their exertions for the good of the Order be crowned with success. Air—Auld Lang Syne. Song

on the occasion by a friend. Toast—The Rev. F. Tuncliffe, who returned thanks in a most excellent speech. Song—Ye Barks and Breeze. Air—Yellow Hair'd Laddie. Toast—F. Tuncliffe, jun. who returned thanks. Dr. Sheffield and Wm. Campbell, Esq. who returned thanks in neat and appropriate speeches. The health of the Chairman. (*Loud cheering.*) The health of G. M. Wayte. (*Three times three.*) who returned thanks in a very able and feeling manner. The health of the members of the other lodges, was drank and acknowledged by the different officers. Namely, The Duke of Clarence Lodge, Measbam. The Marquis of Anglesea, Burton, and Hon. George Lamb, Melbourne. The different spirited addresses made by the officers of the various Lodges on their health being drunk, enlivened the pleasures of the evening. The health of our worthy Host and Hostess with thanks for their most excellent dinner. At ten o'clock the Chairman left the chair. The entertainment went off with the greatest effect, and gave universal satisfaction. The room was then prepared for the sprightly dance, and the wives and sweethearts of the members of the Lodge were admitted, and the merry dance was kept up with spirit. The grace and beauty of our female partners gave a peculiar zest to the pleasures of the evening; it was a scene truly gratifying to the feelings, to see the brothers as happy as kings, with the partners of their cares sharing their pleasures. The company did not separate till

Day glimmer'd in the East, and the white moon
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

I should not have thought of saying any thing on the subject of Q. in the Corner, in your last No. but for the importunity of a many of our own District, some of whom think it an intended insult to the Oldham District; but for myself the production is of so poor a nature, that I look at it as beneath my notice, had it not been for your (in my opinion) very uncalled-for comment on the article. You guess Q. in the Corner has hit the right nail on the head, but I ask you where we had placed a nail to require a hit? So unexpectedly gave up, says Q. To whom were we to make our intentions known? We beg pardon if we wrong them, for we trust they are all "honourable men." I would wish you to ask Q in the Corner if ever we applied to an annual or Manchester committee for that which we could not prove our own, which I have reason to fear he has done. Again, for the purpose of enabling the Oldhamites to remain in the room during polling, thereby secure the election for Bolton; good Heavens, did he

think we were like himself, sycophants, to act like a machine at the will of those we dare but obey for fear they will not smile on us? No, Sir, whilst I have a free-will in all such cases, I shall claim my independence, and Bolton District became a legal candidate, and we were free voters, and what we did, we did for our own District, and as we thought the good of the order. But, worthy sir, it was not that that brought forth this monster of Q. in the Corner, but those printed propositions which alarmed our aristocracy; this was the rock we split on, here we made shipwreck, but not of faith and a good conscience; but let them deal with us like men, and then they will find us true Odd Fellows, and, I sincerely hope that Q. in the Corner, and all such tools may see themselves like men, and act as beings possessed of reason, and then the I. O. of O. F. will shew its brilliancy by a union of effort, and look at each other with charity. That it may be so, is the prayer of yours, in the bonds of F. L. and T.

FREDERICK TAYLOR, P. G.

Oldham, August 31, 1831.

[We do not recollect what our "comment" was of which P. G. Taylor complains, nor have we the Magazine at hand to refer to; but we wrote at the time what we thought, and we say, with him, "while we have a freewill in all such cases, we will claim our independence." We see nothing in P. G. Taylor's letter to induce us to alter the opinion we then held—the rest we leave in the hands of Q. in the Corner.—*EDMT. MAG.*]

ANNIVERSARY OF THE IVORIAN LODGE.

We copy the following account of the Anniversary of this lodge, from the "Monmouthshire Merlin."—On Monday, the 8th of August, the Ivoriaid Caredig (Ivorians) Lodge, No. 417, Tredegar, held their first anniversary. The brethren of that lodge, together with several of the loyal Cambrian friends from Myrther, assembled at the Kings Head at nine o'clock a. m. and opened a lodge of emergency, and initiated seven respectable members, four of whom came from Talybont, Breconshire, about eleven miles from Tredegar, for the purpose of applying for a dispensation to open a new lodge, to be called "Brychaniad Glanwysg," (Usk Vale Breconians,) at the house of Mr. Adam Cranage, called the Seren Gomer Inn, in the said place. After the general routine of business was closed, the brethren formed themselves into a regular procession, preceded by a band of music; and, accompanied by the trustees of the lodge and the

Rev. J. P. Davis, they marched in the best order to the English Baptist Chapel, where a Female Society and a large congregation waited their arrival. The Rev. H. W. Jones, the minister of the place, commenced the divine service, and addressed both of the societies in a most eloquent and impressive manner, from Matthew vi. 33 ; and was followed by the Rev J. P. Davis, who addressed the company in a most masterly manner from the 133d Psalm. The rev. gentleman, in a prefatory discourse, read several portions from the leading articles of the General Laws of the Order, which he commented upon ; and he also highly recommended, and greatly applauded, the principles of the Order. An excellent choir of singers attended on the occasion, and performed their part of the service with great judgment and precision. On leaving the chapel, the procession was re-formed, accompanied by the said Female Society, and moved off, through Sirhowy Works, on a visit to Mr. J. Morgan, of the Star Inn, Duke's-town, about one mile and a half from the Lodge-house, and halted there, and the brethren regaled themselves with cwrw da, then proceeded in a circular route, for about one mile, and halted again, at the Crown Inn, for a few minutes, and moved on for Tredegar, where a dense mass, of all classes, waited their return, and were received by them with every mark of respect, singing and shouting—"The brave Ivorians !" and "Y Cymry dros byth !" ("The Welsh for ever," &c.) After parading a few of the principal streets, they returned to the Lodge-house, after a circular route of about four miles, where nearly 100 brethren and friends sat down and partook of a very excellent dinner, which deservedly entitles to the highest praise the worthy host and hostess. Dinner being over, the company retired to the Lodge-room and proceeded to harmony, and the remainder of the day was spent in those mutual interchanges of friendship, which is seldom witnessed in any company except Odd Fellows. In the course of the evening, Mr. Thomas Watkins (Eiddil Ivor,) of the Ivor's Arms, Blaenavon, (a young Ivorian,) addressed the company in a most powerful and energetic speech, in Welsh, on the "Nature and Necessity of Reform in Parliament," &c., which deservedly called forth the plaudits of all that had the pleasure of hearing and understanding his eloquent and animating remarks. The usual toasts and sentiments were proposed and drank with the usual ceremonies ; and also, "Williams, of Llangibby Castle,"—"B. Hall, of Llanover,"—and the "Reformers of Monmouthshire," were proposed by P. G. Davis, and drunk, with three times three, with the greatest enthusiasm. In closing the account of the first anniversary of the Ivorian Lodge, it may not be improper to inform the friends of the Order in general, that this young twig of Odd Fellowship was planted at Tredegar, on the 17th of March, 1831, by the exertions of a few humble individuals. During this short period they have ini-

tiated upwards of 70 members, and have been the means of opening a new lodge at Merthyr-Tydvil, by far the most populous town in the Principality, and have now an application to make a new lodge at Talybont, in Breconshire, which will be the first lodge of Odd Fellows that has been established in the county of Brecon. They have also accumulated a fund of fifty pounds and upwards, after deducting all incidental expenses attendant on the opening of a new lodge and the relief given to distressed brethren; and their greatest desire is to be thought worthy the countenance and support of their mother lodge, the Waterloo, Monmouth.

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

Holthead, September 2nd, 1831.

MR. EDITOR,

Our friend of the Apollo Lodge, in your last number, spoke of the oratorical powers of several who attended at the Annual Moveable Committee, held in Liverpool; he might say with Stockwell, in the West Indian, "Come, come, the man who can accuse, corrects himself." I have attended at four Annual Committees and find business increase every time; but especially at Liverpool.—I hope things may yet take a turn, and the orators who shewed their powers and are mentioned by name, may either rest content at home, or hear some others, who may contend as they did for the name of a Cicero.

But if the following rules were adhered to, the business of A M C would be much sooner got through, than they have been for the last three times they have been held.—In the first place, the Order should be informed, that nothing should be taken there but what had passed through the regular course as laid down by the General Laws and Minutes of the Order.—As we often find the most trivial disputes, which might have been settled in the lodge at the first meeting—brought to an A M C, then an appeal is made to the A M C without letting the matter have its proper course, according to the 22nd General Law, which is, "If the parties are not satisfied it must be referred to the *Grand Master*." I suppose what is here meant, is the Prov. Grand Master of every district, who, if he have any doubt, may require a deposit of 5s. each, who shall call a committee of past and present officers, to determine upon the matter in question, but if not satisfied, (I see no reason why they can not be satisfied, as there are laws and minutes nearly for every particular vice, or base conduct a man can be guilty of) the appeal is to be made to a quarterly committee of the district, where such dispute or

grievance shall occur. Now I wish to impress upon the minds of district officers not to prejudge such cases as shall come before them, for

With hasty judgment ne'er decide,
First hear what's said on either side.

The dispute cannot fail, if rightly managed, that is, if the parties have proper notice to attend, and evidence on both sides taken, to be decided according to the tenor of our Laws and Minutes. For if grievances cannot be settled in the neighbourhood where they occur, how are they likely to be settled honestly where the parties know very little of the circumstances? I was perfectly satisfied with the decision of two or three cases which occurred at Liverpool, with respect to the Oldham district—but if the district officers had done their duty they might as well have been settled at home—thus if the business of A M C's were confined to what they ought, in my opinion, to be; viz—to explain or enforce the observance of our laws, and to make or erase others—I am of opinion that the whole might be got through in the course of two days, instead of taking four or five—but these Ciceros should keep their mouths as close as frogs in dog days.

Such meetings are very necessary on many occasions, but to imagine that they were, or ought still to be for the settling of such trivial disputes as often come before such committees is entirely chimerical. If districts, lodges, and members would consider the ultimate end of such Institutions, or Orders as ours, and not show that hasty and rebellious spirit,—that envious desire for superiority,—that malicious desire of bearing or carrying every thing their own way,—and, above all, that hatred that exists in the minds of those who, sometimes, get disappointed of situations in districts, or lodges;—were this spirit of revenge, &c., once subdued, there would be peace and good will, faith and hope, charity and benevolence in the hearts of those where, we are afraid, the above vices are fostered. I can assure you, Sir, these are my sentiments, proceeding from experience and examination of such transactions as I have noticed, more than once, both in district committees, and at annual moveable committees. And I hope these remarks will not fail to have the desired effect; they are the truth, though bare.

Sir,

I am yours, &c.

J. B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

You will oblige many of your readers by inserting the following extracts from a truly valuable work, entitled the "Voice of Humanity." As O F's, next to acts of CHARITY to each other, we are imperiously called upon to act with HUMANITY towards what we call the inferior animals. I know of nothing that tends to render a man really amiable, so much as a kind consideration for the wants and sufferings of that part of God's creation, which seems peculiarly destined for his use and benefit. Shew me a man that will ill-treat his dog, his horse, his ass, or any thing of that sort that is his, and I will shew you a man, generally, capable of any enormity. —As the principles of "benevolence and charity" are inculcated in our lodges and our lectures, I hope, Sir, the principles of humanity and forbearance, towards those who cannot plead for themselves, will be inculcated in the columns of the Magazine.—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain Mercy."

Yours truly,

Manchester.

J. B—T.

EFFECT OF STEAM COACHES.

We doubt whether our labours to accomplish either of the objects of this publication, if ever so successful, could produce such complete mitigation (rather abolition) of animal suffering as the substitution of locomotive machinery for the inhuman, merciless treatment of horses in our stage-coaches. The man who started the first steam-carriage was the greatest benefactor to the cause of humanity the world ever had. But in a political view the subject is very important. We have a superabundant population, with a very limited territory, while each horse requires a greater quantity of land than would be sufficient to support a man. How extensive then would be the beneficial effect of withdrawing two-thirds of the horses and appropriating the land required for them to the rearing of cattle and to agricultural produce? The Liverpool and Manchester steam-coaches have driven fourteen horse-coaches off the road. Each of the horse-coaches employed twelve horses—there being three stages, and a change of four horses each stage.—The total horses employed by these coaches was therefore 168. Now each horse consumes, on an average, in pasture, hay, and corn, annually, the produce of one and a half acres. The whole would thus consume the produce of 252 acres. Suppose, therefore, "every man had his acre" upon which to rear his family, which some politicians have deemed sufficient, the maintenance of 252 families is gained to the country by these steam-coaches. The average number in families is six, that is, four children, besides the father and mother. The subsistence of 1,512 individuals is thus attained.

NATIONAL TASTES RESPECTING ANIMAL FOOD.

Every thing that moves in earth, air, or sea, is devoured by man. In some valleys of the Alps, (kingdom of Wurtemberg,) and in particular that called Lautherelt, the rearing of snails has been carried to a large scale.—Towards the end of June they are gathered from fields and forests, by children and poor people, and sold by the hundred to the snail-mongers for from four to five cruzers (five to seven farthings.) They are then put into large grass-gardens, and fed in rainy weather with cabbage-leaves and other vegetables. When they shut themselves in the month of September, they are sent down the Danube to Vienna and Hungary. Many of the snail-mongers carry more than 80,000 with them, which, in winter, are sold for two or three florins the hundred, as an article of luxurious food. In South America nothing in the shape of life comes wrong to them—they eat serpents, lizards, and ounces; and Humboldt has seen children drag enormous centipedes out of their holes, and crunch them up. At Emeraldi their delicate morceau is a roasted monkey. Puppies, on the Missouri and Mississippi, are choice food. Horse-flesh in Arabia; elephants' flesh in India; camels' flesh in Egypt.—The Pariahs of Hindostan contend for putrid carrion with dogs, vultures, and kites. The Chinese devour cats, dogs, rats, and serpents; bears' paws, birds' nests, and sea-shy, are dainty bits. The inhabitants of Cochin China prefer rotten eggs to fresh. The Tonquinese and inhabitants of Madagascar prefer locusts to the finest fish. In Australia a good fat gull would be preferred to any thing else; and in the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm is esteemed a luxury; while the edible nests of the Java swallow are so rich a dainty, that the ingredients of the dish would cost £15—The quantity of frogs seen in the markets of the Continent is immense—At Terracina the host asks his guest whether he prefers the eel of the hedge or that of the river.—The astronomer De la Lande was remarkably fond of spiders—Great Britain even transcends her continental neighbours. The “braxy” of Scotland is putrid mutton, the sheep having died of the rot; game and venison is seldom relished till it is “high,” or, in honest language, till it is a mass of putrefaction, disengaging in abundance one of the most septic poisons the chymist knows of; in numerous cases it is a mass of life and motion, the offspring of putridity—Pigs are still whipped to death; lobsters are boiled alive; cod are crimped; eels are skinned, writhing in agony; hares are hunted to death, and *white* veal is the greatest luxury.

CORONATION.

The Coronation of their Majesties William the Fourth, and Queen Adelaide, took place on Thursday last, the 8th instant.—

Indisposition prevented our attending the procession here, but we are highly gratified, as our readers no doubt will be, to learn, that the Independent Order of Odd Fellows were more numerous, and both in appearance and conduct, more respectable, than any other of the numerous Societies that attended on the occasion.— We have not been furnished with any particular account, and must therefore content ourselves, for the present, in copying the following brief notice from one of the Manchester papers. We hope to have further particulars in our next.

INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS.

Band ; banner of the order ; grand master of the order, deputy grand master, and corresponding secretary, supported by officers with regalia ; banner ; provincial grand master, provincial deputy grand master, provincial corresponding secretary, provincial treasurer, supported by officers with regalia ; banner ; past and present noble grands, with sash and apron, two and two ; two officers with regalia ; banner ; past and present vice-grands, as above ; two officers with regalia ; banner ; past and present secretaries, as above ; two officers with regalia ; banner ; brothers as above ; flag ; officers and brothers ; decorated according to their office ; past officer on horseback, supported by two past grands, with regalia, sash, and ribbon.

Many of the Lodges dined together on the occasion, and *harmoniously* finished the festivities of the day.

THE BLIND FIDDLER ; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! Yes, Faith may grow bold,
And take to herself all the wonders of old :
Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same,
In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there—and he works on the crowd ;
He sways them with harmony merry and loud—
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly !—what an empire is this !
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest,
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress.

As the moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,
 So he, where he stands, is the centre of light;
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusty-brown Jack,
 And the pale visaged baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'prentice was passing in haste—
 What matter! he's caught—and his time runs to waste—
 The newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,
 And the half-breathless lamplighter—he's in the net!

The porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
 The lass with her barrow wheels hither her store;
 If a thief could be found here, he might pilfer at ease;
 She sees the musician,—'tis all that she sees!

He stands, backed by the wall;—he abates not his din;
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in;
 From the old and the young, from the poorest; and there!
 The one-pennied boy has his penny to spare.

O, blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band;
 I am glad for him, blind as he is! all the while—
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight:
 Can he keep himself still, if he would? Oh, not he!
 The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that cripple, who leans on his crutch, like a tower,
 That long has lean'd forward, leans hour after hour!—
 That mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
 While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar in a stream;
 Here are twenty souls happy, as souls in a dream:
 They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,
 Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue,

ANECDOTES, &c.

TRADITION OF THE RED SEA.—The superstition of the neighbourhood (a point in the Red Sea, which is remarkable for the

furious gusts to which it is almost continually subject) ascribes it to a supernatural, and not to any physical cause; for this being, according to received tradition, the spot where the chosen people under Moses passed over, the ignorant imagine that, since it was also here that the host of Pharaoh was swallowed up, their restless spirits still remain at the bottom of the deep, and are continually busied in drawing down mariners to their destruction; a notion so received among all the seafaring people along that coast, that it would be quite in vain to argue against it.

IL DOLCE FAR NIENTE.—The idle fellow is an animal who thinks nothing, acts nothing, and knows nothing; who, like Solomon's fool, hates instruction, and has no delight in understanding; who eats only to live, and lives for nothing but to die, which may happen some time or other, he neither concerns himself how nor when. He rises in the morning with no other prospect or design but of going to bed at night; has neither wish nor desire, hope nor fear, envy nor love, passion or affection, but to the weightier affair of—doing nothing.

PORTRAIT OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN:—"Sir Simon Steeltrap, of Steeltrap Lodge, Member for Crouching-Curtown, Justice of Peace for the county, and Lord of the United Manors of Springgun-and-Treadmill, a great preserver of game and public morals. By administering the laws which he assists in making, he disposes, at his pleasure of the land and its live stock, including all the two-legged varieties, with and without feathers, in a circumference of several miles round Steeltrap Lodge. He has enclosed commons and woodlands; abolished cottage-gardens; taken the village cricket ground into his own park, out of pure regard to the sanctity of Sunday; shut up footpaths and ale-houses (all but those which belong to his electioneering friend, Mr. Quassia, the brewer;) put down fairs and fiddlers; committed many poachers—shot a few; convicted one-third of the peasantry—suspected the rest—and passed nearly the whole of them through a wholesome course of prison discipline, which has finished their education at the expense of the county."

BIRTHS.

June 29th, the wife of P. P. D. G. M. John Garnett, of the St. Thomas' lodge, London, of a Daughter.

June 6th, the wife of P. G. Shaw, of the Needwood Philanthropic lodge, Uttoxeter, of a Son.

August 16th, the wife of P. S. Enoch Turner, of the St. John lodge, Burslem, of a Daughter.

March 28th, 1831, the wife of F. Meagar, P. G. of the Saint Thomas' lodge, London, of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

June 19th, 1831, at the Parish Church of Dean, brother John Orrell, of the Caledonian lodge, Halliwell, to Miss Maria Pendlebury; third daughter of James Pendlebury, of Halliwell, near Bolton-le-Moors.

May 12th, at Monmouth, brother William Castree, of the Waterloo lodge, Monmouth, to Miss Sarah Roberts.

May 28th, at St. James's, Bristol, brother Thomas Watkins, of the same lodge, to Miss Watkins; daughter of brother W. Watkins, of Wonastow Mill.

May 22nd, at Ross, brother Edward Simmonds, of the same lodge, to Miss Margaret Watkins, of Monmouth.

August 8th, at Penatth, brother George Williams, of the same lodge, to Miss Jane Tredor, of Wyesham.

August 15th, at Newland, brother Edward Williams, of the same lodge, to Miss Winifred Hopkins, of Monmouth.

August 30th, at Dixon, brother John Morgan, of the same lodge, to Miss Weale.

DEATHS.

June 26th, 1831, Henry, youngest son of Thomas Hallam, late C. S. of the Leicester district; aged 4 years.

July 27th, brother James Monkett, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Leicester.

August 7th, Sarah, the wife of Host Watts, of the Saint George lodge, Leicester.

March 1st, Host Whittaker, of the England's Glory lodge, Middleton, near Manchester.

April 29th, 1829, Richard, aged 5½ years,—November 21st, 1830, Charles Henry, aged 5 years—March 14th, 1831, Samuel Arthur, aged 4 years, Sons of P. G. Walker, of the Saint Thomas lodge, London.

April 1st, 1831, wife of brother Brown, Britannia, Eccles.

„ 5th, brother Peter Burgess, Victory, Manchester.

„ 5th, brother Thomas Jones, Apollo, do.

„ 29th, wife of brother Law, Wellington, do.

June 1st, wife of brother Wyatt, Waterloo, do.

„ 1st, brother Samuel Cooke, Aboukir, Ashton.

„ 6th, wife of brother Wood, Earl of Oxford, Manchester.

„ 21st, wife of P. G. Heys, Waterloo, Salford.

„ 25th, wife of brother Rogerson, Rock of Hope, Manchester.

July 15th, brother William Lownds, Earl of Oxford, do.

August 21st, brother John Heap, Devonshire, Salford.

„ 21st, brother John Ormrod, do do.

„ 31st, wife of brother Dickens, Waterloo, do.

P. P. G. M. Beckhurst, of the Bud of Hope, Bonsall, who was accidentally killed while working in a Colour Mill—He was a kind and affectionate father, of a mild and benevolent disposition, and his heart, purse, and hand, were ever ready to assist the children of distress—he was an Odd Fellow indeed.

MANCHESTER:

Printed by P. G. M. MARK WARDLE, 5, Toad Lane.

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, [PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.] 1831.

FASHIONABLE MORALITY.

(From the New Monthly Magazine, Sep., 1831.)

The fashionable morality of this country takes no cognizance of debt. No disgrace attaches to contracting debts beyond means so long as the party contrives to keep up the appearances accordant with his pretensions or place in society. Many a man dines at a sumptuous table, perfectly aware that his host has no honest means of supporting it, and that, in fact, he is dining through the ingenuity of his entertainer, and at the cost of the tradesmen who have furnished the treat; but this knowledge does not disturb the guest's gratification, and in no wise diminishes his regard for the liberal, hospitable fellow at the foot of the table. He merely considers how long it is likely to last, and booking his friend ultimately for Boulogne, or the King's Bench, resolves to have as large a share as is offered in his fortune up to the day of the "break up." Among the young men of fashion, or pretension to fashion, there are few who do not spend three times their incomes or allowances, and they make a jest of their consequent embarrassments, and brag of success in contracting fresh debts as in success in the debauchery of women. One of these rakes, whose maxims are received as oracles by the young fry of profligates, used to say that he always rated his income by the amount of his yearly bills; "for," argued he, "if I have not had money, I have had so much money's worth, for which, without a miracle, I can and shall never pay. So it is clear acquisition." The slang phrase, "*who suffers?*" for who supplies? expresses with sufficient clearness the correct apprehension of the relation of debtor and creditor. The laws of humanity are not supposed to run into shops, and the ruin that is brought upon tradespeople by the exchange of bad debts for expensive goods is never thought of. The reasoning which satisfies the spendthrift, if he reasons at all, and which even makes him esteem himself an instrument of justice, is this—"These people charge more than they ought

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—they impose, they are exorbitant, and therefore not to pay them is to punish them properly." So long as the profligate supports himself and his establishment on credit with tradesmen, or more correctly speaking, by the deceit of his tradespeople, he will retain the repute of society, and however notorious his dishonest expedients may be not a door will be closed against him, not a hand refused to him, not an address closed to him, not an intercourse declined. It is then an affair of the *bourgeois* who may take care of themselves, and it is known that no men live so well according to their stations as those whose orders for supply are unchecked by the remotest idea of pay. The moment, however, that the gentleman attempts to lay contributions in the way of loan on his friends, he is marked as dangerous, and if he succeed according to his usual manner, he is put down as a decided black sheep. This game of borrowing never begins till the other of credit, so much easier and more comfortable to dishonest pride, is played out to the last card. With the instinct of self-preservation, the symptoms are then discerned by the associates. We once heard a prince of exquisites say, after some moments of silent and apparently profound cogitation, "I don't know what is the matter with D—," (continuing, with emphasis on every syllable,) "I observe that of late he wears very shabby clothes!" This D— was his bosom friend, that is to say, the confident and companion of all his debaucheries, and the shabby clothes alarmed him as portentous of the exhaustion of his run of credit. The life of Sheridan is familiar to every one, and it will be remarked that so long as he could get credit of tradespeople, he kept his friends and his respect, which is indeed the same thing with his table. A man never loses his respect while he keeps his table. Let us see the charcoal fires glowing in the red brick ranges; let us hear the stoves simmering; and the saucepans bubbling and the spits turning; let us see the chief with a white apron and mitre of culinary episcopacy on head; let us see these things in the kitchen below, and we know that nothing in the world above will strip that man of friends and the consideration of society, for the stomach of the world is open to him. The story of Jonas is a parable to this effect; though cast away he lived in the world's stomach, as many a Jonas does now. There is no law of morality which the kitchen will not melt. Cover a man with fraud, falsehood, nay, sprinkle him with blood, yet if his cookery and wines be good, society will cleave unto him. This is the formula of excusation—"They tell some ugly stories about him of which I know nothing—they may be true or they may be false—all that I know is, that he keeps a devilish good table and gives capital wines." Who will throw the first stone at a man who does this? Who will throw a stone which might upset the turtle soup before him, or peradventure demolish a bottle of the fine old hock? A good table serves any

one as a wall of brass, and even a medicore table is a sound defence. One of the two courses would hold out against breaches of all the articles of the decalogue, and secure to boot a chaplain to say grace at the foot of the table though the devil himself sat at the head. Poor Sheridan, therefore, as we observed before, so long as he could by credit maintain his table, never lost his friends or the great world's respect, but immediately his dining set was broken up, his associates took alarm at his irregularities, and professed scandal at his shifts.

Bearing in mind this state of morality, which has no existence in any other country in the world, except among the common cheats, the difficulty of improving the debtor and creditor laws is perfectly intelligible. The evasion of creditors by residence abroad is an arrangement which is so sanctioned by fashionable and aristocratic example, that it were difficult to raise a question of its propriety. The *Hon. Tom Shuffleton* does it—*Sir Charles Swindlem* does it, *et multi et boni*, which being translated, signifies many persons who live in good style abroad though they would live at home in a prison. The proposal to get at the property of these fraudulent absentees, is received as the proposal would be to kill foxes in their holes. Lord Wynford has brought in a bill which includes this object, and its treatment exemplifies the direction of aristocratic sympathies, corrupted as they are by the fashionable morality we have described.

ANNIVERSARY, LIVERPOOL.

The Philanthropic Lodge, Liverpool, celebrated its anniversary, on Monday, August 1st. The company was numerous, the host obliging, the dinner good, the toasts patriotic, the singing tolerable, the speeches — All came disposed to enjoy the treat, all did enjoy it, all merry, all content, all satisfied, and some say, *credat Judæus*? all sober—all was harmony, all was brotherly—*esto perpetua*.

GEORGE BRADGATE, *Prov. G. M.*

Liverpool, September 1831.

[We are sorry the above account, brief as it is, did not reach us in time for our last number.—Our pages were all appropriated when it arrived.]

Nottingham, Sept., 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE O. F'S. MAGAZINE.

DR. SIR,

The following extracts are from the works of the amiable Blair, and (if they merit insertion in your valuable miscellany) are at your service.

R. RUDD.

ARGUMENT.

That discipline which teaches us to moderate the eagerness of worldly passions, and to fortify the mind with the principles of virtue, is more conducive to true happiness, than the possession of all the goods of fortune.

That discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity, than all the provisions which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence, seeing out of it are the issues of life. Let us account our mind the most important province which is committed to our care, and if we cannot rule fortune, study at least to rule ourselves. Let us propose for our object, not worldly success, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable discharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the Divine assistance, is always within our power. Let our happiness be sought where our proper praise is found; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature; not that which is either the appointment of Providence, or which arises from the evil of others.

Think not that because your passions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no mischief, and have left no sting behind them. By a continued series of loose though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted as by the commission of any one of those enormous crimes which spring from great ambition or great revenge. Habit gives the passions strength, while the absence of glaring guilt seemingly justifies them, therefore oppose early the beginnings of passion. Avoid particularly all such objects as are apt to excite passions which you know to predominate in you.—As soon as you find the tempest rising, have recourse to every proper method either of allaying its violence, or of escaping to a calmer shore. Hasten to call up emotions of an opposite nature. Study to conquer one passion by means of some other, which is

of less dangerous tendency Never account anything, small or trivial, which is in hazard of introducing disorder into your heart. Never make light of any desire which you feel gaining such progress as to threaten entire dominion. Blandishing it will appear at first. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may steal into the heart, but, as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many sorrows. What you indulged as a favourite amusement will shortly become a serious business, and in the end may prove the burden of your life. Most of our passions flatter us in their rise ; but their beginnings are treacherous, their growth is imperceptible, and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed until their dominion is established.—What Solomon says of one of them, holds true of them all, “that their beginning is as when one letteth out water,” it issues from a small chink, but being neglected it is soon widened by the stream, till the bank is at last totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain.

BLAIR.

Stem the torrent, tho' it pain thee,
 Bid the fiend at once depart;
 And when passion would constrain thee,
 Stop its passage to thy heart.

Peace of mind and true contentment,
 Strangers are to passion's slaves ;
 They, the victims of resentment,
 Find no peace but in their graves.

R. RUDD.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

Though the two following extracts have been selected for several valuable works, yet I think the simple integrity of one and the pathos of the other will find admirers in a majority of your readers.

R. RUDD.

Nottingham.

TRIM'S EXPLANATION OF THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

Pray thee, Trim, quoth my Father, what dost thou mean by “Honouring thy Father and Mother?”—

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three-half-pence a day out of my pay, when they grow old. And didst thou do that Trim ? said Yorick,—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby. —Then Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue ; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

• STERNE.

THE CAPTIVE.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room ; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement—I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.—— I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. —I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement ; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish ; in 30 years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood ; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children—But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the picture.—He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed ; a little calender of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—he gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

STERN.

To the EDITOR of the O. F's. MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

"I should not have thought of saying any thing on the subject of" P. G. Taylor's letter, "in your last number, but for the importunity of a many of my friends" in the Corner, who think he has not hit the "right nail on the head," in his answer to my last, and though he looks at it as "beneath his notice," it seems to have *fretted* the great little man *above a bit*, as we elegantly phrase it in Liverpool. The man who has the better of the argument seldom gets into a passion—it is the last resource of weakness, or of folly, and we are invariably compelled to pity or despise those who use it !

Your metaphorical allusion to "hitting the right nail on the head," is taken *literally* by this sapient defender of the Oldhamites, and he calls upon you to shew in what part of the Committee-room they "*had placed the nail!*" I will tell him that nails might have been most advantageously *placed* in the coat-laps of most of them!—Aye, and muzzles on their mouths too

I do not recollect what district deputy *Whitehead* said he came from, but he appeared to be *head* of the Oldhamites; and heaven knows his *head* was conspicuous enough—had he been nailed to his seat he would have been less laughed at by us in the "Corner," and the Committee would have saved a day at least.

But to be somewhat more serious—P. G. Taylor desires "you to ask Q in the Corner if ever we applied to an Annual or Manchester Committee for that which we could not prove our own, which I have reason to fear he has done." Now, sir, what malignity is here! He first *imagines* that I have *endeavoured* to obtain something under false pretences, and hypocritically *fears* I am guilty! Yet this man (I will not call him an Odd Fellow) farther on talks of "faith and a good conscience!" I answer, that I never did, at any Committee, at any time, either directly or indirectly, for myself or others, apply for aught that I could, or could not, prove my own. Let me tell P. G. Taylor, that accusation is not argument, and that suspicion is the offspring of guilt.

In my last, I charge the Oldham deputies with having formed a coalition with those from Bolton, for the purpose of securing the election for the latter place. Hear how this man, who is employed to defend the insulted dignity of the Oldhamites, replies:—"Good heavens! (he exclaims) did Q in the Corner think we were like himself, sycophants, to act like a machine, at the will of those we dare but obey, for fear they will not smile upon us."—So then, an O F. is to become a "sycophant," and a "machine," for fear—mark, Sir, the dreadful consequence—"for fear they will not *smile* upon him!" What a state of bewilderment the man's mind must have been in when he penned this for an ANSWER!—But he mistakes ranting for reasoning, and canting for a good conscience.

"But (he says) it was not that that brought forth this monster of Q in the Corner, but those printed propositions which alarmed our aristocracy." Now, Mr. Editor, when I wrote my last short note to you, I never thought of "those printed propositions," certainly never mentioned, nor so much as hinted at them. The Committee had consigned them to the fate they merited, and I am sure no member would wish to disturb them, or

To search for papers that he left behind him,
Where 't would be no *dainty job* to find 'em!

But, Sir, "our aristocracy" was "alarmed." What aristocracy? Surely the writer must have been reading the debates on the Reform Bill, at the Lodge-house, and the fate of Gatton, and Old Sarum, so rejoiced him, that he could think of nothing but the alarmed state of the aristocracy, and imagine, in his reverie, that he had done it.—At all events, the phrase is alien to Odd Fellowship. As an O. F. I disclaim it. If such a thing exist among us, I know it not, and I call upon the writer to shew what and where it is. But I beg pardon—Oldham is about to become a borough, and a dabbling in politics and political phraseology is there, no doubt, the order of the day. 'Tis something new, and men, they say, are but children of a larger growth—"pleased with a feather, and tickled with a straw."

At the conclusion of his epistle, "Frederick Taylor, P. G.", *prays*, yes, Sir, *prays*, that Odd Fellows may "look at each other with charity." What a canting, pitiful hypocrite this man must be.—Charity, forsooth!—and this from the pen of a man who *falsely* accuses another of being a swindler, a sycophant, a machine, and a tool, and the person so accused an O. F., and an utter stranger to him! Charity and such conduct are the very antipodes of each other.

I shall conclude by a short extract from a really sensible letter in your last;—I *guess* that J. B., of Holthead, has "hit the right nail on the head," when he says:—

"If districts, lodges, and members, would consider the ultimate end of such Institutions, or Orders, as ours, and not shew that hasty and rebellious spirit, that *envious* desire for superiority, that *malicious* desire of bearing or carrying every thing their own way,—and, above all, that *hatred* that exists in the minds of those who sometimes get disappointed of situations in districts, or lodges;—were this spirit of *revenge*, &c., once subdued, there would be peace and good will, faith and hope, charity and benevolence, in the hearts of those where, I am afraid, the above vices are fostered. I can assure you, Sir, these are my sentiments, proceeding from experience and examination of such transactions as I have noticed, more than once, both in District Committees, and at Annual Moveable Committees. And I hope these remarks will not fail to have the desired effect, *they are truth*, though bare."

I recommend the whole of this letter to the perusal of the Oldham district, for whose case the prescription was evidently written by a neighbour, who seems to have studied the symptoms of their *disorder*.—I wish it may reach the cause, and effect a cure.

Yours, truly,

Q IN THE CORNER.

October, 1831,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE O. F.'S. MAGAZINE.

Men should so far regard their own character as at all times to deter them from injuring their fellow creatures.

WORTHY EDITOR,

Being a subscriber to, and a reader of, your Magazine, I conceive it to be the only and proper place to make known to the Order, one of the most unprecedented and malicious attempts ever made to destroy the character of an individual, as an Odd Fellow, and his reputation as a Tradesman, consequently I beg you will insert the following in your next number.

It is with pleasure (though I regret there being any occasion for it amongst men who profess to do as they would wish to be done unto,) that I take up my pen to vindicate the character of an injured man; one who has always proved himself to be a staunch supporter of the rules and regulations of our institution, one who for assiduity in the cause of Odd-fellowship, since he joined the Order, I believe stands almost without a rival; indeed the very fact of his having fulfilled the situations he has and the one he is now appointed to, is a convincing proof that he has not only been zealous in the cause of Oddfellowship, that he has not only studied the interest of the Order, but that he must have been much respected in the Manchester District.

The individual I allude to, is no other than the present G. M. of the Order, whose character and reputation have been most grossly insulted by a set of—nay, stop, I had nearly gone too far, for I was on the point of calling them a set of men, which is an appellation they are not worthy of, who could adopt and support, for the sake of “filthy lucre” some, and others from even baser motives, such a mean and perfidious method of vilifying that man’s character, who, they themselves, I make no doubt, have assisted (either directly or indirectly) in placing in the elevated situation he now holds; and yet these Hypocrites, nay, Monsters, I will call them, (for they are not worthy of the name of any thing that resembles the human frame, that could act so basely) have devised those means of injuring a fellow creature’s character, let alone that of an Odd Fellow, that a man would be ashamed of.

Worthy Editor, it is well known to you, and also to the Manchester District, but not sufficiently made known to the Order, that the Nondescripts I have alluded to have published and circulated, not confining them to this district alone, caricatures, wherein the G. M. of the Order, together with others, are held up to the derision, not only of that part of our community, who can enjoy so base an attempt made to destroy the peace of

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mind of individuals whom they profess outwardly to call brothers; but they have, I am creditably informed, been exposed to the world, or rather the public gaze, having been exhibited in a shop window, in one of the most public streets in Manchester, which, in my opinion, has a tendency to degrade our Order very much, in public estimation; consequently the strictest inquiry ought to be made into such a case, inasmuch as the individual, whom we have placed at the head of the Order seems to have been the chief object of their attack, who is characterized in this unmanly production as one shrinking from the emblems of Truth and Justice, which at once implies that he is void of these two great requisites necessary to constitute, not only a genuine Odd Fellow, but an honest Tradesman; this alone has a sufficient tendency to destroy his reputation, which would be a greater injury to him (I may almost say) than any man in the Manchester District, his livelihood chiefly depending upon his character and conduct as an Odd Fellow. But this has not satisfied their malicious intentions, for they have represented him as on the point of committing some heinous offence against the laws of our institution, and have cautioned him in these words, saying "repent in time, remember your obligation."—Here I will pause for a moment, while I call upon them to recollect and reflect upon that part of their obligation, where they in the presence of that Omniscient Being (before whom we all must appear, sooner or later) did solemnly and sincerely swear, not to wrong a brother, nor see him wronged, without apprizing him of approaching danger, which will, I think, convince them that *they* at least have broken their obligations. The G. M. of the Order has been otherwise degraded, and abused in such a manner as it really would not, upon second thought, be prudent to describe at present, nor shall I do so, hoping that those implicated, will, at the proper time and place, make ample concession to satisfy the wounded feelings of the injured parties, in order to prevent its going before the A. M. Committee, at Monmouth, as I do hereby pledge myself to lay the same before that Committee, either personally, or otherwise, if not amicably arranged in the mean time, conceiving it to be the bounden duty of every individual throughout the Unity (and more especially the members of the Manchester District, who have the privilege of appointing) to support the Officers of the Order, so long as they are acting consistently with the laws of our Institution, and I do not know that he has in any one single instance, since his appointment to the situation of the G. M. of the Order, ever even attempted to act contrary to our existing laws; and if he had, are not our laws (which he is equally amenable to with any member in the Order,) sufficient to bring him to justice? I say at once they are; then why not meet him in open committee like men; this would be something like Oddfellowship, this would be something like "DOING AS THEY WOULD WISH TO BE DONE UNTO."

It may be doubted, but I do assure you it is an undeniable fact, that this villanous attack has been committed on the G. M.'s character, merely, because he did not maintain the same opinion as a very few individuals in the Manchester District did, on a certain point, more of feeling than of law; and if an individual is to be so abused merely because he cannot think as others do, I would say, without any hesitation, away with independence, for Oddfellowship has not the slightest claim to any such a term.—In conclusion worthy Editor, I call upon the authorities of this district, for the preservation of their own credit and that of the district generally, to investigate into this, at present rather mysterious affair, and I hope they will be more than lukewarm on the subject; for, if not, it will naturally convey an idea throughout the Unity, that the Manchester District have betrayed the confidence reposed in them by the A. M. C., by placing at the head of our Institution, which is daily increasing in respectability, a character deserving of the abusive treatment he has met with, which, undoubtedly, must be no little stigma on the District, and their prompt attention to this subject, can alone, in my estimation, erase this impression from the minds of all impartial men.

I am, Sir, Yours &c.

JOSEPH BARNETT, P. G. M.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE O. F.'s. MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

Finding in your last Magazine a production from the pen of P. G. Frederick Taylor, of the Oldham district, apparently drawn from him by the hints of Q in the Corner, though I was glad to see him, a little further on in his epistle, have the honesty to say, in effect, that he would have looked over Q in the Corner's peep, if the Oldham propositions had been gained instead of being lost. Leaving Q to answer for himself, I beg to give a few outlines, comprising only the plain and simple truth, respecting those inflammatory and ill-timed propositions, or circulars, sent out by the Oldham district.

It will be in the recollection of most of your readers, Sir, that at the Leeds A. M. C. the then Oldham circuit applied for a division of the Manchester district, of which they formed a part, and that their request was complied with, the Manchester district retaining, of course, all those prerogatives (for privileges they cannot be called) with which they had been previously invested by the established laws. Having, then, succeeded in the division of the district, what is the next step taken by these 'rest-

less and perturbed spirits?—Why, Sir, no less than an attempt to wrest the power out of the hands of the Manchester district! but they had not the manliness to come forward in an open way to do this, and your readers will be astonished when I describe the means they used:—In February, 1831, they called a meeting to be held at Royton, and cautiously invited their favourites, and their favourites only, to attend. I could here name the favoured few who formed their junto, but I do not wish to enumerate particulars. Now this meeting was attempted to be denied, at Liverpool, as being called by the Oldham new district; yet some admitted that they were paid for attending a Sabbath Day's committee,* at Royton, for the purpose of destroying the present mode of the government of our Order, which they themselves had been so assiduous in setting up and upholding, but a few months before! Well, after these wise counsellors had spent the artillery of their judgment, their sapient cogitations must lie dormant until the Oldham quarterly committee, when the monster must then be brought forth, and announced to have drawn its first breath there; and then, forsooth, to ascribe that to the Oldham committee, which was actually done at Royton, and then to issue it as fresh from the hot bed, and deputies, according, no doubt, to former pledges, to give it their support in all their districts, and to influence all they could in their private circles.—Thus were those “printed propositions” sent forth to the world of Oddfellows, without the knowledge or consent of the G. M. of the Order, and contrary to all former proceedings; but the contents spoke for themselves in such strong terms, that, notwithstanding all was raked together, both at home and abroad, even Manchester not excepted, unprejudiced men saw the cloven foot through their sophistry, and boldly shivered their babel building in such a manner as will not soon be forgotten.

These, Sir, are truths that will bear examination, and which are not written in a spirit of bitterness, nor by one who is swollen with the venom of uncharitableness, but from a wish for the prosperity and abiding requisites of our beloved Institution.

What Frederick Taylor means by an “Aristocracy,” I know not, unless he alludes to “five of the most intrepid and opulent individuals, to be appointed as a firm, who shall place all moneys received in the bank, to their credit, but not allowed to sign a cheque for drawing out the same, until they have got the sanction, on the nights appointed to assemble, of the Directors, who shall consist of fifteen individuals, in the *Manchester District*, chosen at the *Manchester Committee*.”

Now, if these individuals, so chosen, have either neglected

* If committee meetings are to be held on the Sabbath day, it will, I much fear, bring disgrace and ruin on the Order.

their duty, or been unfaithful to their trust, I would consider it a part of my duty, for the welfare of the Order, to make it known; but the fact is, that these men have gratuitously and faithfully served the Order, and our books will shew, that they have not omitted one week's meeting since the Board was established!—But this was not the case with our country friends—before the division of the district, they had, I understand, with a few exceptions, seven shillings, every first Monday in the month, allowed from what they called their circuits, for coming some seven, some twelve miles, sitting in the board room a few hours, and doing their circuit, or any other business, at the same time.

Now, Sir, these truths are left with you, not giving my judgment upon the matter, but leaving it in the hands of all the friends and well-wishers of the Order, whether the Establishment of the Institution shall stand as it does, or it may be thought safer to throw it open to the extreme districts of Brighton and Kendal; for most assuredly, according to their own premises, even those places have as *much* right to a voice in the Board as any of the newly-created Districts around Manchester.

Hoping that prejudice and jealousy may be for ever banished from our beloved Institution, I remain yours, in the good old bonds,

THOMAS ARMITT, P. G. M. & C. S.

Manchester, Nov. 1831.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

Sir and Brother,

The letter of “Q in the Corner,” inserted in the Magazine for June last, is (so I am informed) affiliated on me by the Oldham Seers, and it would seem that under the impression that the letter in question is my “poor production,” Mr. Frederick Taylor, urged, as he says, by the importunity of the “a many” of his “own district,” has been pleased to indulge, in the September Magazine, the long pent up petulancy of his peevish propensity, in one of the most malignant vituperative attacks on character that ever yet appeared in your pages.—Who this bile-stirring “monstrous Q in the Corner” may be I know not; whether he has a biding place in this town (which I much doubt) I will not stop now to enquire, it will be enough for my present purpose to observe, that I saw Q’s letter for the first time, when I read it in the Magazine, and that I disavow all connexion with the writer, directly or indirectly—In saying this I give no opinion

on the merits of the production, or the propriety of its strictures, on the conduct of the Oldham delegates at the Liverpool A. M. C.; my object in putting in this disclaimer is, on the one hand, to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and on the other hand, in courtesy to the well-meaning portion of the Oldham brotherhood, to disabuse them, on this head, being anxious to preserve with that, as with every other district in the unity, the relations of peace and amity. The brothers of Oldham will therefore please to understand that what I shall say in this letter must not be construed as "an intended insult to the Oldham district," but must be taken in reference only to the splenetic Mr. Taylor, and the charitable "a many," all "honourable" men, who countenance the aspersions cast on my character by that crawling calumniator.

The overweening fondness of a parent, for its bantling, may very well claim some indulgence; yet, I do think, that Mr. Taylor's lachrymose, valedictory reference to his shipwrecked circular is peculiarly unfortunate. The Liverpool A. M. C. by its 26th resolution has recorded its opinion of that *fe, fa, fum*, proceeding, and very properly disposed of it; I hope for ever—May it rest in peace!

Passing over the senseless, nomeaning observations of Mr. Taylor, on what he is pleased to term "our aristocracy," I come to, and sans ceremony, fling back in his face, his charges of truckling for smiles, sycophancy, &c.—I am an Independent Odd Fellow—It is painful to me to be compelled to speak of myself; but thus rudely attacked I owe it to my character, to appeal to the fact: it is now upwards of eighteen years since I first joined the Society of Odd Fellows, the last twelve of which I have served the Order, in the district in which I am now located, honestly, anxiously, gratuitously, and I hope I may add, efficiently. During that period, whose smiles have I improperly courted? Whose frowns have I stood in awe of? Does the vile slanderer mean to insinuate that I yield my judgment to the keeping, or at the dictum, of the Manchester officers; or has he the vanity, the assurance, the matchless modesty, to arrogate to himself and the "a many" of his "own district," all "honourable" men, the right, exclusively, of forming correct opinions? What has he seen in my conduct at the few committees, where he has met me, that will justify the detraction which he has so widely and with so much effrontery, circulated through the Magazine?

It is known to many, that from a combination of circumstances not necessary now to be called to recollection, I stood for several years in contra position to the leading officers of Manchester; I marked their proceedings from time to time with a scrutinizing, though certainly never with a jaundiced, eye; I was a careful, a candid, if not a close observer; I took pains to satisfy my scruples, and I have much pleasure in adding that the result was

a thorough conviction, that those calumniated individuals were honest and faithful guardians of our interests, that they merited and ought to possess the confidence and esteem of the fraternity, and I confess that now, upon all occasions, when we come in contact, I meet them with heartfelt gladness and brotherly confidence. If this be a crime in the eyes of Mr. Taylor, and the "a many" of his "own district," I am content, and shall count it honour whenever he may be pleased to pour out the vials of his wrath, or in any way exercise his libelling propensity, to be placed in juxta position with these oft-bespattered ornaments of our institution.

I proceed to notice the remaining insinuated charge against me, of having applied to a committee for that which is not our own. This, if it has any meaning at all, refers to our application for expences incurred at the death, in this town, of a member of one of the Oldham lodges. A brief statement of facts, as they occur to my recollection, shall sweep away this infamous aspersion.

Towards the close of the year 1826, we received written intimation that a James Murray, then sick, required our attendance; we visited him, when he stated that he was a member of the Love lodge, Oldham, that his contributions were paid regularly by a brother Sankey, and that he wished us to write for the sick gifts, &c. Finding him very ill and in want of money, we gave him present relief, I think ten shillings, and wrote to his lodge for instructions. Murray's statement was subsequently confirmed by the testimony of two of our brothers who had formerly been members of the Love lodge; we were thus disarmed of suspicion and doubt, and continued our visits three or four days, till he died. On the day preceding his death, I was present, and believing that his was an extreme case, and that he required comforts, only to be obtained with money, I relieved him with a further advance; he repeated his statement, assuring me, on the word of a man, sensible that his death was approaching, that he had spoken the truth, and who would not believe a man under such circumstances? He requested, that in conjunction with his friend Chadwick, we would see him decently interred; we promised, and Chadwick having offered his services, we left to him the management of the funeral, promised to attend, and to see him reimbursed all reasonable costs and charges.—On the morning of interment we received a letter from Oldham, informing us that Murray was in arrears, and consequently not entitled to benefit—we had then gone too far to recede—an answer to our letter, in due course, would have saved our trouble; eight days had elapsed from the time of our writing to the time of receiving an answer. Soon after the funeral we wrote again to Oldham, with account of expences (under three pounds, I believe) then actually incurred by us for committees, money advanced to deceased, loan of cloaks, hatbands, gloves, &c.; (at the time we wrote Chadwick had made no demand)—we were told, in reply,

that Oldham could do nothing in the case, as it would be "establishing a bad precedent." Soon after this Chadwick presented his bill, which after deducting moneys received by him for the wearing apparel, &c., of the deceased, left balance due to him £6 3s 0d.—Several committees were called in this business; many objections being made to some of the items in the bill, considered by us as shamefully extravagant and unnecessary, more especially the charges for tobacco, ale, &c.;—it was ultimately agreed, that as the deceased had given Chadwick his watch, Chadwick's bill should be included in and become part of the black debt due to us from the "honourable" men, and that if we succeeded at any time in obtaining payment we should hand it over to Chadwick; in this arrangement Chadwick acquiesced, and we wrote to Oldham again, requesting that if they could do nothing for us from the funeral fund, that they would promote a subscription, in their district, to defray the expences of interring their brother; this was also refused by these "honourable" men, and the matter slumbered until September, 1829—when having other business at the Manchester quarterly committee, I availed myself of the opportunity of appealing to the generosity, to the liberality, and to the justice of the Oldham "honourables," but I made no demand. No motion was submitted in consequence of P. G. Greenhalgh undertaking to bring the business before the Oldham circuit, and promising to endeavour to effect a settlement—I believe he did so, as in November following I received a letter from C. S. Taylor, with copy of resolution, to the effect that nothing would be done, and to this moment nothing has been done; the "honourable" men who could so ostentatiously display their liberality in the munificent donation of one hundred pounds to a public institution, magnanimously refuses to pay the trifling assistance afforded to one of their own brothers in his last extremity! These facts speak for themselves, and require no further comment.

I have now gone through, and endeavoured to answer, all the calumnious charges insinuated against me by the honourable, honest, free-willed, free-voting, generous, good-conscienced, magnanimous, manly, brilliant, brotherly, Frederick Taylor. Our Manchester friends, disregarding the attacks on "our aristocracy," may smile at the puny efforts of a pigmy. "Nemo me impune lacesset" is the motto, which even at the risk of being charged with presumption, I will adopt, and if the yellow-eyed Mr. Taylor, and the "a many" of his "own district" all "honourable" men, who countenance and abet his detractions, please to renew or repeat the attack on me, they shall find, that when I descend to notice the sinister trickeries of these honourables, I will not shelter myself under a hole or corner Cognomen. I now beg to take my leave of this would be thought honourable Frederick Taylor—this charitable man! who, without the least provocation, in the most uncalled for way, without even the courtesy of a slight enquiry, has

has dragged forth an unoffending brother, and wilfully, maliciously, and falsely, held him up to view as a tool, a machine, a sycophant, and would even insinuate that he is a swindler ! Honourable, forsooth ! No, Mr. Taylor, henceforth be known, as you are, as the public libeller, the private slanderer ;—but go, I can appreciate, pity, and forgive, the effects of spleen, long nursed,—go mend.

I regret exceedingly that your pages should be appropriated to controversies of this description, but having admitted and circulated Mr. Taylor's attack on me, you will, in fairness, afford me the opportunity of defending myself through the same medium. My letter has extended itself most unreasonably, I will, therefore, at once, close it, by expressing a hope that you will bear with me for this time, and

“——— Excuse, dear Sir, this lengthy piece,

You know, it takes some time to roast a flock of geese.”

Wishing you may soon be restored to health and your wonted usefulness,

I am,

Dear Sir and Brother,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE BRADGATE, P. Prov, G. M.

Liverpool, October, 1831.

FOR 'THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

A FRAGMENT.

Have you seen the stone we have erected to the memory of poor Rumsey ? was the inquiry of a member of the Waterloo lodge, to the partner of his cares ; a reply in the negative, settled a question which formed the subject of previous discussion, whether the Forge or the Rail Road should be the selected spot for the afternoon's walk ? ***** It was the evening of one of those lovely days which even in the month of November occasionally supersedes the gloom of that cheerless season, reminding us of the approach of dreary winter, and inducing us to take a retrospect of, and bid farewell to, parting summer. The furious gales of the preceding days had cleared the atmosphere of the lowering clouds, and the sun gilded the russet-tinged trees with a hue which we want a term to describe ; the aspiring poplar had already been stripped of its verdant clothing ; the beech displayed every variety of shade, from amber to the deep nut brown ; the elm had lost a portion of its foliage, and the yellow sickly ap-

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pearance of the remaining leaves betokened its approaching barrenness ; the hardy oak was yielding to the effects of the season, and in every shade of bronze diversified that tone of colouring which enriches the English autumnal landscape.—The footpath was preferred to the turnpike road, and many sources of amusement and instruction developed themselves as we rambled through the meadows ; the agriculturist had greedily caught the opportunity presented by the fineness of the day for outdoor work, and the labours of the husbandman in the sowing of the wheat crop, and the gathering of the fruit, imparted a degree of bustle foreign to the general quiet aspect of the country.

Wonastow park was reached in a comparative short period ; it surrounds the seat of Sir William Pilkington, Bart., the house is a mansion of modern erection, founded on the site of an older building, where the family of the Herberts resided for some centuries. Sir William divides his time between Wonastow and the Cheviots, his seat in Yorkshire, and to the poor of each place the bounties of Lady Pilkington is no stranger ; ask you aged female tottering on her staff down the coach road, to whom are you indebted for your warm winter clothing ? the good Lady Pilkington, will be the answer. Ask the stripling school boy who is manifesting his lightness of heart, by whistling through the park, who pays for your education ? My Lady, you have for a reply. Can you see that old man passing the lodge gate with a burthen of no ordinary dimensions ? He has just received the customary present of a pair of blankets, and all the way home is muttering blessings on the head of his kind benefactress. ***** Immediately adjoining the pleasure garden stands the parish church, partially hid by the loftier shrubs ; it is a small building of great antiquity. Mr. Charles Heath, the historian of Monmouthshire, and whom the Waterloo lodge had the honour of claiming as a member, describes it to consist of “a nave without side aisles, and a low tower at the west end, founded on the spot where Wona, a Saxon saint, had a cell ; Stowe signifying dwelling or residence ; on the pillar which supports the centre arch of the church is an inscription in the Saxon character.” The building itself has nothing in its appearance to deserve more particular notice, although its whitened walls peeping through the foliage of the fine timber which surrounds it makes it an interesting object to the Cambrian tourist, as he passes the third mile stone on the Abergavenny road. A broad foot path of the finest turf leads you into the porch, descending which on your left hand stands the monumental tablet which occasioned our evening’s walk ; it is the workmanship of John Prosser of this lodge, and does credit to his abilities. The various emblems of the Order are neatly executed in relief, and on a shield is the following unostentatious inscription :—

ERECTED BY THE
WATERLOO LODGE
OF
INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS,
MONMOUTH,
TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM RUMSEY, D. G. M.
Who died 4th August, 1830,
AGED 29 YEARS.

An aged rustic employed in the removal of the leaves which had covered the foot path, broke upon our silence, by exclaiming, "'twas a brave funeral, such a sight was never before seen in these parts, but he was a worthy young man, and GOD prosper the club for being so kind to him."—The soil had been disturbed near the stone, and in answer to our enquiries we found that death had again visited the family; a younger brother in his 28th year had found his last resting place; the father also had been found dead in the fields a few months previous; yet under this accumulation of distress "the wind was tempered to the shorn lamb," and although with one breath the widow exclaimed, I am bereaved, yet the aspiration of GOD'S will be done, accompanied her wail, and his truth failed her not.

Musing over the memorial erected by Friendship, Young's lines recurred with force to the mind, and I could not forbear repeating

"Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around;
We read their monuments, we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!"

Momentary abstraction arising from *feeling* the sentiment contained in the above lines, compelled the companion of my walk to remind me that the evening's mist must be avoided, it being conducive

"to the hectic flush,
Bespeaking fire that raged within."

The lengthened shadows betokened the sun's departing rays, and the dew had mantled the grass ere we reached our home. The tea table being cleared, the scrap book was produced to insert

the lines of Young, and before I threw down the pen I sketched an outline of our evening's walk, which, whilst it served to distract the attention from the progress of disease, may for want of better matter serve to fill up a page in the Odd Fellows' Magazine.

JOHN RENIE.

Monmouth, 26th November, 1831.

MONMOUTH, 28TH NOV., 1831.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

You ask me, what have I been doing lately? My reply is, what almost every one about here is doing, promoting all in their power the success of the reform bill; it is our thoughts by day, our dreams by night, and all the resources of the mind are called into action to further the progress of the great work of political regeneration. But politics being foreign to your pages, I will answer your interrogatory under three distinct heads, in reference to Odd Fellowship—1st. our district—2nd. our lodge—and 3rd. myself. As to the district, affairs are most prosperous—on the 31st October we opened the first lodge in Breconshire, at Talybont; returned into Monmouthshire on the 1st November, and opened the Blaenavon lodge; and on the 2nd, opened another at the Varteg—We have received dispensations from the Board Room for two new lodges at Blackwood, in this County, and lodges at Waun helygen and Beaufort works, in Breconshire, all of which will probably be opened before you go to press—you will admit that seven new lodges in one district in six weeks is progressing with a vengeance. Your next number shall contain some particulars connected with the opening of these lodges, with a view of describing an important district of this county, denominated “the Mineral Basin of South Wales.” I have been promised the assistance of my valued friend Mr. John Davies, (Brychan) who, on every subject relating to Cambria, cannot fail to be interesting. In reference to our lodge, the painting and finishing of the new hall has prevented our doing much. We have lately been honoured with the patronage of William A. Williams, Esq., M. P. for the County; in reply to our communication he thus writes,—“Have the goodness to inform the Society of Odd Fellows that I feel honoured by their proposition to enrol me among their members, and that I readily consent to join them.” It is no trifling compliment to have the name of this worthy man enrolled amidst our numbers—it is impossible to speak too highly

of his private or public virtues. If you want a proof of the esteem he is held in this county, you have it in the fact that he was returned its member, without a shilling expence, and that upwards of 1000 freeholders escorted him into town on the day of his election. As a proof of the liberal feeling which actuates members of other societies, I would mention that amongst the candidates for admission we have C. K. Tynte, Esq., the son of the member for Bridgewater, and who is the Worshipful Master of the Provincial Grand Masonic lodge, of Monmouthshire.—In a note to our highly valued friend and brother, Benjamin Hall, Esq., he thus expresses himself,—“I am also very anxious to co-operate with, as much as possible, and to be on the most brotherly terms with the very respectable body of Odd Fellows, and should very much like to belong to their society, would they do me the honour to admit me.”—As to myself, I have been employed (as far as impaired health would allow) in preparing a code of rules which should embrace all the fundamental laws of the Order, and yet be consonant to the Friendly Society act, 10 Geo. 4, cap 56.—I am not going to enter into a controversy as to the propriety of lodges, generally speaking, putting themselves under its operation; but when it is ascertained that it is possible to comply with the provisions of this act, and yet preserve all the privileges of the Order, I feel satisfied very many societies will take shelter under its enactment; for what can give members greater confidence than a firm conviction that their contributions CANNOT be misapplied. These rules have been submitted to, and received the approbation of, the barrister appointed to certify, and have been confirmed by the magistrates. The objects of the society are described to be the preservation of the rites and ceremonies of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and the creation of a fund by equitable subscription to be applied to the relief of distress—it recognizes the Grand Master, President, Vice President, Secretary, Guardians, Warden, Supporters, and Tiler, minutely describing their various duties—the mode of proposing, balloting, and admitting members—the mode of electing Officers and Committees—the duties of Past Officers and Committees—the infliction of ALL the fines of the Order; in short there is not one rule in the General Laws but what is incorporated; they are framed from the actual observation and experience gained by nine years' attendance at all regular lodge meetings, (with the exception of four nights) and the scale of payments and reliefs are founded on returns gathered from the books of nearly 100 societies, in which the two extremes are avoided of creating a fund for your successors to enjoy; or the neglecting to provide a stock sufficient to cover the increased contingencies of sickness and death, as the society grows older.

Copies will be forwarded to any lodge in compliance, on the

payment of a small sum towards the expences paid out of pocket, accompanied with directions how to place themselves under the law, which can be accomplished for the future by any society at a trifling cost.—In conclusion I would observe, these rules have received the approbation of one of the greatest friends to the working class that we have in Great Britain; and that they may prove useful, not only to the Waterloo but to many other lodges of the Order, is the ardent wish of

Your friend and brother,

JOHN RENIE.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

On Monday evening, the 14th November, the Waterloo lodge, Monmouth, was specially summoned to take into consideration the propriety of adopting precautionary measures against the approach of this fatal disease; the actuary read several communications from the Board of Health, established in the metropolis; as also extracts from several works relative to its geographical progress, and which was demonstrated by lines on the terrestrial globe. The business of the evening was finished by resolving to have printed, at the expence of the society, 500 each of the sanatory rules laid down; as also a descriptive account of the distressing symptoms of the disease, and the remedies recommended, and to distribute the same amongst the members and their friends, not with a view to create unnecessary alarm, but as the resolution expressed it, "whether we are doomed to be visited with the disease or not;—an improved state of health will be the result of attention to the rules laid down."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR & BROTHER,

The 27th June, 1831, being the day appointed to hold the first anniversary of the Loyal and Independent Odd Fellows, in Malton, for some time previous, every brother anxiously awaited the arrival of that day, in order to participate in the pleasures that awaited them, by celebrating the introduction of Odd Fellowship in this neighbourhood. Invitations were sent to the Hull and Leeds districts. Hull was applied to for the loan of the district regalia, as in consequence of being a new lodge we were unprovided with regalia for a procession. In compliance with our request, p. g. m. Cook was appointed by the district to wait

upon us—Accordingly, on Sunday the 26th of June, he and brother Pinkney arrived at Malton, about six o'clock in the evening, who were kindly received by the officers and brothers of the lodge—Brother Hurst, from Leeds, and other brothers from different lodges, attended on the occasion.

On Monday morning, every gem of nature seemed to smile, and joy and gladness beamed on every countenance; the bells of St. Michael rung a merry peal, and a large flag was suspended from one of the windows of the White Swan Inn, where the lodge is held, which altogether had an imposing appearance to the numerous spectators. At half past ten, the procession moved from the lodge, conducted by p. g. m. Cooke, preceded by a band of music, flags, banners, &c. to Norton church, where a crowded audience awaited us, when an excellent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Putsey, of Pickering, from Ecclesiastes, c. iv, v. 9 and 10. On return from church, the procession paraded most of the principal streets in Malton, attended by a vast concourse of people. At two o'clock between sixty and seventy brothers sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by host and hostess Robson. The Rev. Mr. Putsey, Mr. Putsey, jun. W. C. Wise, Esq. and other gentlemen, favoured us with their company to dinner. Matthew Hayes, Esq., was invited, but was prevented by indisposition. Before the cloth was drawn, the sum of 11. 7s. 1d. was collected and presented to the treasurer of the Norton Sunday School, in aid of that charitable institution.

The chair was taken by p. g. m. Cooke, whose exertions to promote the mirth and harmony of the evening do much credit to that gentleman. A medal was presented to brother Geo. Seller Davye, by brother Wright, after a neat and appropriate speech—brother Davye returned thanks, and after passing an eulogium on the Order, sat down amid loud cheering. The evening was spent in conviviality and good order—a bowl of punch graced each table, and among the toasts given were the King, the Queen, and the Princess Victoria—the health of the Rev. Mr. Putsey, with the honours of the order; also, the healths of several officers and brothers, who returned thanks in neat and appropriate speeches. About seven o'clock Mr. Putsey, W. C. Wise, Esq. and Mr. R. Searle retired, and expressed themselves highly gratified with the entertainment of the evening. Harmony was kept up until a late hour, when the company separated, highly delighted with the pleasures of the day, which gave much satisfaction to all parties.

I remain yours,

JOHN FREER, C. S.

Wentworth Lodge, Malton.

**TO THE SUPERINTENDANTS AND TEACHERS OF NORTON
SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

GENTLEMEN,

Previous to the anniversary of the Loyal Wentworth lodge of the Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which was held on Monday, the 27th of June, it was agreed that a subscription should be entered into for some charitable institution. Agreeably to the above resolution a subscription was entered into, when the sum of £1 7s. 1½d. was collected; and I am happy to inform you that the above sum was unanimously voted to be given towards the support of the Norton Sunday School, which, though trifling the sum, we beg you will accept, as I can assure you it was freely given.—When we consider the treatment we met with at Malton, with regard to a sermon preaching, and then on the other hand draw a comparison betwixt that treatment and the handsome manner that our request was attended to by those holding the different offices in the church at Norton, (in short, generally speaking, by the inhabitants of Norton collectively, who, I believe, considered themselves honoured by our attendance;) when I say the comparison is drawn, we cannot doubt for a moment but Norton in every sense of the word has the greatest claim on our generosity, as we consider that by the favour which has been shown us at Norton we are laid under an obligation which we shall never be able to repay.

Gentlemen, I cannot but feel myself highly honoured in being deputed by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows to present this trifling proof of their gratitude to your notice, and I can assure you that it is the wish of the Order in general that success may attend you in your labour of love, and feeling confident that you will not grow weary in well doing, I subscribe myself, in behalf of the above Order,

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT HORSLEY, N. G.

**TO THE N. G. AND MEMBERS OF THE WENTWORTH
LODGE, MALTON.**

GENTLEMEN,

I am requested in the name and behalf of the Committee, for the Norton Church, Sunday School, to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favour and handsome donation of one pound seven shillings and three half-pence, presented for the use of the said Institution, by the members of your Society,

Although you felt disappointment in not having a sermon preached at Malton, according to your expectation, and I not being at all acquainted with the reverend gentleman's reason for denying you such a reasonable request, yet I feel highly gratified that you had such an excellent discourse delivered at Norton Church, by the Rev. Mr. Putsey, of Pickering, and I believe if the reverend gentleman had chosen the whole scriptures through he could not have fixed upon a text and sermon more appropriated for the occasion, and I doubt not but you will acknowledge with me that the whole of that day's sacred service was admirably adapted for the object in view.

Now, gentlemen, permit me to say in behalf of our Norton friends, we are not tainted with party spirit, and although a society may have a name peculiar to themselves, yet when that society has for its object the amelioration of human wretchedness and woe, we gladly wish them prosperity in their endeavours in the name of him who hath said—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Allow me, kind friends, in the name of the committee and children, to whom your bounty has been so kindly bestowed, to subscribe myself, in behalf of the said Institution,

Your obedient, humble Servant,

WILLIAM WESLEY JACKSON, Sec.

EXTRACT OF A SERMON, PREACHED AT NORTON,

By THE REV. W. PUTSEY,

To the MEMBERS of the WENTWORTH LODGE, MALTON,

We cannot possibly make room for the whole of the excellent discourse of the Rev. W. Putsey, for excellent it really is, and we hope our friends of the Wentworth lodge will be satisfied with the following extracts, which we make with the greatest pleasure, and which we have no doubt will be perused with satisfaction and advantage by the whole of our readers.

"What can yield more pleasure to the mind of a christian than compassion and beneficence to our fellow creatures? What can yield more delight than to share the burden of another; to ease the labouring thought; to relieve the distressed; to comfort the afflicted, and to soothe the furrowed brow of care? How desirous must a good man be of the opportunity; how ambitious of the honour of being a co-worker with God in that labour of love, in

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which his infinite goodness takes great delight ! Unwearied in love, the blessed Jesus was always employed in seeking out objects of compassion and beneficence—it was his daily business, his constant employ ; it was his meat and drink ; his care and delight ; his life and comfort. Did ever the children of affliction, or the tear of sorrow, appear before him unpitied, unrelieved ? Was ever his assistance requested, or his mercy implored, in vain ? Did he ever look with an eye of indifference, when he came to the place of distress, and then, like the unfeeling Levite and the vagabond of a priest, pass by on the other side ? No, my brethren, his heart, glowing, at all times, with the tenderest sentiments of affection, melted with compassion, whenever the cries of misery sounded in his ears.—He shed tears at the tomb of Lazarus ; he had compassion on the unhappy widow who had lost her only son ; he wept over that ungrateful city in which his precious blood was to be shed ; and the last miracle he wrought was in healing one of the soldiers who was sent to take him.

* * * *

In what light soever we view the subject, whether as civil or religious, such is the constitution of man ; to so many accidents is he exposed ; so frail is he in his nature ; and so helpless is he when sickness or old age overtakes him, that it is not good for him to be alone. Even in domestic life, how much are the comfort and prosperity of a family promoted where love and order reign, where every discordant and jarring passion is subdued, and all are “endeavouring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.”—And what is applicable to a family, is also applicable to a town, a city, or a nation. Were men to consider themselves as children of the same common Parent, as, by nature, equal ; the workmanship of the same Omnipotent hand, and alike related to God the Almighty Father of all ; and were they, from these considerations, so to fill those spheres of life in which an unerring Providence has placed them, to the glory of God, and the good of their fellow creatures ; were their love, like the sun to spread around them the benign rays of its influence, and embrace, with arms of brotherly affection, the whole human race ; were men thus to act, on the principles of pure and undefiled religion, and endeavour to diffuse, among mankind, the spirit of unity, and the smile of happiness ; were they ready to distribute, and willing to communicate ; the various calamities to which mankind are subject would be greatly alleviated ; their wants would be relieved ; and we should no longer hear of injustice and oppression ; no more murmuring in our houses, nor any complaining in our streets. The Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, has ordained that there should be a diversity of ranks and conditions, that mankind should be endued with a diversity of talents for action, in order that we may learn that the happiness and comfort of civilized life do not depend upon any single individual, but that the labours of the hand are as essential to the good of society as the operations of the brain ; that the poor are as necessary to the rich, as the rich are to the poor ; and that the

husbandman who holds the plough, is as useful to the community as the monarch who sways a sceptre. "All are essential to the harmonious whole," and neither can say to the other, "I have no need of thee." Being parts of one vast machine, the most distant and insignificant has his work assigned; and so long as a man discharges the duties which society demands; so long as he "fills the circle mark'd by heaven," he contributes his share to the public good, and does all in his power to sustain that great fabric of which we all participate. But, perhaps, no instance is so well calculated to prove the excellency and utility of mutual beneficence as a society like that which is the object of our present meeting. A body of men, organized for the mutual assistance and relief of one another, when labouring under those many diseases and misfortunes to which mankind are subject, cannot fail, by a discreet management, to be productive of many salutary effects.—It is not necessary, however, to enlarge on the utility of this and similar institutions, since you who have experienced their beneficial effects, can, with every person of a reflecting mind, bear testimony to their being ranked, and that deservedly, among the best of modern improvements. Although such societies are mostly instituted, not so much from motives of general benevolence, as with a view to self-preservation, yet the effects are the same, although the causes by which they are produced are extremely different; and every christian, every humane, every tender motive, unite to recommend them. Who, then, would not applaud the man, who is thus, by parsimonious deposits of small sums, snatched, as it were, not unfrequently from the demands of nature, providing "against the evil time, when night cometh on, and no man can work;" when accident may interrupt, pain torment, or old age incapacitate:—who, I say, would not applaud such self-denial and circumspection, when there are so many inducements to negligence and dissipation, especially when contrasted with the conduct of such as squander away their earnings in drunkenness and sloth, and, in the evening of their days, become a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society? If we only, for a moment, take a view of the calamities which frequently attend a fellow creature, suffering the greatest misery to which human nature is liable, at once bowed down under the double weight of poverty and disease; unable to earn the honest reward of industry; unable to provide for himself and his tender offspring—or if we pursue this tragical scene still farther, and behold a fellow creature, the father of many children, struggling with death, that great enemy of mankind, surrounded by the wife of his bosom and the dear pledges of their love, all involved in the greatest difficulties through his misfortunes, crying out in the language of desponding grief, "what shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? where shall we find a friend like him who is now about to be torn from our embrace, to plead our cause against the wicked, to shelter us from the impending storms of the world, to save us from the dangers that surround us, from the

evils that threaten us? Our staff and support is about to be taken from us: who will now take us under protection, or afford us any comfort? Whither must we flee from pressing indigence? to whom shall we apply for relief?—With such a scene as this before him, **WHAT MAN, CAPABLE OF REFLECTION, CAN WITHHOLD HIS APPROBATION FROM AN INSTITUTION SO BENEFICIAL TO INDIVIDUALS, AND SO WELL CALCULATED TO PROMOTE THE PUBLIC GOOD?** Or who would not applaud the conduct of the man who does his best endeavours to prevent, as far as it can be prevented, a scene of distress like this? Influenced by these considerations, persevere, my brethren, in this useful undertaking; live in love as brethren; as partakers of the same nature; as children of the same gracious Father.—Live in love, as the disciples of Jesus Christ; heirs of the same hopes; redeemed by the same precious blood; and candidates for the same state of eternal bliss; and the God of all hope and consolation will, in due time, reward your laudable endeavours to promote your own good, and the good of society. For, remember, “he that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again.”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

The Harmony lodge, Knaresbro', had a grand procession on the 8th September, in honour of the Coronation of King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide. A band of music was engaged for the occasion. The officers and brothers assembled very numerously in the lodge room, and partook of a splendid dinner, which did honour to our host Goodall. After the cloth was drawn, Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, was sung in the most feeling manner.—The health of our beloved Sovereign, and his Consort, was given and drank with the greatest enthusiasm.

We then formed ourselves in procession, the band playing a lively air, we proceeded through the principal streets, followed by the gentlemen of the town, with the scholars of the National and Sunday Schools, who had all been regaled with a good dinner.—The National Song of God save King William was sung in different parts of the town, the bugles of the band accompanying the singers, The procession proceeded into the Market-place, where an immense concourse of spectators were assembled, and joined heartily in singing God save the King.

We then returned to the Lodge, and after taking some refreshment, it was proposed and agreed to unanimously, that the officers and brothers assembled should honour P. D. G. M. and

C. S. Pullen with a call—we again formed in procession, and proceeded down the principal streets, the band playing delightfully, to **THE WORLD'S END**, where sentiment and harmony again resounded through every heart, and made every officer and brother sensible of the pleasure arising from society, where difference of opinion is buried in the motto of F. L. and T.

We returned to the lodge, soon after which our wives and sweethearts joined us, and dancing was kept up with great spirit to a late hour—the company broke up with the most animated feelings of the pleasure of the day and of the evening.

I remain, Sir,

Respectfully yours,

TIMOTHY PULLEN, C. S.

BRIGHTON.

The Directors have recently received a letter from Brighton, from which, without comment, we make the following extracts:—

“The steady perseverance of the brothers, for these last three or four years, enabled us to surmount every difficulty; to increase our funds, and to raise the sick donation to ten shillings and upwards per week; and at the Quarterly Committee, held on the 18th of August, 1831, (after a very expensive quarter) we had the satisfaction to find the amount in hands of the treasurer to be eighty pounds—but the scene is changed; we have not at present so many pence!

After describing the manner in which the money was lost, owing to the death of Mrs. and Miss Hartwell, the hostess, the letter concludes.—

“We trust you will take our case into consideration, and if you find, under all circumstances, that we are entitled to your assistance, we have no doubt but you will render it, and the brothers of the Brunswick lodge will be grateful for the same.”

LEWES.—The somewhat lengthy Piece, from our friend Cooke, of Lewes, in our next. We could not possibly make room for the whole of it in this Number, and we did not wish to lessen its interest by dividing it.—He certainly does not draw largely upon our patience, if he does upon our pages—but we GUESS our readers will excuse him. He deserves well of the Order, and we hope yet to have an opportunity of thanking him in propria personæ.—ED. MAG.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

Lord, whatever we may need,
 Give us of thy boundless store;
 And thy children kindly feed
 With thy grace for evermore.

Suffer none, O Lord, to pine
 With privations sore distrest;
 But from mercy's fount divine,
 Let them be with favour blest.

Give us neither want nor wealth,
 Lest thy children fall from thee;
 But endowed with strength and health,
 Give us to contented be.

So, with every want supplied,
 None may murmur or complain;
 So, each craving thought denied,
None shall worship Thee for gain.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never attempt to *get by rote* any part of your instructions. Whoever falls into that practice soon begins to esteem the powers of *memory* more than those of *reason*; and the former are despicable indeed when compared with the latter. When the fond parents of an eighth wonder of the world call him forth into the parlour to repeat to their visitors some speech or play, how angry would they be, if any one were to tell them, that their son's endowments equalled those of a parrot or bullfinch! Yet, a German bird-teacher would make either of these more perfect in this species of oratory. It is this mode of teaching, which is practised in the great schools, that assists very much in making dunces of Lords and Country Squires. They "*get their lesson*;" that is to say, they repeat the words of it; but as to its *sense* and *meaning*, they seldom have any understanding.—This operation is, sometimes, for what reason I know not, called getting a thing *by heart*. It must, I should think, mean *by hear't*; that is to say *by hear it*. That a person may get, and retain, and repeat, a lesson in this way, without any effort of the mind, is very clear from the fact, of which we have daily proof, that people sing the words and tune of a song with perfect correctness, at the very time when they are most seriously thinking and debating in their minds about matters of great importance to them.

BIRTHS.

August 3rd, 1831, the wife of brother Samuel Pere, of the Philanthropic lodge, Hull, of a daughter.

The wife of host Bave, of the St. Herbert lodge, Keswick, of a son.

October 21st, the wife of host Twigg, of the Needwood Philanthropic lodge, Uttoxeter, of a son and heir.

„ 8th, the wife of p g George Beard, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, of a son and heir.

„ 27th, the wife of brother Charles Cook, of the said lodge, of a daughter.

„ 30th, the wife of p g m John Ashhurst, of the Temple lodge, Manchester, of a son and heir.

August 12th, the wife of brother John Freer, c s, of the Wentworth lodge, Malton, of a daughter.

June 12th, the wife of p. sec. Tate, of the same lodge, of a son.

The wife of v g Ruddock, of the same lodge, of a son.

The wife of brother Spaven, of the same lodge, of a son,

MARRIAGES.

November 10th, 1830, brother Richard Smith, of the Philanthropic lodge, Hull, to Miss Mary Short, of Gools.

March 27th, 1831, brother Thomas Bell, of the same lodge, to Miss Jane Thorn, of Cottingham.

May 22nd, a g Grassby, of the same lodge, to Miss Mary West, of Sculcoates.

June 15, brother William Hilliard, of the same lodge, to Miss Mary Metcalf.

September 20, p g James Cooter, of the Clarence lodge, Lewes, to Miss Jane Taylor, of Luton, Bedfordshire.

October 24th, John Slack, of the Queen Elizabeth lodge, to Miss Ann Fernal, of Stockport.

November 26th, at St. James's Church, Bristol, Mr. Charles Williams, of the Waterloo lodge, Monmouth, to Miss Eliza Baggott.

December 4th, Mr. William Morgan, of the same lodge, to Miss S. Williams.

„ 4th, at Prestwich, James Hampton, p g of the Saint John lodge, Salford, to Miss Ann Williamson, of the same place.

DEATHS.

July 26th, 1831, Mary, the beloved wife of p g Bowers, of the Victory lodge, Hull.

October 10th, W. Thomas Frith, of the Anglesea lodge, Rugely.—The brethren of the said lodge paid their last respects to him by following him, to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," with the insignia and regalia of the Order. It being the first procession which had taken place there, on such an occasion, the attention of the Public was much excited, and general satisfaction expressed throughout the town. He was a young man, and from the urbanity and generosity of his manners and behaviour he was sincerely beloved by the brotherhood, and a large circle of friends and acquaintance.

September 11th, brother John Greenwood, Saint Andrew, Manchester.

- " 17th, wife of p g Downing, Cumberland, do.
- " 22nd, wife of sec Duckworth, Rose of Sharon do.
- " 23rd, wife of brother Birch, Social Design, do.
- " 23rd, brother Thomas Morgan, Rock of Hope, do.
- " 23rd, wife of p g Benson, Wellington, do.
- " 25th, wife of brother Gregory, Duke of Devonshire, Salford.
- " 25th, wife of brother Thomas Mann, Waterloo, do.
- " 24th, p g William Clayton, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester,

aged 59.

- " 28th, the infant son of host Warren, of the said lodge.

October 2nd. the daughter of brother Thomas Gough, of the said lodge, aged eight years.

- " 5th, the wife of brother Crellans, Waterloo, Salford.
- " 8th, p g John Rotherham, Wellington, Manchester.
- " 27th, wife of p g Hough, Clarence, Salford.
- " 29th, brother William Hopwood, Duke of Bridgewater,

Islam-oth' Heights.

November 16th, brother Frederick Birch, Rock of Hope, Manchester.

- " 16th, brother Thomas Wroe, Saint John, Salford.
- " 17th, wife of brother Alsup, Hill's Glory, Manchester.
- " 23rd, wife of brother Stafford, Social Design, do.
- " 28th, brother John Nuttall, Saint Peter, do.

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THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

MARCH,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1834;

To the G. M. and BOARD of DIRECTORS
of the M. U. of L. O. F.

—♦♦♦—
BRETHREN,

Whatever is said or written with an intention to benefit the social happiness of mankind, will always be listened to or read with some degree of satisfaction; and to confine this general proposition to our own order, I feel I am justified in asserting that, whatever is said or written with an *intention* to improve either the moral habits and conduct of the brethren, or of promoting the prosperity of our benevolent and invaluable cause, will not only be frankly and kindly received, but considered in that light which the Sacred Bond of Friendship demands at our hands, viz.:—with generosity and candour. With these premises, added to a full conviction that I shall meet a charitable verdict at your hands, on trying the merits of my production, I venture, in the spirit of true friendship and respect, to offer you the humble fruits of my leisure moments, in the *Novel* shape of a *Romance*, or in the *Romantic* shape of a *Novel*. My endeavours and intentions are, what I hope and believe animates the heart of every brother:—a desire to promote the prosperity of our Order, and to instil into the minds of the members its inestimable value, however humble the means may be.

With these remarks I leave the merits of the sketch in your hands, with a hope that it may be received in the same spirit that dictates its publication; and as my motto is “all *pleasure* consists in *variety*,” I am induced to request the insertion of the piece in the Magazine.

I have the honour to be,

Brethren,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

G. C.

Clarence Lodge, Lewes, November, 1831.

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THE ODD FELLOW.

A Sketch.

Langsyne ! ah, where are they who shared
 With us its pleasures bright and blithe ?
 Kindly with some hath fortune fared,
 And some have how'd beneath the scythe
 Of death ; while others, scatter'd far
 O'er foreign lands, at fate repine ;
 Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
 To muse on dear Langsyne !

In laying a piece of this description before the *Order*, perhaps some apology would have been necessary, but for the observations contained in the introduction hereto ; and as there the motives and intentions of this sketch are hinted at, it is hoped that no farther comment is necessary for its appearance ; it also affords a variety in the pages of our Magazine, and if a *pleasing* variety, then the Author's labour is amply repaid.

In pieces of a similar description it is usual to commence with the birth, education, &c. of the hero, and so to trace him on, step by step, developing the several parts of the subject ; but in this case such a course, perhaps, is not required at any length. The subject of this sketch we might take up at the period just before his joining the *Order*, but for the sake of introducing a few remarks, which I will shortly do. He was born of honest, industrious parents, moving in easy circumstances of life, arising from a competent business and frugal management. Our hero, Frank Heartsease, (for such is the name he always went by) received an education suited to his parents' means and his own prospects, which he made the best use of while at school. Having left his school he was regularly apprenticed, and as this may be fairly considered the commencement or ground work of the success in the world of every person, it behoves parents to be very particular in the care and management of their children during the period of apprenticeship, for then is the time that first companions are sought after, and the future success and prospects of the child greatly dependant on. It so chanced that Frank, whose nature responded to his name, selected for his boon companions those who, regardless of the strictest sense of fame ; would in their nocturnal perambulations, direct their mental as well as physical power more to that description of mischief and frolic, which I shall designate as *unthinking and boyish*.

In this manner did Frank pass his time, when not engaged at his business, (to which, however, in justice to him, I should say he paid the strictest attention) until the period when young friends are destined to part, namely, the expiration of apprenticeship; this period having arrived, Frank returned to his friends, and having procured himself a situation, he continued his unabated attention to business.

He had now to form new acquaintance, and to select new companions; for those of his earliest days had nearly all of them been removed by some circumstance or other, which left him, though in his native place, almost a stranger in that respect; chance sometimes brought him into one company and then into another, leaving his mind in some doubt where permanently to fix himself. Though Frank was of a merry disposition, and at times inclined to be volatile, or rather as he would term it "larkish," he was not unmindful of the importance of a sober and rigid observance of decorum in society; for amongst his apparent indifference at times, there was a glow of good nature and kind-heartedness about him, that, when he was fully known, commanded the admiration of all who knew him; and when any party or company evinced such a cast, it was sure to win upon his mind, and draw him from that gay turn which at other times and places would predominate. No one could appreciate more than he did the advantage of the strictest rectitude of integrity and honest principles, and an open warm hearted person was sure to be enrolled amongst his list of "Noble Friends."

It chanced that Frank spent his evenings occasionally at a particular Inn to enjoy his glass, (in which he would always drink his favourite toast, "May the honest heart never know distress,") where a Lodge of Odd Fellows was held, but of this he was not at first aware; he was, however, struck by the regular, orderly, and decent appearance of many persons visiting that house, and observing their attendance on one particular night in each week, he was at length induced to enquire of some one then present the cause. Upon receiving information that a lodge was there held, he, in the exuberance of his heart, exclaimed, "Ah! I have heard of them; they are called *droll fellows—funny fellows—queer fellows—cunning fellows*, and many other such names; it is a kind of *Free and Easy* I suppose." Shortly after this remark an old friend of Frank's entered the room, to whom he recapitulated what had just before transpired, jocularly asking, "are you an *Odd one*?" This drew from his friend a few free yet kind remarks,—not to judge by external appearances, or by what strangers or ungenerous men might say, but to decide upon his own knowledge, or say nothing on that he understood not. It perhaps would not be interesting to the reader to recount the whole conversation that here transpired; suffice it to say, that Frank's friend was one of the Order, and Frank at length solicited

his good offices in causing his proposition to "judge for himself," and, as he added, "if he did not like it he could leave it." Frank was, to the great joy of his friend, duly elected and initiated. I cannot go through the whole of the observations made by Frank after these proceedings were ended; I am told by one who was present that the marked attention and respectful demeanor of Frank, won for him the good opinion of the whole lodge; his conduct convinced them they would ultimately "rejoice in having accepted so worthy a member;" satisfaction, amazement, joy, gratitude, pleasure, and awe, alternately lit up his countenance as the business proceeded; his first impressions never forsook him; he seemed to bear in mind the solemn admonition he received. Frank now seemed happy and content; his future prospects bore a bright ray of success and ease; his attention to business seemed to have received an impetus from this moment visible to all; his good nature, his affability seemed to increase from this night; his devotion, his zeal for the order, raised in the minds of his brethren their unshaken confidence and esteem. He was the first in attendance and the last to leave; his life appeared wrapt in the order, and his existence seemed to hang upon its success. In time he became an officer—was called upon to fill responsible situations, and was fast making his way to that honorable and enviable situation where merit meets its due reward, and is sure to shine forth in its truest splendour,—"the Principal Chair."

Frank was looked upon as an invaluable acquisition to the Lodge; his conciliating demeanor, his free and affable disposition, his agreeable and polite manners, his unassuming and friendly behaviour, added to his love of Justice, Virtue, and Truth, and his firm and steady conduct, procured him the "praise and esteem of all around him" In administering the laws he did not consider they clothed him in a "little brief authority," neither were they to be used as means of exercising undue influence, or as instruments of arbitrary power; he used to express himself thus on the subject:—

" Turn o'er the world's great annals, and you find
That laws were first invented by mankind
To stop oppression's rage."

Now (would the brethren often exclaim) has the Lodge received one of the greatest ornaments that ever adorned the order; though mere curiosity first induced him to join the same. He became the strong supporter of the independence of the Order,—the rights of the brethren, and the warm advocate of the claims of those who had occasion to seek the benefit of the funds;

He had a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day to melting charity.

He was amongst the foremost in supporting any plan that tended to the benefit of the Brethren, the success of the Lodge, or the prosperity of the Order. Had he been chosen to fill the N. G's chair,

He would with such perfection govern,
To excel the golden age.

His hand, his heart, his exertions, his purse, were equally ready and willing at the calls of the lodge, or an unfortunate brother in distress,

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

Thus has that oft repeated axiom, that men are too apt to condemn what they do not understand, been most fully exemplified in this case, and must convince the brethren that by perseverance, attention, strict rectitude, and upright conduct, the Order must ultimately triumph over the mean prejudices, and shallow observations, of the ungenerous and unthinking. Had the early expressions of Frank emanated from the heart, instead of being founded on the idle reports and unkind observations of malignant or ignorant men, he would have been lost to the Order; but fashion too often forms the speech of man to suit the feelings of the company, to raise a laugh, or sarcasm, at the expence of others; and thus many light and silly remarks are often made upon the Order, because those who make them either do not, or will not, understand the principles upon which it is based; no greater proof of such remarks being unjust and untrue, need be urged, than that after those persons have been received into the Order, they are generally amongst its most ardent admirers and warm supporters.

Every thing seemed to unite in promoting the prosperity of the lodge, and to add to the happiness and delight of Frank and his brethren; so deeply did these sentiments attach to their minds, that Frank had resolved to fix his abode permanently in his native town; but, alas! how narrow is the mind, and how short-sighted the view of man! The cup of pleasure that now seemed to flow with increasing sweetness, was doomed to receive the bitter drop of disappointment. Human foresight, how short! promised pleasures, how soon faded! human happiness, how soon vanished! disappointment is the more severe, when least expected. The mutability of our mundane affairs were here too truly exemplified. The master of Frank, severe stroke! was suddenly numbered with the dead. His successor having a sufficient supply in his own family to manage the affairs of the business, poor Frank was doomed to leave the place where he thought nothing earthly could transpire to part him from the lodge his heart delighted in, and to leave those who were endeared to him by the sacred and indissoluble tie of friendship and brotherhood. But stern Fate, with unflinching unsparing hand, cast his all-powerful

arm amongst those joined together by every tie that can cement into one bond, and entwine the hearts of men around each other.

This sudden and unhappy event came not more severe on the feelings of Frank than upon the hearts and minds of every brother of the Lodge; they mourned that inexorable fate should thus deprive them of their best hopes, their protector and friend.

Reader, you may imagine the scene on the lodge night after this event. Frank attended as usual, and though doomed to endure this bitter, this severe disappointment, yet his countenance glowed with delight and gratitude on witnessing the unanimous attendance of the brethren to bid farewell to him whose every action and word were for the prosperity of his lodge, and securing it inviolable from the attacks of malignant and designing foes; for though this Lodge had proved itself of the greatest blessing to its members, and the town had also derived much benefit from it, yet men there are ever ready to wield the shaft of calumny, in the hope of injuring those above their grovelling and mean condition; and this would often draw from Frank the following line;—

“Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.”

The time arrived for the announcement of Frank's unexpected turn of fortune, and the sudden change from what he called permanent happiness, to the unpleasant situation of travelling the country, seeking employment from the precarious hand of chance; this latter, however, did not occasion him one pang at parting. I cannot do justice to this part of the subject without digressing, to introduce the farewell address of poor Frank. A very eloquent and pathetic address was made by the N. G., announcing a vote of the Lodge, expressive of the deep sense of gratitude the brethren were under to him—their thanks and firm attachment, which brought from Frank one of his best speeches. He rose apparently overpowered by his feelings, and, after a pause, thus addressed them;—

“My dear Friends and Brethren,—When first I made up my mind to offer myself as a candidate for this Lodge, (I take the greatest shame to myself in confessing it,) I was actuated solely by idle curiosity; nor had I the candour to believe the statements of many, that this society was a *real benefit*—nay, *blessing*, to its members. My ideas led me to expect your meetings were made up of that gay, merry pleasure, to be expected from a grotesque assemblage of persons met together under the most odd and extraordinary denomination, to participate in most extravagant hilarity and frolics. How great was the sense of my shame when I had been honoured by being admitted! I considered I had harboured those sentiments which had dis-

graced me as a man, and insulted your invaluable institution. I had not long been amongst you ere I found that *benevolence* and *charity* were the professions and pillars of the Order; that instead of revelling in scenes of gaiety and bacchanalian mirth, your pleasure and delight consisted in dispensing the heavenly balm of charity to those afflicted or distressed; nor were the meetings of the Lodge confined to these, for I found that lectures, instructions, and conversations were held, which cemented together more firmly that dear and sacred tie of friendship which animates our cause; and that the Brethren might enjoy the pleasures of such a variety as was consistent with the Order, when graver subjects did not claim attention, I found your passing moments cheered by that harmony and pleasure, which alone results from uncontaminated and happy minds.

I cannot trespass so much upon you as to go through the whole particulars since I was admitted; but this conclusion I may fairly come to, that had not what I have already said been true, we should not now have been occupied on the subject that seems to cast such a gloom around me. For had our meetings been of the description I supposed before I was admitted, or had we nothing to distinguish us from the common and ordinary societies of the day, we should now have parted without the least regret or emotion. The bond of friendship and unity so strongly cemented as it here is, requires not only an Herculean power to sever it, but a great firmness of mind in withdrawing one link from its happy chain.

The very great pleasure I have enjoyed with you here, makes my pain severely great at parting, and bidding you all adieu I must express the deepest sense of gratitude for the many, very many, acts of kindness I have received at your hands, and for the honours you have so handsomely bestowed upon me. Believe me, my dearest friends, that however far we may be placed from each other, the tie of friendship cannot be broken, and the recollection of you will dwell in my memory. My heart has too indelibly imprinted upon its tablet, the unspeakable blessing resulting from this society—the friendship of its members—the utility of our Order;—to forget for one moment that I am an Odd Fellow, and that I *ever wish to be an Odd Fellow*. The acts of benevolence and charity I have here witnessed sink deep into my heart—I am now leaving home, friends, and work—I cannot tell “what a day may bring forth”—I feel, I fear, (nay, what should an honest heart fear,) that it may fall to my lot to ask that charity I have assisted in administering to others. I have here seen the stranger receive friendly succour and assistance—I have here seen the glow of gratitude burst from the heart of a distressed brother—I have here witnessed the prompt attention and ready supply to the sick and needy.—All these bring to my mind those ideas which may to soon, alas! be realized in myself through unfortuitous circumstances.

I leave you, perhaps, for ever ; and I cannot depart without feeling (and I wish I could express fully what I feel) the greatest regret ; ten thousand reflections of past friendship and kindness now hover thick upon my mind. I am about to leave the seat of my happiness, the centre of my affections, the delight of my heart, for—[here he was overcome by his feelings]—friends I now offer my last, my sincere, my fervent wish and prayer that this lodge, and the Order generally, may continue in prosperity. I may never see you more, but I may hear of you. My heart is too full to give me further utterance, finally I wish you all a friendly and sincere adieu."

"Fare thee well, and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well."

Frank now left the lodge, having obtained the necessary documents on quitting, and the mingled feeling of regret and sorrow was clearly developed in the countenance of every one — Whatever effect his address might have had on the minds of the brethren, the cause added considerably to their feelings ; and a simultaneous burst of sorrowful expressions, too clearly bespoke the state of each brother's heart, which soon sunk into a gloomy silence and solemn stillness, which nothing but the ceremony of closing the lodge seemed to effect.

Frank must ever be remembered by the lodge, and he can never forget the parting scene he underwent.

In a few days after, having bade adieu to every individual of his acquaintance, Frank quitted the place of his dearest hours, and of his most valued friends, exclaiming as he reflected on the past,

"A giddy draught my rapture was."

He bent his course towards a part of the country unknown to himself. It cannot be necessary to follow him through the whole of his diary, but merely to introduce those points which have any relation to the Order.

Although Frank, when seated within the walls of his own lodge, knew that an Odd Fellow was not a *stranger* even in a place where he was not personally known, yet he never *felt* the force of this fact until now. He travelled through many a town and village, over many a dreary mile of cheerless road, but whenever he came to a place where a lodge was held, although he knew none of its members, he found *he was no stranger* to them. The name and actions of Frank were not unknown, let him go to what lodge he would ; fame with a trumpet tongue had sounded every where his excellent worth, his kindness, his benevolence. It is but just to the members of those lodges he visited here to mention, they all made every exertion to procure Frank a comfortable situation, but generally unsuccessfully, as he invariably declined every offer that was made were others might have been inconvenienced, or discharged, to make way for him. The stock of his

savings continued to carry him through many a distant and lonely place, and while it lasted he never sought, or received, the least assistance from any lodge he entered, although universally proffered. Reader! learn from this a fact, that must astound the enemies of the Order, that a member is not compelled to *beg* assistance; no,—'tis given as a *right*; not sought as a *favour*; 'tis offered in *friendship*, not with ostentation.

Misfortunes at length seemed to be pressing upon poor Frank; he had hitherto carried himself through his travels without the aid of any hand, but that of his own industry; his stock had now been expended, and no employ could be found; he would readily have turned his hand to any honest labour, rather than become a burden to others. Strangers are ever doomed to suffer the bitter pang of disappointment doubly sharp, merely because they are strangers. Men seem tenacious of trusting strangers, and in many cases object to employ them.

Now the thought of his situation began in terrible shape to distress him; reflection burst upon his mind of his happy, happy, home, were he had softened the hard hand of sickness and distress; the thoughts of those of his dear lodge, who, if they were acquainted with his situation, would doubly feel the renewal of their griefs. He reflected on the coming prospects that were fast opening around him in a strange part—without a friend—without pecuniary aid—without employment. These were things he had never before dreamed of—he had been nursed in the lap of comfort—cherished in the arms of ease—and had lived in the uninterrupted enjoyment of a state—a stranger to care and want.

His firm and manly spirit, which on former occasions had never forsaken him, now began to sink; nor could it be wondered at when we consider how suddenly he was reduced from competency to want; severed from the kindest of friends, to seek the company of insulting strangers. The horrors of a dreadful end seem to prey upon him; or the thoughts of becoming a wandering mendicant, weighed too heavily on his heart, and he sank on the ground in a state of stupor, where he lay some considerable time. Having recovered himself a little, he sat brooding over his unhappy situation, and after quietly contemplating his state, his firmness appeared to return. He said, "I have heard of others in similar situations, and have not I philosophy sufficient to endure what others have undergone"—but he reflected that when he had heard of such occurrences, he then had it in his power to assist the sufferer; but now he was destitute—without a friend—and as he thought far from the means of brotherly assistance, and he earnestly uttered a line from Cowper,

"Oh! for a *Lodge* in this vast wilderness."

Distress of mind, and want of food, seemed to have pressed much upon him, and he again sunk on the ground, where he lay

rapt in sleep. This seemed a welcome respite to his cares, which had nearly worn him out; tired nature seemed doubly worn by anxiety and want, and seized this golden opportunity of balmy sleep; he lay enjoying the sweet restorer for some considerable time, and the passer-by would not have imagined by his placid countenance, on which a smile seemed to steal, that his breast contained a heart in such a distressing and trying situation; and from his respectable appearance he bore not the aspect of a person labouring under severe privations.

It has been said a smile seemed to steal upon his countenance; that, he afterwards confessed, was the effect of a pleasing dream, which in that sleep fell upon him; he thought he was visited by some protecting spirit, that said, "Despair not; better days are in store for you, bear with patience this trying scene, act as becomes a man." This afforded poor Frank, amidst his distressing reflections, a bright hope of future help. But little did he dream how he was to receive relief from his then situation.—If possible the cause added to his distresses; but he was unfortunate, and, therefore, to be roughly treated.

As he lay rapt in this welcome sleep, enjoying his pleasant dream, a stranger at that moment to distress, he was suddenly awoke by the voice of a person, any thing but kind or friendly, which, contrasted with the imagination of his dream, somewhat startled him, and he appeared much confused. Upon being questioned as to what he did there "trespassing," as the enquirer with Stentorian lungs demanded; he answered he was in distress, and being worn out with fatigue, and penniless, he there lay himself down, and fell asleep. This, however, did not satisfy the hard-hearted enquirer, who put a very different and dishonourable construction upon the motives of poor Frank, which so overpowered him that he burst into tears. These seemed to confirm the suspicions of this monster in human shape, who insisted, (can you believe it, gentle Reader?) upon having Frank taken before a Magistrate "as a suspicious character," as he called him—Wretch! this to Frank was worse than death—his distress of mind—his bodily privations—his breaking heart—were by this act sunk into comparative nothingness—the thought of being proclaimed through the country, as a person of that description, was ten times more afflicting than his former trials.—His entreaties, his prayers, were utterly disregarded, and nothing short of being sent to Bridewell could satisfy the unrelenting mind of this tyrant of the place.

I cannot pass over this deep wound on the feelings of poor Frank without entering fully into the whole proceedings, to convey to the Reader what the heart of man is sometimes obliged to endure, and what misery and distress the arbitrary power and ignorance of others inflict upon the unfortunate objects of compassion.

Frank was not allowed to walk without restraint, but bound by assistants that were called upon, and conveyed in that state to the house of a neighbouring Magistrate, who was found seated in the regal chair of his own mansion; his factotum, one Mr. Probe Process, was immediately sent for, and arrived with volumes of old law books, who having made due preparations, the Examination of "*Absolute Driveall*, of the Parish of ———, in the County of ———, Farmer," was in their manner and form made and sworn to before "Sir Somnus Mittimus, Knight, a Justice of the Peace for the County aforesaid, and one of the Quorum," (or as he would emphatically style himself, "a *Justice of Peace and Corum*.") The offence for which poor Frank was to be sent to Bridewell, caused the very learned Knight, and his equally sagacious factotum, considerable perplexity and difficulty. The Knight had Frank searched, and finding amongst some other papers his Certificate from the Lodge, was enough to seal his doom; for the Knight said, it was sufficient to afford him strong grounds for believing he was guilty of a "high *madammer* against Law," as he termed it, and that "that *are* paper convinces me you profess some magic art which is contrary to Law, and against the Act of Parliament." Mr. Probe here thought he had *probed* the offence, and submitted that he was concerned in "*witchcraft*," for Mr. Driveall had just informed him, that by some *sign* or *token* he made himself known to a person passing, and they spoke together. "You are perfectly right, Mr. Probe," said Sir Somnus, "and, therefore, if you will bring the man you allude to, and he will make his corporal *affidavy* of what you have said, I will sign a *retiko cumbrendo*,"* as the Law Book says"—for the learned Solon could not be persuaded, even by Mr. Probe himself, that *Heresy* and *Witchcraft* were *distinct offences*.

The Reader may be at a loss to imagine what Frank thought of his situation; the conversation appeared too great a farce to lead him to suppose he was before a dispenser of Law and Justice; and the Reader can scarcely credit that a scene so disgusting, and contemptibly ridiculous, could have transpired, and a Magistrate one of the party. Frank trembled lest the ignorance of the Magistrate, and the supercilious arrogance of his factotum, might be the means of his being sent to prison, but from this disgraceful part of the proceedings he was soon released; the person whom the Knight wanted to make his "*affidavy*," was at hand, anxiously awaiting the result of Frank's fate: He was introduced to the Magistrate, who recognized him as a worthy and respectable man of the adjacent town of —, and one whom he said he could "*pend 'pen*, for an *honest*er man *not never lived*." This Gentleman (for such he deserves to be called) soon cleared up the doubt as to the

* *It æretico Comburendo*, a writ that lay against a Heretic, who having been convicted of heresy, was delivered over to be burnt—this has been abolished.

crime of witchcraft, so knowingly expressed by Mr. Probe, and so earnestly reiterated by his Worship. The facts were shortly these;—as the cruel farmer was dragging poor Frank along, the latter, whether on account of the tightness of the rope around his body, or from chance, so placed his hand that seemed to say, "Give ear," or listen, gentle stranger, to my case, that the Gentleman struck with it, made an involuntary stop, and spoke to the Farmer, at the same time offering his hand to the unfortunate object of his compassion, which Frank instantly seized for the purpose of pressing it in a friendly manner to beg his good offices in procuring his release—but how great was the delight, how transporting the joy, to poor heart-broken Frank, on receiving the grip of an Odd Fellow; with what eagerness he enquired the name of his friend and brother, and upon learning that his name was Goodman, Frank instantly fell on his knees, and with a fervent prayer, called down a blessing on his friend. Frank again seized his hand, pressed it, and became almost frantic with joy. At length he became more tranquil, and then said, "You are Goodman, who once lived at ———, I have heard of you."

Mr. Goodman who had now been made acquainted by Frank with the whole proceedings, was about to beg Frank's discharge, adding that Driveall refused his admission before his Worship, on the behalf of his unfortunate friend—(when Driveall alluded to Goodman, he had no idea his Worship would require any other evidence than he could give, which he would have shaped to suit his own vile purposes)—At this moment two Gentlemen, Mr. Urban, and Mr. Friend, (both Magistrates residing in the neighbouring towns) happening to pass, on their return from hunting, were hailed by Sir Somnus, and called on to adjudicate, as Sir Somnus and Mr. Probe (!) could not agree as to the offence.

The whole proceeding was related to them, duly interlarded, by Mr. Probe, with all the effrontery imaginable; the smile of pity for Sir Somnus's ignorance, that seemed to be raised on the countenances of these Gentlemen, bespoke in the minds of Frank and his friend a favourable turn. They called upon Frank to relate his story, which he did by recounting the whole of the circumstances of his situation, from the period of his quitting home to then, and continued, "In standing thus before your Worships, an unoffending injured person, I cannot refrain from observing upon the certain benefits and advantages resulting from a good heart and clear conscience. My being an Odd Fellow was the great means of my knowing the true, the real worth of these valuable qualities. We are there taught to hold Truth sacred, and maintain inviolable every principle of Honour, Honesty, and Virtue; the condition of man is most essentially improved by the excellent precepts there laid down and inculcated; and the general conduct of man greatly benefitted by the practice of every good action. The ungenerous are apt to cast upon Societies,

formed for charitable and benevolent purposes, a stigma, undeserved, and unjust ; their aspersions will ultimately fall on the heads of the vile maligners. It is to such a Society I am indebted for the most valuable instructions I have received ; it is to such a Society that enables me to look with confidence, that whether oppressed by foes—assailed by the hand of affliction—or overtaken by distress—I shall find a sure and certain attention to my situation—

“ Why then should vain repinings rise.”

“ And it is to such a Society that has lead to my now finding a friend, without whose intercession I should have been sent to a prison. It matters not whether I am a stranger, or acquaintance, the benevolence of our members flows with equal generosity and kindness ; to one to whom I am a stranger I shall, I hope, be indebted next to you for my discharge.

“ To persons of your rank and station I feel I need urge nothing farther in defence of our Society ; we are judged hard and reproached because of our name—“ Odd Fellows”—

“ What's in a name,

“ The rose by any other name, would smell as sweet.”

“ But if you ask me what an “ Odd Fellow” is, I would say, the true Odd Fellow ranks amongst the most valuable members of society ;—

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

He is a man of worth and integrity—he is a man in whom confidence can be reposed—he is a man of truth, benevolence, and strict honour—a friend to all mankind—a warm defender of his king and country—a respecter of laws, and those in authority over him—and one who shuns a dishonourable action—who holds sacred the maxim “ of doing to others as he could wish them to do unto himself”—

“ Count all the advantages prosperous Vice attains,
‘Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains.”

One of the Gentlemen, (Mr. Urban) after Frank had finished his address, said he had waited to hear all he had to say, not having any desire to interrupt him, adding, “ I feel myself called upon to offer a few words. The duty of an Odd Fellow I am partially acquainted with ; I have the honour to be an Honorary Member, of the ——— Lodge, in the adjacent town of ——— ; as a Magistrate, I am bound to say (and I do so with the greatest pleasure) that the precepts of the Order, and the conduct of its members, have produced the best effects, and conduced to the noblest actions that can adorn the human heart. Young man—and brother, I may say—you have this day proved to me most indubitably the benefit of the universal adoption of this Order ;

your conduct has gained you, in my opinion, lasting honour, and the Order a most glorious triumph; I shall, from this moment, feel it my duty to promote the prosperity and success of the Order, as far as in my power, and endeavour to spread its benign principles. My purse shall be open to further its designs, and my attendance shall prove my admiration and respect for its worth. You, and your friend Goodman, (who is well known to me) I request will meet me this afternoon at my house, and "as the lodge is held to night, we will repair there together." Immediately after which, Mr. Urban, and Mr. Friend, having congratulated Frank and Goodman on the circumstance of being called upon to protect innocence, and expose ignorance, folly, and oppression, left the room, without noticing any other individual.

Sir Somnus, Mr. Probe, and the inhuman Driveall, were thunderstruck, and would gladly have sneaked from the presence of the happy, yet astonished, Frank, to hide their heads in shame; but he bid them stay, until he made some suitable, though respectful, remarks to each, and then left them to "ruminate on the morning's danger." As a proof of Sir Somnus's shame he tendered Frank five pounds, which he modestly refused, conceiving his ignorance had betrayed him into the course he had adopted; but left Farmer Driveall in such a state of confusion, that it will be long ere he takes another "suspicious character" before the Justice, and it is hoped this lesson will cure this tyrant of the parish.

Mr. Process said he had *writ* down all that had passed for his own *information*, and he could *warrant* them he must *summon* his utmost courage before he should be able to meet such another *examination*, all which he said he was ready to *verify* on *oath*; and then left, laden with *Law* and *Calf-Skin*. [i. e. books.]

Mr. Goodman was not more happy than our now delighted Frank, whose former manly spirit seemed returned; neither was the Honourable Justice (Mr. Friend) wanting in his share of the pleasures of the day. They all met by appointment at Mr. Urban's. The whole of Frank's history was related, from the period of his joining the Order, to that moment; the conversation of the party was altogether the happiest either of them had ever enjoyed. The Order was freely discussed; its utility, excellence, benefit, and advantage, found worthy and able advocates in Mr. Goodman and Frank, and a warm supporter in Mr. Urban; whilst Mr. Friend listened with every attention and respect, and seemed astonished and delighted with the scene, so much so, that he anxiously wished to contribute to its success, and promote its best interests, by joining the Order, and solicited Mr. Urban, that night, to nominate him as an Honorary Member.

The hour arrived for attending the lodge, the four went together, and the new candidate was duly initiated. This was the greatest triumph the lodge could achieve, it boasted of two of the leading men of the town. I have been informed that it has since rapidly increased in numbers, thereby proving the influence of, and the respect shewn to, those Gentlemen, and placing the lodge beyond the reach of its enemies. If Gentlemen of upright heart, unostentatious manners, kind and benevolent feelings, were aware how much their example would add to the stability of this numerous Order, they would not, if they were acquainted with the nature of the Society, withhold countenancing the same.

A circumstance now occurred to Frank which ultimately completed his happiness, though at the expence of the deepest sorrow. During his absence his Father had died, and in consequence notices had been circulated to all lodges in the route, which it was supposed possible Frank would take, requesting that if Frank should call, to announce the melancholy tidings, every other means having been resorted to, to find him, but unavailing. The sudden news of this sad calamity deeply affected Frank; nearly a month had passed since the death of his Father, and of his attending any lodge. His brethren, however, contributed all in their power to console him under this affliction, and the prospect of once more seeing his happy home, and of joining his dear friends and brethren seemed to revive his mind.

If Frank had not been a person of strong nerve and fortitude, the proceedings of this day would have been sufficient to have worn him down. He had scarcely recovered from the humiliating situation before the Magistrate, then he was led into the Society of his friends and benefactors; here having cheered his heart with their hospitality, and enjoying himself in the rapt of happiness and delight, in the midst of his glowing spirits, when they had reached the fullest climax of expectation and joy, he is suddenly cut down with the melancholy and heart-breaking news of his Father's death. To have seen poor Frank in his own lodge, six months before this, enjoying the very exuberance of happiness, no one could have supposed the afflicting hand of Fate had awaiting him such heavy distresses and vicissitudes. He shortly after left the lodge room at ———. The next morning having bid adieu to all the brethren, (who with the Magistrate and Mr. Goodman attended the lodge room to offer the parting farewell) and having accepted the loan of sufficient means to carry him home, left those friends, who, next those of his own lodge, were dearest to his heart, with a pledge that he would attend their next anniversary.

He was now left entirely to his own reflections. Poor Frank! the heart that swelled in his bosom at the sorrowful news that so suddenly called him home, was filled with the deepest sense of

gratitude that ever warmed the breast of man ; he ruminated and reflected on the past, and would almost persuade himself that in the frenzy of anguish and despair the events of the day had been a dream, or visited only in his distracted imagination ; but he *felt* there was a *reality* in the past, and a *certainly* of the approaching scene.

Frank had sent to his friends how he travelled, and the time of his intended arrival ; and the brethren of his lodge determined to meet and escort him into the town. At length having nearly reached his native home, he was touched to the heart by the kindness of his friends and the respect they paid him on his return.—All the brethren of the lodge sallied forth to give him the hearty welcome of friendship—

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet him crowd the way,
With shouts of mirth and melody
The debt of love to pay.

This was truly cheering to Frank, after his long and unhappy absence from his friends ; and when he alighted from the coach to receive their congratulations,

“An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o’er and o’er.”

He was received by the whole lodge, whose delight and joy were only surpassed by the happiness of Frank—The unexpected scene overcame his feelings—the tear started from his bright eye and trickled down his cheek—he raised his hand to shield his emotion from the gaze of the assembled multitude, but not before every one had observed his feelings, in which they all participated.

A procession was now formed, according to a plan which had been previously arranged ; Frank was conducted by a cheerful band of music (the one belonging to the lodge, composed entirely of brethren) to his lodge room ; there the noblest, the grandest scene of mutual friendship was witnessed—reciprocal greetings, mingled with the most heartfelt delight and joy, were exchanged. The hearts of the brethren were filled with every emotion that could speak kindness, friendship and sincerity ; and these demonstrations were so strongly depicted on the countenance of all, that it is not too much to say, this was the happiest meeting ever beheld.

When these ebullitions had in some degree subsided, and the unbounded joy of the first moments had passed, there was a feeling burst upon the hearts and minds of all present, known only to Odd Fellows ; as the principal officer addressing Frank thus,—

“Come rest thee on thy wonted seat.”

Something almost electric followed this expression—a simultane-

ous burst of joy manifested most indubitably the feeling of all present.

Such a happy and sudden change in the circumstances of Frank was almost too much for his feelings; he was not prepared for it; although he felt the greatest pleasure and delight in meeting his dearest friends, yet he could but reflect on the melancholy cause that thus so suddenly called him among them.—The period since his father's death had been somewhat long, yet it was new to him, and seemed to mar the happiness of the day, and damp the glowing feelings of his heart; under circumstances of any other description he would have evinced unbounded, uninterrupted joy, commingled with the unanimous feelings and expressions of the brethren. He shortly related his situation since he left them, and when he came to that part of his distresses which have been detailed, the tears fell heavily from his eyes—first at recounting his unhappy situation, and next in acknowledging his great gratitude to his friends, Mr. Urban, Mr. Friend, Mr. Goodman, and the lodge at ———, which saved him from what might have ultimately led to an ignominious end. He had, he said, now experienced the value of the institution, and he confessed he afforded him

“What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy.”

After exhorting them to continue in the glorious cause of Odd Fellowship, and persevere in supporting its precepts and laws, he took his leave on the unhappy business that so suddenly brought him there.

He went and paid the last tribute of filial duty at the grave of his father—and having arranged all affairs, took the business left by his parent—there he continues the pattern of Odd Fellows, the pride of the town, the best of men, the kindest of masters, the sincerest of friends, “the most beloved of all beloved.” The lodge experiences his value—the brethren know and feel his worth—he is “respected by all ranks—the rich esteem him for his manly actions, and the poor bless him for his charity.”

This, reader, is the character of a *REAL Odd Fellow*—this is a feeble description of the initiation, prosperity, distress, and ultimate success of a man who adorns that Order which ignorance and malice are ever attacking; but virtue will triumph over these shallow enemies, and the time will and must come, when the cause of Odd Fellowship shall be espoused by all true friends of *Charity, Benevolence, and Philanthropy*—esteemed by all those who delight in *Honesty, Truth, and Integrity*—upheld by all who applaud *Virtue and Morality*—supported by all who value *social friendship and intercourse*—and respected by all who admire *good order, sobriety and regularity*.

Lewes, 1831:

G. C.

VOL. 2—No. 4—P.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT

OF THE

MINING DISTRICT OF MONMOUTHSHIRE AND SOUTH WALES.

MR. EDITOR,

IN my letter, of the 28th November, I promised you some particulars connected with the opening of the new lodges in this neighbourhood, with the view of describing an important district in this and the adjoining Counties, usually denominated "The Mineral Basin of South Wales;" in pursuance of my promise I had prepared a rough outline from actual survey, when I found that an intelligent contributor to that excellent little work "The Mirror" had anticipated my task, and had furnished the Editor with a descriptive account of a portion of the country I had endeavoured to pourtray;—from both these sources I shall be enabled to furnish your numerous readers with a few particulars, not altogether uninteresting. It is worthy of remark, that down to the latest topographical delineation of the County, (including Pigot's Directory) not the least notice has been taken of the numerous Ironworks therein; the Township of Tredegar, with a population of 9000, and regular market on Saturdays; Nantyglo, Blaenavon, the Varteg, Ebbwy Vale, places important in a commercial point of view, and containing many thousand souls are not even named. The rising importance of Monmouthshire may be inferred from the astonishing increase of its inhabitants. The population has been more than doubled in the last thirty years—the increase in the last ten years being 36 per cent. the highest rate in the United Empire from the last census. It has left another English County (Bedfordshire) behind it, and if the increase for the next ten years be in the same ratio, it will again leave two or three other Counties inferior to it in population. From the year 1700 to 1801 its population remained comparatively stationary, varying from 40,000 to 47,100 at the latter period the commencement of various Ironworks took place. In 1811 the Parliamentary return made the population 64,200; in 1821 it had increased to 72,300; and according to the last census, it amounted to 98,130. It is worthy of observation that this is one of the few Counties wherein the males exceed in number the females; in some parishes this is most unproportionably the case, and extraordinarily so in Trevechin, or Pontipool, wherein the males are 5694 to 4586 females. The great port or outlet for the natural production of this County is Newport; it is also the point where the various branches of the Canals and Rail Roads converge and terminate. The extent

of the Iron and Coal Works can be estimated by the following custom house return, for this port, in the year 1831 :—

Vessels cleared out laden with Coal	7163
Do. do. laden with Iron	916
Quantity of Coal exported ..	519,000 tons.
Do, of Iron	106,000 tons.

When to this amount is added the quantity of Coal and Iron which reaches the market by other channels, particularly by the line of Rail Road newly formed from Abergavenny to Hereford, it will appear that the trade in these two articles is immense. It has been calculated that *one million tons of Coal* is annually raised in the County, 650,000 of which is consumed out of it, and 350,000 employed in the manufacture of iron and domestic purposes within the same; the River Usk, dividing the County into two nearly equal portions, enters it, at no great distance from Talybont, and discharges itself into the Bristol channel, three miles below Newport; this river appears to be the natural boundary of the mining district; the western portion of the division being purely agricultural—four small rivers, the Avon Llwyd, the Ebbwy, the Sirhowy, and the Rumney, (which last river forms the boundary line of the County from Glamorganshire,) intersects the eastern portion in lines nearly parallel to the Usk, and in the valleys through which these rivers flow, the numerous iron-works are erected. At Pontipool are the extensive tin-works of C. H. Leigh, Esq., the representative of one of the oldest families in the County, a perfect model of the country gentleman, and of whom Monmouthshire is deservedly proud. From Pontipool to Caerleon are several other tin-works. There are also lead mines, but not sufficiently productive to warrant an employment of capital. The extensive mineral formation from which the vast stores of coal, iron, and lime stone, are drawn, may be said to commence at Pontipool, and extends itself to Hirwain in Breconshire, distant 3 miles from Merthyr; this line is 26 miles in length, and on either side it are extensive iron-works and collieries, extending to the very borders, and in some places into Breconshire; it is on this line, or a few miles either side it, that so many new lodges have been opened, and where preparations are making for opening several more. The principal works are Dowlais, Messrs. Guest & Co., Cyfartha, Messrs. Crawshaw, Penydarren and Aberdare, Messrs. Thomson, Foreman, & Co., Tredegar, Messrs. Homfray, Nantyglo, Messrs. Bailey, Blaenavon, Messrs. Hill & Co.—Several of these firms have 12 furnaces in blast; there are 108 furnaces in this district, of which 90 are now working, but the golden days of the iron manufacture have passed away, at least for the present. Like that other great staple branch of our commerce, the cotton trade, over production has been its bane. In both cases it requires the utmost vigilance and economy to realize a close profit on the capital invested. Every one knows the enormous fortunes which have been gained in these trades in 1815, when bar iron was selling at £12 per ton; in 1831, we find it reduced in price to five guineas

This county has some valuable lines of canal navigation. The Monmouthshire canal was begun in 1792, and finished in 1798. It commences at Newport, having there a basin connected with the river; on reaching Malpas, it divides itself into two branches, one running parallel to the Avon, a distance of about 12 miles, in which it has a rise of 477 feet; the other branch runs parallel to the river Ebbwy, in the direction of Crumlin bridge, forming a line of eleven miles in length, with a rise of 358 feet. The boats which navigate this canal vary from 25 to 30 tons burthen. There is also a canal from Brecon to Newport, passing through Abergavenny and Pontypool; numerous rail roads have also been formed by the same company, one extending from Tredegar to Newport, a distance of 25 miles.

The irregular surface of the district, and ample supply of water, are exceedingly favourable as a situation for iron-works. It is constantly increasing in wildness and desolation. Stumps of brushwood, scorched herbage, and blackened streams, almost everywhere attest the war of man against nature; and the hum of voice, and clanking of machinery, are often heard in what were once the wildest solitudes. The population of the iron district is very great. Some of the principal proprietors severally employ more than 3000 individuals; and a late writer computes that the iron-works in the whole district give direct occupation to 28,000 persons, exclusive of the much greater aggregate to be found in the families of the workmen and others indirectly supported in numberless ways in every thickly populated country, and perhaps it is not over estimating the numbers at 70,000, who are directly or indirectly dependent on the iron and coal trade.

The Welch language is much spoken, and in some localities is carefully studied; the inhabitants have long been renowned for hospitality, and attachment to the land of their birth. A profession of religion is more general than in some of the English Counties, and that they are zealous and sincere in their profession is evidenced by the numerous large chapels, which meet the eye in all directions. There are few churches connected with the Establishment, the vast majority being dissenters, amidst various denominations of which the Baptists appear to take the lead. Much mischief and distress followed the Establishment of Trade Union Lodges last year,—the masters crushed the monster in its birth, by the dismissal of every workman connected with them. This led to their almost total destruction; but as the Welch are naturally a social people, societies of some description or other will be formed on these ruins, and there is every prospect of many Odd Fellows' lodges being opened. Having said so much of Monmouthshire, I shall now revert to Glamorganshire, and shall leave Breconshire more immediately to the care of its patron bard Brychan.

Many of the most extensive works are concentrated about Merthyr. A Mr. Bacon, we believe, was the first individual who profitted by the mineral

ric' es of the district, having obtained the lease of a large tract at the rent of 200 per annum. He accumulated great wealth, and about the year 1783 granted under leases of the property to various individuals, amongst whom was the well known Mr. Crawshay, who took Cyfartha at an enormous rent.

Merthyr Tydvil is situated in a valley on the north-eastern verge of the County of Glamorgan. The town has progressively risen in importance, and now contains upwards of 25,000 persons. The name originated from the massacre of Brychan, Prince of Brecon, with his daughter *Tydvil* and others of his family, near the site of the present town. A church was afterwards dedicated to Merthyr Tydvil, or Tydvil the Martyr. A few miles to the north-east, amongst the mountains, are the shattered remains of Morlais Castle, a hill-fort of great antiquity, said to have been the residence of the Princes of Brecon; it was dismantled by the parliamentary forces during the Protectorate. The aspect of the mining and manufacturing district is necessarily dreary. Immense elevated masses of cinders and rubbish continually present themselves in traversing this mountainous region; and constant evidences of the various mining operations going on in the bosom of the hills, meet the eye on either side. From the local facilities, the minerals are obtained by driving a heading or tunnel into the interior of a hill, instead of sinking for them as in other districts, which answers both as a road for the removal of the coal and iron-ore, and also for the purpose of a drain or *adit*. The quality of the coal about Merthyr differs materially from that of Monmouthshire, which in consequence of its bituminous nature, takes about double the time to convert to coke. The Merthyr coal is generally coked in from two to five days. The system in Wales is to form long heaps of coal placed loose to admit their swelling, and then to set it on fire in different places, covering the top with ashes after it is thoroughly ignited to prevent waste. There is an exhaustless supply of iron-stone in South Wales. It is of an argillaceous formation; and lime-stone, which is also abundant, is used as the flux in the blast furnace, to separate the clay from the iron-stone or *mine*, as it is technically termed. We find that it requires three tons of raw mine to produce one of pig iron; and that there is an average loss of 5 or 6 cwt. in every ton of coal in the operation of coking. Large quantities of iron-ore are imported into this district from Lancashire and Cumberland. This ore is of a very rich quality, (often producing from 70 to 80 per cent of iron) and when combined with the leaver ore of South Wales materially improves the quality of the metal.

The entrance and descent into the vale of Merthyr Tydvil on a dark night, presents a combination of the wild and the wonderful which it is difficult to describe. The immense flaming masses of coal on the coke hearths, now, if the night be stormy, bursting into tumultuous sheets of flame, now wrapt in vast and impenetrable clouds of smoke; the wild figures of the

workmen in active motion with their rakes, the actors in this apparently infernal scene, like the witches of old hovering over their incantations; the brilliant flames and roaring of the blast furnaces; the confused and eternal sounds of hammers, rolling mills, and other machinery, with the lurid glow thrown over the surrounding hills and valley, all combine to impress the mind of the spectator in a powerful manner, and afford a vivid and living representation of Tartarus, or the fabled dominions of Pluto. There is certainly nothing of the kind we are acquainted with in this country, at all to be compared with it. The magnitude of the works in the neighbourhood is evident from the quantity of bar-iron sent down to Cardiff, by the Glamorganshire canal in 1830, amounting to 87,364 tons; 29,621 of which were the production of the Dowlais works.

The little assemblage of facts thus brought together, opens a wide scope for reflection, on the wonderful progress this country has made in a short space of time in every branch of trade and commerce. Since 1740, it appears that the iron trade has increased in extent from 17,000 to 690,000 tons; and when we come to consider the almost universal application of this most valuable of metals, in railways, in bridges, in gas-pipes, in fences, and indeed in almost every article of domestic use, we can hardly wonder at it. It is not improbable that it may be applied to the construction of ships—it will then be Britain's *iron walls*. Indeed some experiments have already been made. We may with truth denominate this the *iron age*.

Of all the counties of Great Britain, Glamorgan exhibits the smallest average number of deaths; one in seventy two per annum—this is a very remarkable fact, when it is considered that a large portion of its population is either engaged underground in collieries or in copper and iron works. The removal of the coal duty has been attended with the best effects. In the quarter ending 29th of September last, the number of vessels cleared out with cargoes from the port of Swansea, amounted to 1369, being an increase over the corresponding quarter of last year of 124 vessels.

Having minutely detailed the general aspect of the country in the account I furnished of the opening of the Tredegar and Abergavenny lodges, (page 192, of the 2nd Series of your Magazine,) farther description may be unnecessary, and I shall therefore conclude the above unconnected memoranda with a few observations in reference to the Order in this neighbourhood.—The first lodge opened was the Social Britons, Tredegar, which took place 30th September, 1829—this was followed by the Ivorian, Tredegar, opened March 1830, on the 8th July—in the same year the banner of the Unity was displayed in Merthyr, and the Cambrian lodge was added to the Order.—During the past year we have opened lodges at Talybont, Breconshire, Blaenavon, the Varteg, Waunhelygen, and two at Blackwood, Monmouthshire; and the campaign of the present year has been opened at Beaufort Works, Breconshire, and our sanguine friends anticipate the opening of

several others; in fact, indirect application has already been made for two more. Several of the new lodges are tolerably strong in numbers—The Social Britons, and Ivorian, Tredegar; the Cambrian, Merthyr, and the Friend in Need, Varteg, have about 80 members each on their books. Although in each lodge there are necessarily English and Welch members; yet some lodges are more particularly of a Welch character. The initiations taking place in the Welch language. The Order having once obtained a respectable footing in the principality, I anticipate the formation of many flourishing districts. The Monmouth district has made considerable progress during the past year; from its annual report on the 1st of January, 1832, it comprised 14 lodges, and 768 efficient members.

JOHN RENIE.

Monmouth, 1st February, 1832.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

When man is contemplated in his connexion with the rest of the species, he is seen to be under the influence of various motives which are peculiar to him in that relation. As long, therefore, as in the transactions of this life, he is the subject of blame, or of praise, among his fellow-men, he must be furnished by heaven with mental tastes or feelings which correspond to the circumstances in which he is placed—These feelings are generally imparted to every man with such nicety, that the fear of *blame* and the desire of *praise* balance each other. It is a base perversion of the original gift when a man is moved by the fear of *blame* alone, to the practice of "what is lovely, fair, and good;" and yet such is the radical defection of human nature; that in our first attempts to practice what is good, this is generally the preponderating incentive.

I hope that the following remarks, which I made so far back as July 1828, may have some influence with some of your readers, and more especially as we are threatened with the visitation of "devouring pestilence." I recommend that we should, in the first place, pay a rent for ~~our~~ lodge rooms, we should not then, (if such was the case) be under obligation of spending our money in the lodge room, for the benefit of *one* individual, and the loss or prejudice of more than *twenty*. This would make our societies more like Temperate Societies, than luxury and revelling Societies, and, in short, would be a means of our practising the four cardinal virtues mentioned in our lectures, viz:—"Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice."—We have a law that if any member enter a lodge room in a state of intoxication he is under a fine of five shillings. But where is our law that says, a member may not drink till he cannot stand upon his feet in a

lodge room without any fine—he is to go in sober, but he may come out drunk—besides business would be sooner over, and not any doubt it would be better done. It happens frequently that a brother has just what will pay his contribution, and no more—if he stop a short time he considers that if any one let him sup, or pay for a gill, that he is under great obligation to them, and looks on himself nearly as an outcast; besides, he has not that spirit he would naturally be possessed of were he under no necessity of having something to drink for the benefit of the host. It has also another tendency, and that the greatest of all, of making a healthy body, and a sound constitution—how many of our fellow-creatures are cut off in the bloom of life, and apparently in health and strength, by means of indulging in a course of intemperance?

“’Tis to thy rules, O Temperance, that we owe
All pleasure which from strength or health can flow,
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Uncloaked reason, sentiment refin’d.”

“Remove the cause and the effects must cease”—This is an axiom with medical men, grounded on as much reason as any axiom in Euclid. If we rent our rooms, we may please ourselves as to liquor, and the less the better; for can we suppose a number of rational creatures should still be so void of reason as to “put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains,” yet how frequently at anniversaries, &c., this is the case. Would you be happy, be temperate, both in eating and drinking, as our lectures observe, for temperance is the real parent of health, as without temperance health cannot be enjoyed; it is also the parent of wisdom, virtue, and all the social virtues that can make us happy in this world, and be a means of fitting and preparing us for another—it is justly remarked that without it life cannot be enjoyed. That these remarks may have their desired effect is the wish of your well-wisher,

J. B——D.

Hollhead, December, 1831.

MR. EDITOR.

EVERY thing which concerns the success of the Odd Fellows' Magazine is to me a subject of interest. I hailed the announcement of its publication with anticipations of pleasure, arising from a conviction of its probable utility—this conviction has been confirmed by actual experience, and I will boldly assert that hundreds of members and scores of lodges have been added to the Unity, through the instrumentality of the Magazine.

As far as my power extended I have promoted its circulation, and as far as my abilities extended I have contributed to its pages,

and any thing which is calculated to retard its progress shall always command my watchful solicitude; it is nothing but a sense of duty which induces me to come forward on the present occasion; for I would not wilfully pain the mind of any individual in or out of the Order, and as in the task I have undertaken, there is considerable danger of falling into the same error I wish to correct, I will be much more brief than I at first intended, in the confident hope it is only fairly to point out a source of complaint, to ensure its removal.

In the preface to the New Series, it is stated, "the Directors will endeavour to lay such matter before their readers, as will have a tendency to make them wiser and better men"—but is this professed intention attended to, by the insertion of the letters of Q in the Corner, of p. 2. Taylor, and of others, their general tone being of the most vindictive temper, the evil effects of which would only be increased by their repetition.

It is not within my province to enter into the dispute between the parties—if our laws are broken by either, there is a legitimate mode of punishing the offender—but is the language made use of fit for any man, much less for brothers, for Covenant brothers! I am afraid much moral perjury, in reference to the Order, will be added to the long black catalogue of human depravity. Have we not sworn that we will not wrong a brother, or see him wronged without apprising him of approaching danger? Have we not been charged to be temperate in the exercise of all the powers and passions of the body and mind; that we hurt not the circumstances or the *feelings* of any man, but more especially of a brother? Are such charges, together with many others which all Odd Fellows have had delivered to them, attended to by encouraging the spirit which dictated these letters? Look to the tendency of the example thus set by those to whom younger members and new lodges naturally look for instruction and advice.—Its effect on the circulation must not be disregarded. This district, I believe, requires, on an average, 100 numbers; but if 11 pages out of 32 are to be filled with local disputes, we shall have some difficulty to retain 10 subscribers on our list. Formerly I felt pleasure in forwarding the numbers to our worthy Vicar, and to many respectable friends in the neighbourhood, but you may be assured your last No. was confined within the bounds of my bookcase. There are many volumes of the Magazine bound up, and in all probability will form a sort of standard work connected with the Order, and is it prudential to hand down to posterity the trifling differences of members, or of districts, particularly when couched in offensive language?

In conclusion, I would observe, the above sentiments are not the peculiar ones of the writer—they contain the feeling of every subscriber to the Magazine in this town and neighbourhood, and

I have been urged to the performance of an unpleasant task as much from their repeated solicitations as from a sense of duty.

Monmouth, Jan. 1832.

JOHN RENIE.

[Our valued Correspondent will perceive that we have omitted a few lines of his letter, as their "insertion would but increase the evil." We felt the impropriety of the correspondence here alluded to, but if we had not admitted the accusative part of p. g. Taylor's letter, we should have been accused of partiality by the Oldham district, in whose name it was professedly written; and having admitted that, we thought ourselves bound, in fairness, to insert p. prov g m. Bradgate's reply. We offer this as a brief apology and explanation, and assure our much respected friend, Renie, that such "vituperation" shall not again disgrace the pages of a work which has, we hope, notwithstanding this "untoward event," done the Order some service.—Ed]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

On Wednesday Evening, the 22nd of February, 1832, a handsome Medal, voted to P G M. Barnett, by the Manchester district, was presented to him, at the Cumberland Lodge House, by P. G. M. Wardle, who in a short but energetic address, on the conduct and character of P. G. M. Barnett, which he highly eulogized, concluded by observing, that the Medal was presented to him in the name of the Manchester district, in which he had never held office, but its members had had full opportunity of viewing and appreciating his worth, proving thereby the fact, which must be pleasing and gratifying to a generous mind, that those who knew him best esteemed him most. Before sitting down, and immediately on presenting the Medal, he called upon the officers and brothers to be upstanding, and pledge him in a bumper to "the health, happiness and prosperity of P. G. M. Barnett."

This toast was received, and the pledge given, in a manner that must have been gratifying to the feelings of P. G. M. Barnett, who was evidently much affected. On the applause subsiding, however, he recovered himself, and addressed the Lodge, in a speech of considerable length and ability, during which he observed, that he had long hesitated on the propriety of accepting so expensive a testimony of their esteem from so small a portion of his brethren; but some friends whom he had consulted overruled his objections, and he assured them that he now came forward with feelings of the most unmixed delight, and with a heart warmly sensible of the compliment paid him, to accept their

splendid gift, not the less estimable because it proved that "those who knew him best esteemed him most" "There is an old saying, Sir," continued the worthy P. G. M., "that there are two bad pay-masters—those who never pay, and those who pay beforehand!—It shall be my endeavour, Sir, to falsify the latter part of this adage, and to prove to the Manchester district that, though "paid beforehand," I shall be ever ready and willing to evince a full sense of the gratitude I owe them for their kindness."

This address was received with enthusiastic applause, and the business of the evening was concluded in a manner becoming Odd Fellows

I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly,

A MEMBER OF THE CUMBERLAND.

March 1, 1832.

FRIEND IN NEED, VARTEG, Monmouth District:

Although we are pressed for room, we *must* find place for the following—

SIR AND BROTHER,

You will please to oblige an inexperienced correspondent, by recording, in your next number, the astonishing success which has crowned our efforts to spread Oddfellowship in this neighbourhood. The Friend in Need lodge was opened on the 3rd Nov. as was recorded in your last, and since that time have been almost constantly employed in Initiations, and I have been told no lodge in the Unity has to boast of similar success—for, (without being formed on the ruins of any lodge or society) we have initiated 121 in three months, and I think the respectability of our members is nearly in the same proportion as our numbers. If you give insertion to this, I may trouble you with a more lengthy letter in your next.

St. David's Day, 1832.

A WELCHMAN.

P. S. In our last order to Monmouth, we forgot to name that the Friend in Need lodge will take 50 copies of the intended Memoirs.

OPENING OF THE BROUGHAM AND VAUX LODGE.

On Monday, Oct. 3d, 1831, the district officers and brothers opened a lodge at the house of Mr. Thomas Roach, Waggon and Horses, Westgate Common, Wakefield, which was called the Loyal Brougham and Vaux lodge. On this occasion there was a most numerous and respectable attendance of the officers

and brothers belonging to the Wakefield district. The thanks of the new lodge were given to the brothers of the St. Peter lodge, for their kindness in lending their regalia at the opening.

The business of the lodge being closed, the song, the toast and recitation went round, and harmony and conviviality were kept up till an early hour, when the brothers retired, expressing their hearty good wishes for the prosperity of the new lodge.

[The above notice, though dated on the 5th of Nov. did not reach us until the 22d of Dec. otherwise it should have appeared in our last No.—ED]

WATERLOO CHRISTMAS BALL.

We copy the following from the *Moumouthshire Merlin*, of the 31st December, 1831.—

The Christmas annual ball of the Waterloo Lodge of Odd Fellows took place on Monday night last, in the Society's New Hall, which was very tastily decorated for the occasion. Most of the brothers of the Order attended with their wives, families, and Christmas visitors. There was no attempt at the waltz, the quadrille, or the gallopade, but country dancing, in all its real Old English spirit, was kept up from an early hour in the evening until the dawn of day—and even that was thought too soon to part. Grandeur is apt to look with disdain on the amusements of those beneath it in the scale of society, but we feel persuaded that there is more real enjoyment in the unsophisticated assemblies of respectable tradespeople, who properly observe all the decencies of civilized life without any absurd affectation of imitating their betters, than in the gayest and most fashionable of our London saloons. Beauty is not confined to the proud or the rich; and beauty can please, though the diamond shine not amid the ringlets of its raven hair, nor the pearl add lustre to the snowy whiteness of its graceful neck. Music too has charms, though Paganini may not be the "fiddler," nor Lindley the player of the violoncello: Human beings cannot be more than happy. In the staid formal coteries of fashionable life, where the sense of pleasure may not be expressed without a violation of decorum, it is difficult to discover what proportion of happiness is enjoyed; but in a scene, where the heart is allowed to dance its own wild vagaries—where the eye is free to glance as it listeth, and the face to resolve itself into dimples according to the delight with which the bosom is inspired,—then we may safely believe that earthly felicity hath reached its summit. Such a scene was the Odd Fellows' Ball on Monday night.

OPENING LODGES.

MR. EDITOR,

It must be somewhat pleasing to the feelings of every genuine Odd Fellow, and more particularly so to those who have been slaves to the Order for years, to those whom we may term the Renovators, if not the very Founders; of our Institution, in various parts of the country, it certainly must be highly gratifying to them to see the seed of Odd Fellowship, which they have sown and cultivated, daily extending its branches into almost every town in England, and nothing can, I think, prevent our Welch friends from reaping from their indefatigable exertions the same consolation. To the united efforts of such individuals as I allude to, together with the liberal principles of our Institution, may be attributed in a great measure the present prosperous state of our Order; but I am inclined to think that we do not always act upon those independent principles which (from our present prosperous state) we might do.

It is to the opening of new lodges that I allude, where, (too often) according to our present custom, independence is completely lost sight of—for almost immediately when (or in many cases even before) leave is obtained to open a new lodge, the intended host is applied to for a sufficient sum of money for the fitting up of such lodge, which at once is placing the Order under an obligation, and also putting a few infant Odd Fellows in the same situation, in consequence of which they are deterred from acting upon those independent principles they otherwise could wish to do. And further, it is but natural to suppose the individual advancing this money will use every possible means to get the same repaid, and as the making money is the principal means whereby a new lodge can redeem itself—how frequently do we see characters introduced amongst us who are far from adding to the respectability of the Order?

Having endeavoured to point out the impropriety of the present system, it becomes my duty to suggest some method of improvement. My opinion I shall give in the shape of a motion which I intend submitting to the next A. M. C., and is as follows:—"That any lodge applying for a dispensation for the opening of a new lodge shall (if such application be approved of) advance a sufficient sum of money for the payment of the regalia, &c., required for the fitting up of such new lodge."

This law would have a tendency not only to obviate the evil I have alluded to, but many other advantages to the Order would be derived from it. It would be the means of doing away with a system of bribery that is often, I believe, resorted to (either directly or indirectly) in the getting up of many applications, for leave to open new lodges. This once accomplished the Order would increase more steadily; lodges would be opened on more independent principles; and ultimately our Institution would become more respectable.

And further, the money being advanced by the lodge applying, it naturally follows that that lodge will consider the interest of the young lodge, as inseparable from its own, and consequently use its utmost exertions to establish it on a firm and permanent basis. Some may say that this motion, if carried into a law, would have a tendency to retard the progress of our Order, and that lodges might see the utility of opening new lodges, but had not the means. This, in my opinion, is going to the extreme, as an objection; to remove which, I would say, that in such cases, let the District be applied to, and if they have not the means, let a portion of the funds of the Order be appropriated in cases of necessity, either with or without interest, as the A. M. C. may think proper.

In laying this subject before the A. M. C., I can assure them that I have no other feeling but that the Order should be what it professes, viz :—Independent.

I remain, Yours truly,

JOSEPH BARNETT, P. G. M.

NOTICE.

At a Meeting of the Sub Committee, appointed by the Directors to examine articles sent for insertion in the Magazine, on Monday the 5th March, 1832, it was unanimously resolved, that all further reference to the late unpleasant correspondence between Q in the Corner, p. g. Taylor, p. prov. g. m. Bradgate, and c. s. Armitt, should be avoided, as subjects foreign to, and unfit for, the pages of the Magazine

It was also further resolved, that all the documents received relative to the incorporation of lodges under the late act of Parliament, should be withheld until after the Monmouth committee, when and where it is hoped deputies will receive all requisite information, so as to render controversy unnecessary.

Signed by Order of the Committee,

WILLIAM GRAY, G. M.

BIRTHS.

September 16th, 1831, the wife of p w Caldwell, of the Marquis of Cholmondely lodge, Frodsham, of a Son.

„ 26th, the wife of brother Henry Lloyd, of the Bath City lodge, Bath, of a Son.

„ 3rd, the wife of p prov g m Adam Ewart, of the London district, of a Son.

November 20th, the wife of p g Henry Portlock, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, of a Son.

„ 28th, the wife of brother J. Wright, of the same lodge, of a Son.

December 14th, the wife of p g and c s William Walden, of the same lodge, of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

October 24th, 1831, John Slack, secretary of the Queen Elizabeth lodge, Stockport, to Miss Ann Fernal, of the same place.

Since our last, brother Atkinson, of the St. Herbert lodge, Keswick, to Miss Todd

N g Wood, of the same lodge, to Miss Poole.

Brother Smith, of the same lodge, to Miss Harrington.

N g Peat, of the Nelson lodge, Kendal, to Miss Agnes Airey.

P v Walker, of the same lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Wright.

December 26th, at Cheadle, v g Eli Moore, of the Good Samaritan lodge, Marple Bridge, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. William Smith, Comp-stall.

On the same day, at Stockport, brother Thomas Platt, of the above lodge, to Jane, eldest daughter of p g Thomas Hawkyard, of the Rose of Sharon, New Mills.

P v James Jackson, of the 'Welcome Travellers' lodge, to Miss Jane Cook, Straw Bonnet Maker.

Brother Samuel Isherwood, of the same lodge, to Miss Ellen Haslam.

January 30, 1832, at Stoke upon Trent, brother Elijah Simms, of the St. Peter's Victory lodge, Hanley, to Miss Mary Ann Critchley, youngest daughter of Mr Critchley, Gardener and Seedsman, late of Shelton, Staffordshire.

DEATHS.

September 17th, 1831, the wife of William Cooper, host of the Albion lodge, Aylesbury.

November 22nd, at Sandbach, at the house of his father, John Siddall, p g m of the London district.

December 5th, the daughter of p g Badham, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, aged 17.

December 22nd, Joseph, son of p g Gaskell, of the Good Shepherd lodge, Romiley, aged 19.

„ 22nd, p g Joseph Melling, aged 44, of the Good Samaritan lodge, Marple Bridge.—He was a faithful husband, and an affectionate father; leaving two orphan children to deplore his loss.

January 4th, 1832, brother William Dickinson, of the Victory lodge, Manchester.

„ 4th, brother John Whitehead, of the Apollo lodge, Manchester.

„ 11th, brother Joseph Jones, of the Mount Gilead lodge, Manchester.

„ 11th, brother Richard Barlow, of the Hill's Glory lodge, Manchester.

„ 12th, brother Abraham Foster, of the Social Design lodge, Manchester.

„ 21st, p g Martin Fish, host of the Humanity lodge, Eccles.

„ 22nd, brother Michael Macareth, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester.

January 26th, p g and c v Thomas Smith, of the Ancient Britons' lodge, Wrexham.—The officers and brothers of the lodge formed in procession to the Church, headed by a band of music, whose solemn sounds brought the people of Wrexham to witness the last act of duty performed to the memory of a man, who, in life, was dearly beloved by all who knew him. The funeral service was read by the Vicar. The business was conducted with strict decorum and solemnity, and seemed to make a deep impression on all present.

February 1st, 1832, John, the beloved son of George Graham, p g of the Brougham and Vaux lodge, Wakefield, aged 2 years and 3 months.

„ 3rd, brother Charles Hargreaves, of the Shakespeare lodge, Manchester.

„ 5th, brother Samuel Barton, of the Triumphant lodge, Ashton in the Willows.

„ 9th, Mary, the wife of p g Heaton, of the Hill's Glory lodge, Manchester.

„ 9th, the wife of brother Grundy, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester.

„ 9th, at the Varteg, aged 31, John Hickman, of the La Belle Alliance lodge, Dudley.—When the Friend in Need lodge, Varteg, and the Prince Howell lodge, Blaenavon, heard of the death of the *strange brother*, with promptitude, worthy of emulation, they resolved to bury him at the expense of these young lodges, and on Sunday following a funeral procession was formed at the late brother's lodgings, which accompanied the corpse a distance of nearly three miles to Blaenavon Church; the congregated thousands appearing highly surprized at the novel scene of an Odd Fellows' funeral, expressing their approbation of the spirit which these lodges displayed toward an almost total stranger. The procession was conducted with marked decorum, and the effect of this act of philanthropy will not be lost on this thickly populated neighbourhood.

„ 14th, brother Richard Hulme, of the George the Fourth lodge, Newton Heath.

„ 16th, the wife of p g m Redfern, of the Nelson lodge, Manchester.

„ 18th, Mary, the wife of p g Jacob Parks, of the Hill's Glory lodge, Manchester.

„ 19th, Margaret, daughter of William Lamb, g m of the Kendal district, much regretted by all that knew her.

„ 20th, the wife of brother Perry, of the Mercury lodge, Pendleton.

„ 22nd, Mary, the wife of p g m William Armitt, of the Nelson lodge, Manchester—She only survived the death of her daughter, Jane Armitt, a few weeks.

„ 22nd, aged 12 years, John, second son of v g Brown, of the Duchess of Devonshire lodge, Salford.

March 3rd, brother Thomas Greenhalgh, of the Waterloo lodge, Salford.

„ 6th, brother John Wild, of the Temple lodge, Manchester.

„ 6th, brother Robert Newland, host of the Rose of Sharon lodge, Manchester. Nearly 250 brothers attended the funeral.

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

JUNE,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1832.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR & BROTHER,

IT has long been the wish of many of your readers, in this District, that you should insert, as often as possible, selections of an instructive and amusing nature. Some few of those I before had the pleasure of forwarding to you, have been inserted, which encourages me again to forward you another parcel. We permit friends out of the Order to peruse the work, and find it does much good—numbers have and are joining us in consequence, and if it could be made more *generally* interesting, I am of opinion it would have a much greater influence on the minds of those already predisposed to become Oddfellows. I do not, of course, expect to see all that I send you in the Mag but I hope you will find some of the inclosed worthy of your notice.

With my best wishes for your success and happiness, I remain, in the bonds of F. L. & T. yours most devotedly,

Liverpool, May, 1832.

L. S——H.

SELECTIONS.

(From the Parcel sent us by the above Correspondent)

ASTHMA—Too little attention is usually paid in regulating the exercise of asthmatic patients; this should be strictly forbidden after a full meal, as it invariably produces an anxious, agitated, and difficult respiration; and therefore, in the class of patients that present themselves to us, and who must return to labour immediately after dining, the importance of eating sparingly should be strenuously urged. I must eat to enable me to work, is the reply in these cases; but you must point out to the patient that the same disadvantage arises from overloading the stomach as from starvation; in the one case no strength follows, because the oppression destroys the powers of digestion; in the other there is nothing to digest; but in both the effect is the same. With respect

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to exercise at other times, the asthmatic who is wholly regulated by his feelings is too apt to shrink from it, on account of the uneasiness which it occasions ; but this feeling he must be taught to disregard ; and by encountering it with firmness, he will gradually familiarise himself with the feeling, till he at length gains the ascendancy over it, and profits by the effort.

THE WORST SUFFERING.—Oh Worthington, when you pass through the crowded and dirty streets of the most wretched parts of the great city, and see the squalid, filthy, uncombed hordes of half-fed and half-drunk miserable creatures, you do not see humanity in its lowest abyss of suffering. Among them you may often see the hearty vacant laugh, from their lips you may often hear language of self-satisfied insolence—but it is in the sad transition to that bitter state of hopelessness and heartlessness, that the utmost of mental agony is suffered, when the pressure of growing distress first rends the nerve of moral sensibility, when the little ornaments of an humble home are gradually disappearing, when the few comforts of a frugal table are vanishing away one after another, when the neatness of dress and a good appearance are falling off, and the brightness of the look grows dim, when hope is slowly, but surely, thrust aside by growing and strengthening fears, when the strongest of all pride, the pride of a poor man in decent circumstances, is first humbled, and made to bite the dust ; then it is that humanity feels the depth and bitterness of sorrow.

A New York paper says—The superintendent of the Auburn state prison states, in his report—"I have under my care about 450 male prisoners, and nine females ; and I would cheerfully undertake the care of an additional 450 men to be rid of the nine women !" What a savage !

ALUM IN TOOTH ACHE.—Dr. Kuhn asserts that alum, finely powdered, not only relieves the tooth ache, but arrests the progress of caries in the tooth. One or two grains are to be inserted into the cavity of the tooth, to be repeated when the pain returns. In a short time the pain will cease to recur, and the chemical action which constitutes the caries will cease.

THE THEATRE.—Speaking of the celebrated French actor Baron, Voltaire observes, that "to his present demands all the gifts of nature, assiduous labour, an imperturbable memory, and above all the rare art of transforming himself into the person represented, the preachers went often to the play, to study Baron sitting in a latticed box, from whence they went to declaim against theatrical representations. It is the custom for the confessors to require from the dying actors that they renounce their profession. Baron retired from the stage in 1729, aged nearly 78 years and died the same year, protesting that he had never had the

least scruple to declaim before the public the *chefs-d'œuvre* of genius and morality of the great authors, and that nothing was more impertinent than to attach shame to the recital of that which it was glorious to compose."

ECCENTRICITY.—Schlagar, a Danish man of fortune, sold his estate, and fixed in the northernmost corner of Iceland. He said that he fixed there because he hated the confined air of Europe, and choose to have his breeze fresh from the pole. An Englishman, some years ago, was found vegetating in the midst of bogs and solitudes, in a village on the west coast of Ireland. His reason was, to be in the next post-town to America. A Spaniard perched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena; on being asked "why he preferred that place of clouds, storms, and solitude?" he said "that he was tired of mankind, and the clouds hid mankind from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and that the storms drowned her talk; and as to the solitude, he could not be solitary who had the angels for his next door neighbours."

APPETITE FOR NOVELTY.—The old works, which contain the condensed wisdom and luminous research of ages, are neglected, and new productions incessantly brought forward to satisfy the craving of a vitiated taste. The poetry of Milton and Thompson, of Pope and Dryden, is almost unknown to the rising generations; and in its stead the splendid extravagance of Byron, or the bewitching license of Moore, is insinuated into every breast. The great historians of former times, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, lie neglected on the shelves of the booksellers, while the ephemeral trash of the modern novels, or the cursory sketches of galloping travellers, occupy the leisure of a voracious public. The sorrows of Clementina are forgotten—and the genius of Richardson has yielded to the changing phantasmagoria of dissipated life, or the exclusive circle of aristocratic pride. No great works intended to be durable, destined to be immortal, are composed; but every thing is adapted to the fleeting taste of a capricious generation. Even Sir Walter Scott himself, the rival of Shakespeare, whose gigantic mind soars above all surrounding talent, has contributed, by his prolific ability, to deprave the public taste. New novels of heartstirring interests are now looked for as regularly as rolls for the breakfast table; and while his numerous imitators have failed in rivalling his transcendent genius, they have too faithfully kept up the appetite for novelty, which his unrivalled powers created in the public mind.

GEN. WASHINGTON WAS A GOOD BOY.—The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the

mother of Washington. Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There, Sir, is my grandmother." Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her grey head covered by a plain straw hat, the Mother of "his hero!" The lady saluted him kindly, observed—"Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress." Much as Lafayette had heard and seen of the matron before, at this interesting interview he was charmed and struck with wonder. When he considered her great age, the transcendent elevation of her son, who, surpassing all rivals in the race of glory, "bore the palm alone," and at the same time discovered no change in her plain yet dignified life and manners, he became assured that the Roman matron could flourish in the modern day. The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America, stated his speedy departure for his native land, and paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son. To the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in words: "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

HINT FOR LOVERS.—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him follow my advice; call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoe fit neatly—if the gloves are clean, and the hair well polished. And I would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness will ever be avoided by a well regulated mind, as would a pestilence. A woman cannot be always what is called *dressed*, particularly one in middling or humble life, where her duty, and it is consequently to be hoped her pleasure, lies in superintending and assisting in all domestic matters; but she may be always neat,—well appointed. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.

He who writes badly thinks badly. Confusedness in words can proceed from nothing but confusedness in the thoughts which give rise to them.

TWENTY**DISSUASIONS FROM DESPONDENCY.**

1st—If you are distressed in mind—live; serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul.

2nd—If you have been happy and cheerful—live; and diffuse that happiness to others

3rd—If misfortunes assail you by the faults of others—live; you have nothing wherewith to blame yourself.

4th—If misfortunes have arisen from your own misconduct—live, and be wiser in future.

5th—If you are indigent and helpless—live; the face of things, like the renewing seasons, may yet happily change.

6th—If you are rich and prosperous—live; and enjoy what you possess

7th—If another have injured you—live, the crime will bring its own punishment.

8th—If you have injured another—live, and recompense good for evil.

9th—If your character be unjustly attacked—live, that you may see the aspersion disproved.

10th—If the reproaches be well founded—live, and deserve them not for the future.

11th—If you are eminent and applauded—live, and deserve the honors you have acquired.

12th—If your success is not equal to your merit—live, in the happy consciousness of having deserved it.

13th—If your success is beyond your merit—live, in thoughtfulness and humility.

14th—If you have been negligent and useless in society—live, and make amends.

15th—If you have been active and industrious—live, and communicate your improvements to others.

16th—If you have spiteful enemies—live, and disappoint their malevolence.

17th—If you have kind and faithful friends—live, to protect them.

18th and 19th—If you have been wise and virtuous—live, for the benefit of mankind.

20th—If you hope for immortality—live, and prepare to enjoy it.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON

*Preached at Wincle, Cheshire, on Monday, the 17th October, 1831,
for the Society of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.*

BY THE REV. JAMES BOSROCK, B. A.

LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD.

By the gospel of Christ we are exhorted to the love of mankind; which virtue of love forms the second great commandment of our holy religion. To the exercise of this love, we are urged by arguments which are of peculiar force, and which were unknown before the christian era. * *

When we examine the particular precepts of the New Testament, we meet with numbers in which the duty of regarding each other practically as brethren is brought forward: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." "Let brotherly love continue."—"Add to godliness, brotherly kindness."—In short, when our Saviour delivered his doctrine for the instruction of mankind, he took a peculiar care to distinguish this duty, to assign it a principal place in his moral system, and to recommend it to our practice as of the greatest consequence to ourselves and our fellow creatures. * *

It is not uncommon to hear high encomiums raised in favor of independence, where the rich man seems eminently distinguished from the poor one. But can we find this man entirely unconnected with others? can we perceive that the superiority of birth or fortune has elevated him to such a degree as to render an exchange of good service unnecessary? No! The wisdom of Divine Providence thought proper to send man to man for relief, and to contrive mutual help to be conveyed through the channels of the rich to the poor—of the poor to the rich; for all in their several stations of life are useful and instrumental in constituting the harmony and happiness of the whole. * *

In order to know whether any particular society of men is praise worthy and commendable it will be proper to enquire upon what foundation it is established. For instance, let us take a survey of those communities and bodies of men, who are dispersed over the whole face of the earth, under the name of kingdoms, commonwealths, &c. and we shall find one bearing dominion and sway by the force of arms, acquiring wealth by bloodshed, and enriching themselves with the spoils of other nations. But God Almighty, who controls the spirit of princes, has ordained, that in the general order of things, whatever is wrong shall tend

to its own destruction ; and that rapaciousness and tyranny can have no existence but in the midst of bitter enemies, who will not fail at length to overthrow them. The strongest body of human beings will be brought to destruction, if it be at enmity, and fight against itself. It was owing to these principles that ancient Rome, while called the mistress of the world, and was imagined to have every essential character of eternity was brought to desolation. It is thus that every superstructure man can raise, on the same bad foundation, must inevitably sink down, and vanish away.

Within the largest community of every state are many subordinate ones continually rising and relapsing again into a decline ! in other words, they fall and perish ! Upon various grounds, and for various purposes established, we find them continuing a longer or a shorter time, according to the wisdom of their institution. But, when we see an institution, the principal and grand objects of which are, the cultivation of friendship, the improvement of morals, the unity of brotherhood, brotherly love, the rendering essential service to each other through all the various vicissitudes of life, by the mutual aid and assistance of each other ;—when I say these are the professed objects in view, such an institution seems to have all the appearance, not only of temporal, but also of eternal welfare. If the principles of an institution be charity and disinterestedness, we need not hesitate to pronounce how advantageous it must be to society ; and that it stands on a sure and lasting foundation.

Whoever has a soul capable of being impressed by language, must conceive what true Christian charity is, from a passage of the Apostle St. Paul, which though familiar to every ear ; and therefore less liable to strike, yet equals, perhaps, in point of strength, any thing recorded in annals of human eloquence. “Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mystery, and have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my very body to be burned, and yet with all these have not charity, I am nothing more than a piece of sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”

Your Independent Society of Odd Fellowship, established on these principles, will doubtless tend to the service of its several members, and the external good of others ; it will be an union, that is praiseworthy, virtuous, and good. And I trust the society that now appears before me, will answer this description, and that, stirred up with zeal for benevolence, will ever be willing to communicate good, and diffuse happiness to each other : and consequently, transfuse into their life and manners, some similitude of Divine goodness. “Let us be merciful, as God is mer-

ciful," and have compassion on our fellow-creatures, "as the Lord hath pity upon us."

In conclusion, I recommend to the serious consideration of you all the words of my text—"Love the Brotherhood." Follow after Charity. Be dear children. Imitate the universal kindness of your common Parent. Catch a few sparks of the celestial flame, and from your Maker learn to "be pitiful," to have compassion one of another, to relieve one another's distresses, "to bear one another's burdens," to pardon each other's faults, and to embrace every opportunity that presents itself of being kind and merciful, as your Heavenly Father is kind and merciful. And let me strictly charge you to observe temperance, soberness, and chastity at all your meetings, to have your conduct always blameless; but particularly so at these your annual meetings. And as St. Paul says, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking be put away from you, with all malice; and be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you."

Finally—Let all inclination to envy and malice, be for ever banished from your breasts. Let enmity and strife find no place among you, but rather cultivate the God-like virtues of Love and Benevolence, Truth and Friendship. Consider that ye are all children of the same common father; branches of the same root, copies of the same original. Let, then, the principle of sympathy universally prevail; let every man's heart feel for another's woe, as if one common soul possessed you all. By a uniform consistency of conduct, and a steady perseverance in the Order, preserve its dignity unsullied. Be not contented with the bare knowledge of a sound system of morality, but become living examples to others; according to your excellent motto—Let Truth reign on the Lips, Love in the affections, and Friendship in the heart of every Odd Fellow. In short, let your lives be conformable to the Laws and Articles of your Institution, in living together to the praise of your Maker, to the honor of your society; so that at the last day you may be added to an heavenly society, where you will enjoy happiness complete in a world that has no end; and where Peace, Love, and Harmony for ever dwell. Amen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

WITH pleasure I have to announce to you the proceedings of the second annual festival meeting and grand procession of the *De Vries* loyal independent provincial lodge, which took place on Easter Monday last. Application was made to the

Loyal Noah's Ark, Stonehouse, for the loan of their beautiful regalia, as we were unprovided ourselves, suitable for such an important occasion: to which application they very kindly acceded. Invitations were sent to the Loyal Bath City lodge and the Loyal Mount Ararat lodge, Trowbridge, who honoured us with a goodly attendance; and I am happy to say, in consequence of the steady and assiduous exertions, good order and respectability of the members, although but a few in number, we have fought the good fight, by completely rooting that foul stigma excited against us by the tongue of the slanderer; as Odd Fellows that day proved a wonder to the eyes of the most prejudiced part of the public in this town. Therefore we are persuaded it will prove beneficial to our interest, and future welfare, by adding to our number many respectable tradesmen, and ultimately be the means of extending the order farther in this county. At ten o'clock we proceeded to open the lodge, when the procession was arranged by P. G. Hill, of Stonehouse, highly to our satisfaction. After the arrangement and other business concluded, G. M. Thos. Young, of the Bath City Lodge, rose, and after an appropriate speech, presented P. G. M. Bishop, of Devizes, with a handsome silver medal, beautifully engraved with the arms of the Order, of the value of two guineas, for his past services to the same.—P. G. M. Bishop returned thanks, which received applause.—At eleven o'clock the procession moved forward, preceded by a band of music, banners, and other emblems, together with the above splendid regalia, accompanied by the clergyman, the Rev. Thos. Baily, to St. Mary's Church, where a most excellent and impressive sermon was preached by that gentleman; and allow me to say, had he had the perusal of the lecture-book, he could not have given us a better one to the purpose. On return from church, the procession past through the principal streets to their lodge, attended by a vast concourse of people. At half-past two, the brethren sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by host Sloper, which did him great credit. After the cloth was removed, the chairman rose, and proposed the health of "The King"—"The Queen"—"The Grand Master and Board of Directors, and may their endeavours be crowned with success." An appropriate song, by P. G. Hill. "The Loyal Noah's Ark lodge, and thanks to them for their kind assistance." "The Loyal Bath City Lodge, and thanks to them for their numerous attendance; and "The Loyal Mount Ararat lodge," which was duly acknowledged by the proper and respective officers. At an early hour the company broke up, with the most animated feelings of pleasure, highly delighted with the day's enjoyment.

Yours, truly, in the bonds of F. L. & T.,

P. G. M. BISHOP, P. C. S.

Lodge Room, May 7th, 1832.

VOL. 2.—No. 5—S;

TO THE EDITOR:

Should you think the following worthy a corner in your and our valuable Magazine, you will oblige some of your friends of the Stockport district. Hoping much good may yet result from your labours in the vineyard of Odd Fellowship, as your recent propagation of that simple but valuable work, the Memoirs, proves you able,

I remain, yours, in the bonds of F. L. & T.,

W B.

Stockport, May 10, 1832.

On Tuesday, May 1st, 1832, the officers and brothers belonging to the Stockport district, assembled at the house of brother Timperley, Navigation Inn, Lancashire Hill, near Stockport, with the pleasing intention of opening a new lodge, to be called the Loyal Pilot lodge, No. 591. The dispensation having previously been obtained, together with all other requisites for the same, from the proper authorities, we entered the room, which had been got up in a most elegant style, and at half-past five the business of the evening, or the opening of the new lodge, commenced, by Prov. G. M. Bover taking the G. M.'s chair, Prov. D. G. M. Thompson presiding as the N. G., supported as V. G. by P. G. Massey, of the Mount Gilead lodge, Manchester, and Prov. C. S. Finney, acting Sec. on the occasion. The Prov. G. M. then proceeded with the usual formalities, in an able and impressive manner, which appeared to have a great, and, I hope, a good effect on all present, but more particularly on the young brothers of the new lodge, who appeared to have a due sense of the privileges about to be conferred on them, answering the questions put to them in a serious and becoming manner. After this part of the ceremony, the G. M. declared them to be legally constituted a lodge of Independent Odd Fellows, belonging to the Manchester Unity. After these six persons were duly initiated into the mysteries of our honourable and loyal Order, adding these six to those made previous to the opening of the new lodge, made a goodly number, which brought forth the warm praises of the presiding officers and others, hoping they would go on and prosper; and methinks I hear you say, "do so, and the good wishes of all Odd Fellows attend you." The next part of the proceedings was to elect fit and proper persons to preside in the principal chairs, for the next six months; when, after a friendly discussion, which cannot with propriety be inserted here, the following persons were returned duly elected:—Brother J. Gardick, of the Queen Elizabeth, N. G.; Sec. Brown, of the Queen Elizabeth, V. G., and brother Jump, of the Conciliator, Cheadle, to be Sec. After this the meeting was addressed by several past and present officers, on the principles and advantages of strictly following the precepts of Odd Fellowship, hoping that by their conduct they would prove to the world that by becoming

Odd Fellows they were better christians, better husbands, better subjects, and better members of society in general. The lodge having been closed, the wives, sweethearts and friends of the members were admitted, when harmony commenced, and the most chaste songs, together with a number of appropriate toasts and sentiments, were sung and spoken; and the smile that played on the countenances of the women in particular, and the expressions that fell from the lips of the men, indicated that by their friends entering into our mysterious order they had not forfeited their good esteem. The company did not separate until a late hour, well pleased and in good order.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR AND BROTHER,

If the following Sketches are read by you with the same lively interest they have excited in the breast of all those who have perused them, in this neighbourhood, you will not hesitate to give them a place in the Odd Fellows' Magazine. They do, indeed, sir, come home to the bosom and business of "middle life in a commercial town." I almost fancied, sir, when I read them, that I had known some of the parties, and wondered how the writer had become acquainted with facts which I thought none knew but themselves; so truly do these sketches represent the romance of *middle life*.

Their insertion will, I know, oblige many of your readers, and most particularly your sincere friend,

Stockport, June, 1832.

T. S.

SKETCHES FROM COMMERCIAL LIFE.

From the Athenæum.

The extremes of social life, the highest and the humblest, have absorbed somewhat too much of the attention of writers of fiction. Princes and shepherds; peeresses and beggar-girls; leaders of ton and inmates of a prison, seem to have taken out a patent to supply tales and novels, if not poetry, with incidents and characters. Such a phrase as the romance of *middle life*, may sound strange, particularly as I mean really middle life; not that which, from the combined possession of wealth, taste, and education, may be called aristocracy without rank; nor yet that, which by an abundance of style, and a superabundance of affectation, calls itself fashionable, and fancies itself refined;—the fashion, silver gilt; the refinement, varnish. I am not thinking either of a cottage ornee and a pony-pheaton, or of a grave brick hall, architecture and date the reign of Elizabeth; owner, a squire and magistrate;—I mean really middle life, and in a *commercial town*, and in a staid, reputable, but unattractive street in such town; the houses precisely of a level, their fronts affording a

-precise parallel of one door one window, one window one door; the intersecting plots of ground appropriated to clothes-drying; neither a thoroughfare nor a lounge; the houses merely to live in; the pavement merely a means to get from one point to another. Yet I venture to think that such a street may be full of materials for poetry and fiction.

There may be nothing winning, either for good or for bad, in such a *locale*; the daily lives of its inhabitants may at first sight appear flat as Salisbury plain; but if we had power to strip off the outer covering, the shrouding domino of common-places—could we find out the hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, and struggles, which are not mere appurtenances of the human condition, but which spring immediately from a peculiar modification of life and circumstances—could we pierce the surface, and do justice to the “heart that suffers and endures”—there would be no lack of incident, no deficiency of romance. The history of a few streets in a commercial town, might be more sombre than Miss Mitford’s ever pleasant “village,” because commercial life is subject to perpetual vicissitude. “To break or not to break,” is a reading that Hamlet’s soliloquy daily undergoes; and in the eyes of those who see the event in all its ramifications, a single case of bankruptcy is often no mean tragedy. Yet, who pauses over the *Gazette*.—Let us take a case, so common that it hardly deserves to be singled out; let us fancy it occurring in one of the two rows of houses already described. The dwelling at present rather outshines its neighbours, has recently been “beautified” for a new married pair. The furniture is new, and not only smart, but good; and every time you catch a view of the green moreen window-curtains, with their amber fringe dependencies, you wish the future inhabitants happy. Some fine day, the young couple arrive, after a week’s holiday at some wedding-place in the neighbourhood. There is at first a little finery, a little visiting, a bright blue coat on the part of the husband, and an attempt at a French hat on that of the lady,—but very soon bridal show subsides, the young people intend to be prudent; he is head clerk in some establishment, on a salary of three hundred per annum—has a good character—fell in love—saved money to furnish a house—furnished it, and is now married. So they go on respected and respectably. After a few years, a desire to better himself arises on the part of the young man, he gives up his clerkship, enters into partnership with some one like-minded, and with a thousand pounds between them, sets up in business, which business, a returned bill, or a bad debt, or the necessity of settling at the wrong time, or the incapacity of buying at the right, probably finishes up in eighteen months. He is again adrift in the world. He has no monied friends—but he has five children; he advertises for a situation till his heart is sick, and his coat shabby—perhaps he is very fortunate, and obtains one at half his original salary; or perhaps he goes to America, or perhaps dies, and then his wife takes in sewing.

Let us look in at the inhabitants of the house opposite. To the parties last named, a similar residence was a rise in the world—to the present, it is a descent, and, what suggests many mournful thoughts to those who know what it often implies, *it is their first*. The gentleman was a leading merchant; a successful speculator; a commercial magnate—and, in addition to this, a man of taste and science: that, he remains still, but his mercantile glory has departed from him. By some sudden crisis, by some over-bold speculation, or some one of the thousand “short and easy” methods of being ruined, which exist in trade, the failure of the great house of Calico, Printwell, and Co., or of Boads, Indigo, and Brothers, is suddenly announced—drawing down, like a falling star, not a few lesser lights in its train. Our merchant’s wife is like many of her class, sensible, intelligent, and ladylike; the son has had a college education, and is just called to the bar—the loss of his father’s property may to him be an ultimate advantage, forcing him to labour heartily and steadily, after professional advancement—it is otherwise with the merchant’s daughters; stylish, accomplished, luxuriously brought up—and four in number—to them the reverse is a thunder-stroke, Farewell now to the establishment that would not have disgraced a nobleman! farewell to hot-houses, gardens, grounds, carriages, routs, watering-places, and Parisian milliner! “Enjoyment’s occupation’s gone”—and poverty’s is come! There is not the refuge of a jointure—the mother had fortune, but it was embarked in her husband’s extending, and, at the time, most prosperous concern; and, if any one asks what remains to the family—the only answer is—“A blank, my lord.” However, what our poor clerk wanted, our fallen merchant has—connexions and monied friends. Creditors who are themselves commercial men, are by no means an ungenerous hard-hearted race; fraud or shameful extravagance may make them a little savage, but a straight-forward, intelligible case of misfortune will rarely be severely dealt with. Our merchant cautioned perhaps against speculation and high living, is set up again in a small way; the family, with the plainest of their furniture, and two women servants, come to the plain residence in the plain street we set out with describing. This is not the worst that may, that often does, happen; as yet, the family “dwell together in unity;” gay friends and gay pleasures are gone; eligible lovers are not rife in a family of portionless daughters,—and your *true* lover is generally in want of means himself; nevertheless, the family is not broken up,—and if “charity covers a multitude of sins,” social affection softens a multitude of annoyances. But in a year or two, when beginning to adapt themselves happily to mediocrity of circumstances, some fresh mischance happens in the way of trade; they are wrecked a second time, and the second gathering of fragments is smaller, and the second appearing of hope for the future, is fainter far than the first. Severe misfortune is the true maker of heroes and hero-

ines; the medium often brings out medium virtue. But not to dilate on a digression,—the two youngest daughters avow themselves “in want of situations,” (oh, the intense wretchedness often hid in that phrase!) and the two eldest open a school at home; the father now an uncertificated bankrupt; perhaps teaches the pupils writing, and the mother becomes household drudge; or all the daughters go out governessing, and the mother takes in boarders, and these efforts are made promptly, cheerfully, and without parade.

Let us look in at one more dwelling in the same street. It is a boarding-house for clerks; from these let us single out one. He was the cadet of a good Scotch family; but good Scotch families are often large; and after drafting off two or three to India, a sufficiency remained for law, physic, divinity, and a trade. Colin, the youngest, after being kept too long both at home and at school, to please a sickly mother, came, after her death, urgently recommended to a leading mercantile house, and, on the strength of such recommendation, was esteemed fortunate in falling heir to a tall stool, seventy pounds a year, and occupation from twelve to fourteen hours a day. And as times go, and youths prosper, he was fortunate; the interest of the case lies not in any hardship of circumstances, except as opposed by the moulding of his character. As Caleb Balderstone said, that Mysie’s “savoury dishes were no just common saut herring,”—so say we of Colin. Trade is a beautiful pursuit for all who have a genius for it; that is, for those who have, or have set their heart on acquiring, a capital to embark in it. Politics can hardly be more exciting than trade, to a person who has true commercial ambition; literature contains not more poetry than trade, to one who has true mercantile sensibility—to whom bargains and bargain-making are the true meat, drink, washing, and lodging of life. But the glories of a dingy warehouse, surmounted with blue board and gold letters, shine afar off to a junior clerk, and the youngest of nine sons; and Colin would have had no love of such glories, even had he been head of the most famous firm for the manufacture of dimity quiltings, and eldest of his eight brothers. He had a delicate body, and a dreamy delicate mind; would have lived delightedly as a minister on fifty pounds a-year in his native glen, aiding his stipend by his fishing-rod, finding companions in his books, sympathy in his flute, and happiness in his duties. He was an instance of the cruelty of stimulating the sensibility of a boy who must fight his way in the world, and of the short-sightedness of attempting to make a timid, tender, studious lad a good tradesman. It would have been kinder to have buried him—aye, even before death. However, to the mart he came— young, strange, and solitary; was installed in his situation; found lodgings; was thankful for any body’s notice; never hinted that he was wretched, and strove hard to comprehend business. The establishment was immense, and he felt himself a cipher in it; a ci-

pher in the town ; amongst his species ; in the world—a cipher every where. Unlike many youths, who have set out in life with tempers equally shy, he did not, by contact with busy life, gain courage and independence ; he did not, by observing the alternations of success and vicissitude, become ambitious. The old lady with whom he boarded, loved him for his quiet orderly habits, his gentle manners, and (for mortality is frail) his small appetite, or contentedness with her not very strong tea. He made no friendships ; those who lodged under the same roof with him boarded themselves ; they had longer purses, greater spirits, and coarser tastes. He heard from home seldom, for he had no sisters ; his mother, whose pet he had been, was dead ; his brothers were toiling hard at their appointed avocations ; postage was expensive, and his father thought Colin in the high way to happiness—alias, getting on in the world ; so that a letter, once a quarter, with a page of family news, and a codicil of good advice, was the average of his receipts per post. Partly pride, and partly conscientiousness, sealed his lips from murmuring ; he did his best, and bore up his best ; but the change of life, from the pure atmosphere of the country, and the yet more genial one of affection, in less than a year wrote its effects on a frame naturally fragile. The smoke, the noise, the occupied air of all around him, was a perpetual weariness to his spirits ; the quantity of occupation required from him had always tasked his strength to the utmost ; by degrees he became physically incapable of it, and at last was laid up. The catastrophe need occupy but few lines, as few as the poor boy's epitaph : nursing and tears on the part of his attendant—a summons to his father, instantly obeyed—a physician called in to write one prescription, and declare medicine useless—his funeral over—his little debts paid—his father gone home—"To Let," in the window of his room—seventy applicants for his clerkship—and all in ten brief days!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR AND BROTHER.

The following account ought, I think, to appear in the pages of the Magazine:—It is true, the balance sheet is sent to, and read in, all the lodges ; but the mere reading of such a document, in a full lodge, will not be half so gratifying to those really interested in the welfare of the Order, as having a copy by them to refer to. Besides, sir, the subscribers are allowed to show the Magazine to their friends ; and how triumphantly an Odd Fellow can refer them to the *unparalleled fact*, that by the generous and gratuitous workings of a few individuals, the society has realised, in five years, notwithstanding many liberal donations to poor lodges, the sum of £2,000 ! That those funds must necessarily continue to increase, and that they can be appropriated only to charitable purposes, by the consent of the whole Order, obtained annually through the medium of their assembled deputies.

He will also be allowed to show to his friends, that this fund is independent of several funeral funds, and also of *six hundred* smaller funds, belonging to the 600 lodges, of which the Manchester Unity of Independent Odd Fellows

is now composed! and to exhibit to him the astonishing fact, of upwards of 30,000 individuals acting together in unity, peace, and brotherly love! A spectacle, sir, never before exhibited in this or any other country in the world.

I am, Sir, in bonds of, &c.,

W. P.

An Account of the Profits of the Order from the Establishment of the Board of Directors, 1827, to May 7th, 1832

<i>Cash received for General Fund.</i>		<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
From 1827 to 1828.....		136	1	8			
" 1828 to 1829.....		112	7	2			
" 1829 to 1830.....		257	15	4			
" 1830 to 1831.....		216	14	8			
" 1831 to 1832.....		222	10	0			
					947	8	10
<i>Cash Paid from General Fund.</i>							
1829.—Manchester District, as per resolution of }		7	4	0			
A. M. C.							
1830.—Duke of Lancaster, St. Helens, ditto		20	0	0			
1831.—Sundries, as per resolutions of A. M. C.		70	5	0			
					97	9	0
<i>Leaving the General Fund Balance</i>					849	19	10
1829.—Received for Interest		1	11	1			
1830.—Ditto ditto		2	9	7			
1831 and 1832.—Ditto do.		21	6	4			
					25	7	0
<i>Profit upon Goods Sold after deducting all Expenses.</i>							
1827 to 1828.—.....		82	13	11½			
Deduct Loss by Printing Committee.....		18	17	8½			
					63	16	3
1828 to 1829.—.....		212	4	10			
1829 to 1830.—.....		228	14	1½			
1830 to 1831.—.....		194	9	5			
1831 to 1832.—.....		333	3	1½			
					1032	7	9½
<i>Present worth of the Fund, May 7th, 1832.....</i>					£1907	14	7½

DEATH OF P. PROV. G. M. RENIE.

It is our painful duty to have to record, in this number of the Magazine, the death of our much valued friend and correspondent, John Renie, of the Waterloo Lodge, Monmouth; by which event the Order has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the country one of its most able and disinterested patriots, and his family and connexions a kind, affectionate, and zealous friend.

It was principally, we believe, in compliment to Mr. Renie, that the deputies at the Liverpool A. M. C chose Monmouth for the late meeting, every one being anxious to see and converse with a man of whom they had heard so much. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! On reaching Monmouth, they found that the mortal remains of the man whom they "delighted to honour," had been consigned to the cold grave, only a few hours, as it were, before their arrival!

We have neither time nor space to enter further into the particulars of M. Renie's long, painful, and fatal sickness. We hope some of his Monmouth friends will supply us with ample means for our next number.—Our object, at present, is to call upon the Order, in the name of all they hold dear to them, not to neglect the case of the WIDOW and the FATHERLESS! Such an appeal was never made in vain to Mr. Renie; nor will the appeal of those he has left behind him be made in vain to the Order.

At the request of the Monmouth A. M. C., the following Petition is now circulating throughout the Order. May its prayer be granted!

To Every Officer and Brother in the Order.

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS!—You have now an opportunity of putting in full practice one of the most glorious privileges of our beloved Institution. You have now an opportunity of rescuing from ruin, and of raising into comparative comfort, the disconsolate WIDOW and her FATHERLESS CHILDREN!

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS!—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that I announce to you the demise of P. Prov. G. M. JOHN RENIE, of the Waterloo Lodge, Monmouth.

To attempt a sketch, even, of the usefulness of our late lamented brother, would be foreign to the nature of this petition. You all knew him. His purse, his time, his health, his LIFE, were dedicated to the Order! And shall his good works be buried with him? Shall we raise no monument to his fame—leave no memorial of our remembrance of him? Forbid it, Odd-Fellowship!

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS!—The WIDOW and CHILDREN of our late lamented brother are left in necessitous circumstances. It was appointed, at the late A. M. C. at Monmouth, that I should announce to you the fact. I have performed the painful duty.

ODD-FELLOWS!—There is not ONE of you that has not ONE PENNY to spare;—there is not one of you who will withhold it on this occasion! Many of you have shillings and some have pounds to spare;—there is not ONE of you who will withhold them on this occasion! Come forward, then; and what you do, do quickly. Remember he who gives early gives twice!

The monument I would raise to his fame,—the memorial I would leave of our remembrance of him, would be—to save his spirit-broken Widow from despondency, and to raise the drooping heads of his once loved and lovely Offspring. He has often assisted others in similar works of charity—let us pay his kindness back with interest.

Signed, by order of the A. M. C.,

M. WARDLE, P. G. M

KENDAL ANNIVERSARY.

The Nelson Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in this town, held their anniversary meeting on Tuesday, the 12th June, 1832. The members met at their lodge (Mr. Hartley's, Wool Pack inn,) about two o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded from thence in procession to the White Hall Room, preceded by their banner and a band of music. The room had been previously ornamented in a most beautiful manner, the different insignia of the Order were displayed amongst festoons of laurel, and the banner being placed in the centre at the head of the room, gave the whole a most splendid and imposing appear-

ance: On arriving at the White Hall, the members to the number of 120 and upwards sat down to a most excellent dinner, prepared in Mr. and Mrs. Hartley's best style, which did not fail to give general satisfaction. Mr. Daniel Carter presided on the occasion, and Mr. Jos. Robinson officiated as vice-president. "The Council of the Order now assembled at Monmouth, and may their deliberations be for the good of the Order generally."—"The Board of Directors," &c. &c. were drank—The vice-chairman, after dilating at considerable length upon the utility of the society—the good it had effected, and the difficulties it had encountered and overcome—gave the following toast, which was drunk with the usual honours,—“May the tree of Odd Fellowship be planted in the centre of the earth, and its branches extend from pole to pole.” On the healths of the president, the vice-president, Messrs. Wilson, Greenhow, Cranmer, Scott, Lamb, and Vipond, being drank, each individual briefly acknowledged the compliment. Several gentlemen favoured the company with some excellent songs, and the band played a number of exquisite airs during the night, which was spent in the greatest harmony and good fellowship. Indeed it redounds highly to the credit of the members, and speaks volumes for the institution, when we state that it was impossible for a numerous body of individuals like the one we speak of to conduct themselves in a more peaceable, orderly, and becoming manner. After the festivities of the day had closed, the members returned in procession to the lodge room in the same order in which they had left it. We had nearly forgot to mention one important feature in the meeting, which much gratified us—viz: that while enjoying the “good things” of the world, the members did not forget that the blasts of adversity might at some time reach the most prosperous—and death snatch the most healthful of them from the bosom of their families. A benevolent fund for the relief of widows and orphans of deceased members has for some time been kept up by the voluntary donations of the members, and in the midst of their festivities the members did not forget it, but came forward and subscribed liberally towards this charitable and humane institution—a trait in the character of Odd Fellows as honourable to themselves, as it is gratifying to every benevolent mind.—*Abridged from the Kendal Chronicle.*

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER CUP TO HOST TIMPERLEY,

Of the Loyal Rock of Hope Lodge, Manchester.

The above Lodge was opened in April, 1829, and, though unforeseen misfortune appeared to prevent their prospering in their early career, yet they never refused to assist *liberally* any appeal made to their charity. They now consist of nearly 100 good

members. The unanimous feeling is, that a portion of their success is owing to the good conduct, liberal principles, and gentlemanly behaviour, on all occasions, of their respected host. As a body of respectable men, no Lodge can with more confidence boast; and as being actuated by the most friendly feelings towards each other, and strenuously exerting themselves in the good cause of Odd Fellowship, none ever exceeded them. Actuated by the feelings of respect and gratitude to Host Timperley, they unanimously resolved to present him with a handsome Silver Cup, which was furnished by Messrs. Ollivants, of this town, and presented about the 6th of February, 1832, in the following manner:—After the Lodge business was concluded, P. G.'s Hartley and May entered the lodge-room, bearing the cup on a velvet cushion, followed by host Timperley and P. G. Mather, the whole company singing "See the conquering hero comes." After which, facing the G. M.'s chair, P. G. Mather addressed host Timperley to the following purport:—

"Host Timperley,—The gratification I feel, in presenting this token of respect to you, is beyond all precedent. But how much more flattering must it be to your feelings, when I inform you that it is the spontaneous gift of nearly 100 of the officers and members belonging to the Lodge of which you are host, and whose close connexions to you, in their different pursuits, have led them to a knowledge of your worth,—that worth, you will find, they have duly appreciated by the inscription they have ordered to be engraved on this piece of plate."

At the request of P. G. Mather, P. G. Hartley read the inscription, which is as follows:—

"This tribute of respect was presented to Mr. JOSEPH TIMPERLEY, by the Officers and Brothers of the Loyal Rock of Hope Lodge of I. O. F., as a mark of their esteem for his upright, honest, and uniform good conduct whilst in the discharge of his duty as their host.

"We remain, in the bonds of F. L. & T.,

"His very devoted servants,

"THE OFFICERS AND BROTHERS OF THE
LOYAL ROCK OF HOPE LODGE."

"Feb. 6th, 1832."

P. G. Mather then proceeded,—“You hear the encomium passed upon you; and all attempts on my part to say more, would be fruitless, as it is no fulsome adulation, but sincerity and truth. Therefore, in the name and on behalf of the officers and brothers of the Rock of Hope Lodge, allow me to present you with this Silver Cup; and it is the sincere wish of us all, that you, together with your amiable partner, may, through life, enjoy good health, prosperity, and length of years in this transitory abode; and when you go “to that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” may you be received into the realms of everlasting bliss, where the beverage of your celestial chalice may overflow with heavenly nectar.”

Host Timperley then received the Cup, and returned thanks nearly as follows :—" Worthy and respected Officers and Brethren,—For your handsome present this evening, I feel extremely grateful. When I look upon it, I shall always consider it a proof (if proof were wanting) that I am in possession of the good-will of the members of the Rock of Hope Lodge; and if my endeavours hitherto have proved me worthy of this Cup, I shall, hereafter, think it a duty incumbent upon me to do all that time and circumstances will permit, to conduce to the prosperity of this Lodge. I cannot find words adequate to do justice to your liberality, or to my own feelings; but rest assured, in whatever situation I am placed, I shall, through life, entertain the liveliest recollection of your kindness."

The room was crowded to excess, and the ceremony appeared to infuse pleasure into every countenance, which was expressed by the most lively demonstrations of applause. Several appropriate toasts were given, and the company delighted with the harmony of Messrs. F. Pratt, Mather, Ogden, and Baines. The district G. M. Pratt, in wishing the health of the worthy host, that he might live long and enjoy the pleasure of seeing the Lodge and Order prosper, remarked, that shortly after the Lodge was opened, its success did not appear very promising; but that host T., sparing neither expense or trouble, encouraged the few members belonging to it by supplying their pecuniary wants, and promised future support; so that they surmounted all difficulties, cleared all demands, and absolutely contributed liberally to every case of distress that came before them; and he now had the gratification of seeing them, if not the most prosperous, deserving of that prosperity which good feeling and real Odd Fellowship will ultimately procure.—After the Lodge was closed, wit, humour, and harmony irresistably kept the company together until a late hour, when they separated, mutually pleased with the transactions of the evening, and with each other.

T. P.

A SERMON,

*Preached before the Brethren of the King William the Fourth Lodge,
In the Parish Church of OXTON, NOTTS, on the 21st May, 1832.*

BY THE REV. JOHN DOWNALL, M. A.
Curate of Blidworth-cum-Oxton.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."—*Matthew, c. 5, v. 16.*

Though the occasion and circumstances under which these words were spoken by our Lord be different from those which have given rise to this assembly, they yet afford to us abundant

matter for useful remark and appropriate exhortation. They are capable of being particularly applied, with the most beneficial effects, to those classes and voluntary associations of individuals into distinct and separate orders like our own, where men assume a peculiar name and habit of distinction, and where they attract more especially the attention of their fellow-subjects and fellow-brethren

To that honourable and truly benevolent society to which we have the privilege to belong, the words of the text may, therefore, with propriety be applied, since, in reverent accordance with the beneficent spirit of our holy religion, it inculcates upon its members the hallowed precepts and charitable obligations of the Gospel.

Let it no longer be supposed that ours is a brotherhood bound together for the purposes of running on more undisturbed and secretly into every or any excess of riot or immorality ;—let it not be supposed that, in the private retirement of our lodges, we meet together not for the better but for the worse. Let it not be supposed that the peculiarity of our name, or the distinguishing habit of our order, mark us out as a proverb and a reproach among our neighbours. No, my brethren, let us each, by conduct different from all this, teach the world a contrary lesson. Let them learn that we are drawn together, by the cords of love, for higher and nobler purposes. Let them learn that, according to the symbols of our order, under the all-seeing “*Eye*” of the Almighty, when the *Sun* shineth by day, or the *Moon* and *Stars* govern the night, *Friendship*, *Love*, and *Truth* are the seals and bond of our covenant. Let us teach them that the innocence and simplicity of the *Lamb*, and the persevering diligence of the *Bee*, are the tempers and habits we labour to cultivate ; and that, whilst we imitate the *Dove* for its harmlessness, and the *Owl* for its wisdom, our *Hearts* and our *Hands go together* in the relief of every brother in distress, to whatever portion of the *Globe* he may belong, whether he be a stranger or one born in the land. We would, moreover, earnestly remind them of one other obligation we all lie under especially, and which is taught us yet further by the symbol of the *Lamb*, to which I have already alluded,—so to have our conversation among all men,—so to shine forth, in a naughty and rebellious world,—true and steady lights,—as it becomes those who are looking for wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption, through Jesus Christ our Lord—through Him who died for our sakes upon the cross, and an emblem of whose sacrifice we there see exhibited in the *Lamb*, which is represented as bearing the cross upon which the atonement was made for our offences

Let the world then see, and seeing, let them admire the objects and purposes of our honourable Order ; and let us each, by our own well-doing, “put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.” The grounds upon which our venerable institution is

established, secure the approbation of every well-ordered mind; and it demands the active co-operation of all its members in showing forth its good effects upon the morals and manners of mankind. The increased and increasing happiness of our fellow-men is the avowed the real object of our order: it is to make them happier, because it makes them better; and to bind together more strongly the ties and obligations of civil society. Accordingly, its attention is especially directed to the virtues which are necessary for the well-being of our several conditions and stations in life. It consults what is most consistent with the comfort and welfare of the brethren; It provides for the relief, and, therefore, for the peace and happiness of families in distress. Its objects are to make men discreet, humane, and compassionate;—to enable them better to act their parts as members of a civil community, and to perform their duty, whatever it may be, with credit to themselves, and with advantage to others in that state of life in which Providence has placed them. Benevolent in its purposes, diffusive in its exertions, it strives to gladden the heart of man. Its light is spreading itself to far distant climes. Its beams, like the beams of yon glorious sun, are advancing to illumine every land. It is as a city set upon a hill, and the language which it addresses to all its children is that which I address to you this day, my brethren—"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

But in order that our works may thus be seen,—in order that our institution may receive its due and fair proportion of esteem and regard, *we cannot be too careful whom we admit to our fellowship and union.* It becomes, therefore, an especial duty with the several officers and members of our respective lodges to be *most circumspect and wary in the admission of new brethren*; and, upon no pretence whatever,—from no feelings of private friendship,—from no prospect of private advantage or satisfaction, to cause an individual to rank amongst our number whose conduct, either before admission or after his initiation, might give occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully. Our general laws are good, but only if they be used lawfully,—only when they are *attended to and enforced with the greatest exactness and care.* A brother is punishable by those laws, if he be guilty, within any of our lodges, of swearing or intoxication, or any other violation of social and moral propriety. But it is by the *neglect of another law** that any violations exist at all in our Institution. Had the chief officers been as *careful as they are bound to be* in enquiring, by every means, into the character of the persons who were desirous to be

*See Law 50, which enacts expressly that "the N. G. shall be required to ascertain whether the persons are *respectable* or not, either *by causing them to be inspected*, or by any other means he may judge proper."—It is most desirable, for the welfare and respectability of the Order, that this rule be, for the future, more strictly attended to.

admitted, we should never have had reason to complain that any member of this and other lodges, although he may not swear or become intemperate whilst under the eye of his superior officers, will not refrain from doing so at times when he is not within the authority and jurisdiction of his lodge. Had, I say, this rule of ascertaining, *by every means, been strictly attended to*, it would not have been in the power of any man to speak a word to the reproach of Odd-Fellowship, nor should we ourselves have been pained to witness a fellow-creature and a brother, forgetful of every obligation which he owed to himself, to his order, and his God, taking Jehovah's name in vain, or returning to his cups and his intemperance "as the dog returns to his vomit again."

Whilst we regret that in some (though I hope very few instances) such has been the case, it is our duty to be more diligent for the future; in carefully examining the life and conversation of every one who would be admitted to the privileges and distinctions of our order. We must, in the next place, by our advice, by our example, by our unwearied perseverance, do all that in us lies to win back every such wandering brother to the paths of duty, of virtue, and of happiness. And in order that such a one may himself no longer continue estranged from the approbation and esteem of his fellow-men and fellow-brethren,—in order that he may become useful in his generation, and strive to approve himself before God, by the works of a sober, righteous, and godly life, he must bear in mind that the time is short, that the days which remain are only a span's breadth; and that soon he will have to stand before that Judge by whom actions will be tried, and who has solemnly pronounced that no swearer nor drunkard shall gain admittance into His heavenly kingdom.

If we proceed with the prudence and circumspection I have been describing,—if we use our utmost effort to reclaim a wandering brother,—and if we are diligent in the religious conduct and habit of our own lives,—if, with fervent prayer, we seek daily the aid and protection of Him whose Eye observes our ways, and go forth in His strength, to meet the spiritual enemies which surround us,—if, in short, we strive continually to live up to our obligations as Odd-Fellows and as Christians, our light will then shine forth, and our good works will become manifest before all, The tongue of slander will then be silent, and the finger of reproach will no longer be lifted up against us: we shall become more deserving of our own esteem—more worthy of that of our fellow-brethren. Friendship, charity, and harmony will then abound in our lodges, and be strengthened and increased among the brotherhood. Odd-Fellowship will then be desired, not from any idle curiosity to know its mysteries,—not from any vain wish to wear its distinctions,—but it will be sought after for the effects which it produces upon its members,—for the peaceable fruits of righteousness which flow from it, and from those increased and increasing blessings which, I hesitate not to say, will be the

means of shedding, not only on individuals,—on families,—on parishes,—but also on our country; because, if its rules be faithfully attended to, we shall soon behold our brethren in Odd-Fellowship becoming, as they are instructed to be, “the purest of all men,”—better friends,—better husbands and parents and children,—better neighbours,—better subjects..

“Let your light,” then, “so shine before men that they may see your good works.” If this precept of the Gospel be allowed to have reference to all Christians in general, it will doubtless have a more especial reference to those who, like ourselves, are formed into societies for the express purpose of advancing the glory of God in the welfare and happiness of his creatures. You, my brethren in Odd-Fellowship, have voluntarily exposed yourselves to the observation of mankind. Your actions are, in a peculiar manner, submitted to the opinions and open to the remarks of your fellow-subjects. Your behaviour, therefore, will be applauded or censured by all virtuous and discerning persons, and your slightest follies will be misrepresented or aspersed by the ignorant, the envious, the illiberal.

Act, therefore, upon your principles; prove yourselves Odd-Fellows not in name only but also in deed; and then all persons will account you *good men*. Act steadily upon your principles,—on the principles of love to God,—of obedience to Him,—of charity towards all men,—and of a steadfast regard to your present and eternal welfare. Let the means you employ to show forth these principles be *Industry, Truth, and Fidelity*; a constant dependance on the Divine blessing, and fervent and continued prayers, through Christ, for His grace and His assistance.

Then, my brethren, by a uniform consistency of conduct, and a steady perseverance in our order, we shall preserve its dignity unsullied. Each man will then study to know and respect himself, as Nature's first law; convinced, that he who violates it must so far degrade his character as to forfeit all confidence that he will act fairly to another. Each man will be found, not contenting himself with a bare knowledge of a sound system of morality, but he will strive daily to become a living example of it to others. His practice will then tend not only to his own advantage here and for ever, but it will contribute also to the benefit of the brotherhood at large.* Then will the Lord look down upon us from above, with the eye of mercy and of blessing;—then shall our “light break forth as the morning, and our health shall spring forth speedily;—our righteousness shall go before us, and the glory of the Lord shall be our reward.”

[Most sincerely do we thank our rev brother for this admirable discourse,—and most sincerely do we hope, that the chief officers will, in future, be *as careful as they are bound to be*. It is almost all that is wanted.—ED]

*See the Preface to the Laws and Regulations, p. 8,

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

Amusing myself, a few evenings ago, with a perusal of the old series of Magazines, I accidentally cast my eye on the following letter, printed in 1825. I well remember, Sir, the effect it had, and the good it did, at the time. That work is now in the hands of only a few past officers. In all probability, there is not a present presiding officer who ever had an opportunity of seeing it—many, perhaps, who never heard of it. It is my wish, Sir, that this letter should be re-printed in an early number of the present Magazine, for the information and instruction of all those whom it may concern; and I trust that the G. M. of every district will take care that the respective officers are made acquainted with its contents, and see that they act upon its benevolent and praiseworthy suggestions. We meet professedly for the “purpose of spreading the principles of benevolence and charity.” Let us then act upon those principles, and “practice what we preach.” The respect that a brother is bound to pay on entering a lodge is worse than useless, if the party to whom it is paid be not cognizant of the fact, and does not acknowledge its receipt.—But I shall now proceed to transcribe the letter for you :—

“There is one material fault frequent in many lodges which I have visited;—indeed it seems to have become almost a matter of course thing, and unworthy the notice, or unbecoming the dignity of the presiding officer. I mean the inattention of the Noble, generally, to brothers on their first entering the lodge room.

“I have seen brothers enter lodges totally unobserved by either chair—in vain does the eye of the visitor watch for the approving nod or friendly and encouraging smile of the Noble—a thing, too, so easily bestowed and of such great value. Civility costs nothing. I have seen a smile from the benevolent countenance of our worthy G. M. disperse the clouds that had been previously gathered round the brow of many a poor brother, and cheerfulness and benignity assume the place of misfortune and misery.

“True dignity consists in holding the station we are called upon to fill, in such a manner as to induce those around us to forget the importance of the officer in their admiration of the man.

“The happiness and harmony—the soul and body, almost, of a lodge, are in the hands of a Noble. He is the master-spirit; and by his management, our meetings may be made like “angel visits,” or like blue-devil visitations.

“This feeling is strongly marked by the way in which lodges are visited, under different officers. It is not necessary to point them out—the fact must have been observed by every visiting officer and brother in the district.

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In conclusion, Sir, I beg most seriously to call the attention of every N. G. in the connection, to the *necessity* he is under of doing his duty. It is not only necessary that he should be at his post in time, but that he should, by a mild, yet firm fulfilment of the duties of his high office, conciliate the esteem and regard of all around him. Laying aside every species of affectation, pomp, or pride, he ought not only to attend to all their wants, but as the "head of a family," to endeavour to anticipate them.—This feeling, emanating from the chair, would circulate through the society, and produce sensations of the most pleasurable and happy nature.

These somewhat unconnected remarks are, Sir, well-intended. Should they attract attention, and produce amendment, in only one officer in the Independent Order, I shall think myself well paid—and, as I make no doubt you entertain a similar feeling, I calculate on seeing them in your next Magazine.

Yours, in bonds &c.

REVRESBO.

Manchester, May, 1825.

I hope this valuable letter will be read by every present N. G. in the whole Order, and that he will show its contents, by his conduct, to his successor—and so on, until its adoption has become universal. I shall only add, Sir, that he who refuses cannot, in my estimation, have the best interests of the institution at heart.

I am, Sir, yours,

W. G.

June, 1838,

DEATH OF EUCLES.

BY MR. SWAIN, OF MANCHESTER.

The subject is from Plutarch, who describes Eucles rushing from the battle of Marathon to the city as soon as the victory was decided, in a wounded and dying state.

All cloudless gleamed the day,
O'er mountain—vale—and tree;
Where the Persian army proudly lay,
By the wild Ægean sea.
Ten times ten thousand hostile brands,
Flash'd from their dark barbarian hands.

Like leopards, ere they spring,
 The Grecian warriors stood,—
 Like vultures, hovering on the wing,
 Ere they track the gory flood ;
 Each roughly grasped his quivering blade,
 And eager for the signal staid.

“ Helles !—for Helles on !”
 Upon that word, like light,
 Athena’s bravest hearts are gone ;
 And what shall tame their might ?
 Darius’ chains—or Persia’s spears ?
 Away—breathe that to coward ears !

“ Helles !—for Helles on !”
 It was a sound to feel,
 When rush’d the Greeks at Marathon
 Like a cataract of steel ;
 When Datis’ legions, pale with dread,
 Like ruffians fought—like recreants fled.

O, Alale !—bring now
 Your fetters for the brave ;
 Vain boast !—your haughty hosts be low—
 Your ships drink deep the wave ;
 The honour of your arms is stained,
 And Greece—victorious Greece—unchained.

O, Alale !—then rush’d
 Brave Eucles from the fight ;
 While from his heart the warm blood gushed,
 And dizzy grew his sight ;
 With cloven helm—and shiver’d crest—
 Onward the dying warrior prest.

“ Oh, for one moment’s breath !
 One look—ere sight be o’er !
 Oh, to behold—though but in death—
 The home I love once more !
 But once to hear the proud acclaim
 Of victory, and Athena’s name !”

Wounded, and wild, and worn,
 Pale Eucles hurried on ;
 The sire that blest him ere that morn
 Had known not *then* his son :
 The pallid brow—the startling mien—
 Seem’d but the wreck of what had been ;

But, lo ! the gates were past,
 The warrior’s haven won ;
 He saw his own dear home at last—
 His wife—his lovely one.
 Hail—hail—we triumph—Greece is free,
 In triumph, shout for victory !

With eager arms he turned
 To clasp them to his breast ;
 Whilst all the father in him burned,
 And glory wreathed his crest ;
 But back the dying hero fell,
 With triumph in his last farewell.

Still, to the death, he bore
 The Persian standard high,—
 (Won 'mid the battle's fiercest roar,
 When spears were flashing by ;
 When sword 'gainst sword were dash'd in twain,)
 Through the red harvest of the slain.

Oh, War, upon thy shrike
 How many hearts are piled !
 How many orphan-homes are thine,
 Dark graves and mourners wild !
 How many *hopes* hath thy dread name
 Struck *blind*—as with the lightning's flame !

ON THE MOTTO OF THE ORDER.

*Written by Brother WILLIAM WALLEY, Secretary to the MORNING STAR
 Lodge, Macclesfield.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Come, Brothers united in friendship's pure bands,
 With a heart full of joy, let us join hand and hands ;
 And mutual assistance to each other give,
 Not fearing to die through the way that we live,

LOVE.

In life's rugged path, as we journey along,
 Oh, succour your neighbour, nor do him a wrong ;
 But as yourself love him, that you may be blest
 In the world that's to come—in this one caress'd,

TRUTH.

In all your just dealings betwixt man and man,
 Let Truth be your standard—your guide—your best plan ;
 For the basis of Truth is built on a rock,
 Which falsehood can't shake—nor calumny shock.

CONCLUSION.

Then Brothers be steadfast and heartily join
 These attributes three of the essence divine ;
 For when they're united they'll always remain
 Your monitor true, be it sunshine or rain.

BIRTHS.

SINCE OUR LAST.

The wife of n g W Kersey, of the Albion lodge, Aylesbury, of a daughter.

The wife of brother Thomas Bradford, of the said lodge, of a daughter.

The wife of brother Robert Ward, of the said lodge, of a daughter.

The wife of brother Thomas Wordman, of the said lodge, of a son.

The wife of brother J. Prince, secretary to the Stranger's Refuge lodge, Liverpool, of a son and heir.

The wife of brother David Griffiths, of the Stranger's Refuge lodge, Liverpool, of a daughter.

November 26th, 1831, the wife of p g Morley, of the Saint Olave's lodge, London, of a son.

December 25th, 1831, the wife of James Thompson, D G M of the Stockport district, of a son and heir.

January 13th, 1832, the wife of p Slater, of the Saint Olave's lodge, London, of a daughter.

February 1st, 1832, the wife of Thomas Lester, host of the Earl of Lichfield lodge, Alrewas, of a daughter.

February 21st, 1832, the wife of p prov g m John Wayte, of the Earl of Chesterfield lodge, Midway, of a daughter.

April 6th, 1832, the wife of brother James Nest, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, of a daughter.

April 22nd, 1832, the wife of p g Frederick Colwell, of the Clarence lodge, Lewis, of a son.

May 14th, 1832, the wife of p g Dodd, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, of a daughter.

May 19th, 1832, the wife of p g Magee, of the Earl of Lichfield lodge, Alrewas, of a daughter.

May 21st, 1832, the wife of n g Shortars, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkinston, of a son.

December 26th, 1831, Hannah, the wife of g m Wilde, Hull district, of a son.

February 7th, 1832, Elizabeth, the wife of d g m Mearns, Hull district, of a son.

February 20th, the wife of p g James Duckworth, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford, of a daughter.

February 14th, the wife of host Derbeshire, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford, of a son.

February 23rd, the wife of n g Lambert, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 5th, 1832, brother William Clay, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, to Miss Esther Williams, of Maisemore.

April 12th, 1832, Samuel Cooper, host of the Duke of Clarence lodge, Measham, to Hannah, only daughter of Mr. William Hutchinson, of the same place.

May 7th, 1832, at Pottery Church, near Devizes, by the Rev George Edmonstone, p g John Wibbee, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Samuel Coleman, of the same place.

May 15th, 1832, at Roud, near Devizes, Adam Rawlings, w g of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, to Mrs Charity Mandy, of the same place.

May 27th, 1832, William Skearigton, p v of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkinston, to Ruth, daughter of Mr Joseph Blunt, of the same place.

Henry Bake, v g of the Wellington lodge, Manchester, to Miss Flint, youngest daughter of—Flint, Esq, Surgeon, of Buxton.

May 19th, p g Shoesmith, of the Saint Peter's lodge, Emanuels Heights, to Miss Elizabeth Mitchel, of Cullingworth.

On Tuesday, the 17th of April, at Saint Philip's, Liverpool, brother William Singleton, surgeon, of the Nelson lodge, Kendal, to Jane, second daughter of the late Mr John Weeks, of Liverpool.

June 25th, 1832, Peter Taylor, p s of the Saint John lodge, Salford, to Mrs Smith, daughter of Mrs Butterworth, hostess of the said lodge.

Brother John Bostock, of the Stranger's Refuge lodge, Liverpool, to Miss Ellen Martin, of the same place.

DEATHS.

November 28th, 1831, p g Pyemont, of the Brunswick lodge, Brighton, a worthy and respected member of society. His funeral was conducted and followed by his brother Odd Fellows. He has left a wife and nine children to deplore his loss, in indigent circumstances.

Brother John Turnbull, of the Saint Peter's lodge, Chirk. His remains were followed to the grave by upwards of one hundred members of his lodge.

January 1st, 1832, John, son of a g Albut, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Leicester, aged 5 months.

February 13th, 1832, Charlotte, daughter of brother Charlesworth, of the Saint George lodge, Leicester, aged 16 months.

" 15th Ann, the daughter of George Graham, p g of the Brougham and Vaux lodge, Wakefield.

March 6th, 1832, p prov g in Joseph Wilkinson, of the Saint Olaves lodge, London, much respected by all who knew him.

" 10th, William Whittaker, of the England's Glory lodge, and p c s of the Middleton district; a man greatly respected by his lodge and district.

" 14th, brother Robert Booth, of the Nelson lodge, Manchester.

" 13th, brother Isaiah Dews, host of the Yorkshire Cathedral lodge, Babes in the Wood Inn, Soothell.

" 12th, p g Lawrence Moore, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester.

March 12th, much and deservedly respected, p g Dalton, host of the Marquis of Anglesea lodge, Burton-upon-Trent, after a few days' painful illness.

" 14th, brother Fearnley, of the Devonshire lodge, Salford.

" 15th, brother Samuel Hague, of the Victory lodge, Manchester.

" 19th, brother Jesse Land, of the West Riding lodge, Ossett. His remains were interred on the general fast day, and attended by a vast concourse of members from various lodges in the neighbourhood.

" 22nd, aged 13, John Ogden, son of p v Ogden, of the Earl of Oxford lodge, Manchester. His death was occasioned by the bursting of a steam-boiler, and his loss is keenly felt and deeply lamented.

" 24th, brother William Walker, of the Social Design lodge, Manchester.

" 26th, brother Robert Law, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester.

April 5th, 1832, John Chesterton Beard, son of p g Beard, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, aged 7 months.

" 3d, p g Bearman, c s of the Brighton district, to whom every tribute of respect was shown. The funeral was under the sole guidance and at the expense of the lodge. He has left a widow to deplore his loss.

" 11th, brother John Makenzie, aged 40, of the victory lodge, Hull.

" 11th, brother Thomas Green, of the Britannia lodge, Eccles.

" 16th, Catharine, daughter of n g Albutt, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Leicester, aged 2 years and 2 months.

" 19th, brother Adin Wright, of the Prince Llewellyn lodge, Manchester.

" 22d, brother Thomas Ball, of the Earl of Oxford lodge, Manchester.

" 25th, brother John Bell, of the Clarence lodge, Salford.

" 29th, William Baglin, secretary of the Noah's Ark lodge, Stonehouse. His loss will long be felt by the members of his lodge.

" 30th, p g William Duncan, of the Saint Peter lodge, Manchester.

May 4th, 1832, brother James Gregory, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford.

" 2nd, the wife of brother James Turner, of the Brunswick lodge, Brighton.

" 3d, brother George Bowls, of the same lodge, after a long and protracted illness.

" 9th, John Gunson, infant son of Wm. Gunson, p g m of the West Riding lodge, Ossett. He was accidentally run over by a cart laden with stones, and killed on the spot, thus plunging our well-beloved brother and his amiable and interesting partner into the greatest agony of mind, and all the advice and condolence which their friends could give has not been able to remove it.

" A more lovely boy the sun ne'er saw ;"

and the dawning of a bright and intelligent genius was just beginning to be remarkably conspicuous in every action of his life. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body, and a verdict of "accidental death" returned.

" 21st, brother Thomas Brierley, of the Queen Elizabeth lodge, Stockport.

" 24th, brother Thomas Heights, of the Rock of Hope, Manchester.

" 26th, much and deservedly respected, p g Richard Ball, of the Earl of Oxford lodge, Manchester. His remains were followed to the grave by upwards of 340 members of the Manchester district. By the death of p g Ball, the I. O. has lost one of its most zealous and warm-hearted advocates.

On Thursday evening, May 31st, 1832, after a severely protracted illness, p prov g m John Renie, of the Waterloo lodge, Monmouth, aged 32, leaving a disconsolate widow and four orphan children to bewail their irreparable loss. Throughout the whole of his sufferings he evinced the most pious resignation and patience; and he has departed this life with the general sympathy of all who knew him. He was a man of extraordinary natural abilities, and was impressed with the highest and most romantic enthusiasm for rational liberty. His mind remained nearly unimpaired in vigour to the last, and his conversation, up to the day of his death, was interesting and instructive. Let it not be supposed that he neglected the most important business of all mankind—preparation for the change from this to "another and a better world." During his illness, he was almost daily attended by the Rev. Mr. Jewell, Wesleyan minister, with whom he invariably engaged in pious discourse for some time. Let us hope a merciful God has forgiven the frailties to which he, in common with all mortals, was subject, and that his soul has vacated its clayey tenement to live "in realms of eternal day." In the hour of death, and in the day of sickness, how soothing it is to have the unremitting attention of our nearest natural friends. These Mr. Renie was blessed with in a superlative degree; and the hearts of his bereaved family are buoyed up in this trying hour by the consciousness of their having used all human means to mitigate the anguish of his tedious and fatal sickness—(*Abridged from the Monmouthshire Merlin*).

June 1st, 1832, brother Robert Lowe, of the Apollo lodge, Manchester.

" 2nd, p g Benjamin Barlow, of the Mercury lodge, Pendleton.

" 6th, brother James Cardwell, of the Social Design lodge, Manchester.

" 18th, brother Peter Isherwood, of the Rock of Horeb lodge, Manchester.

" 18th, brother Joseph Kitchen, of the Stranger's Refuge lodge, Liverpool.

At Liverpool, p g John Jackson, of the Duke of York lodge, Preston.

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THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1832.

WHOLE SOME FOOD.

LINNÆUS, the great naturalist, had a most exalted opinion of the efficacy of strawberries especially, in purifying the blood, as appears by the following extract from his life, written by Stoecker:—

"All his appetite being gone, he one day took it into his head to refresh himself with strawberries; he ate them, fell asleep, desired more of that fruit to be given him, and two days after rose from his bed entirely restored to health and vigour. In the course of the following summer he was again troubled with a relapse. He came to the palace with a pale and distorted countenance. The Queen Dowager asked him if he wanted any thing. "A pottle of strawberries," answered he. The strawberries were brought him; and the next day her Majesty saw him full of spirits and perfectly recovered in her museum of natural curiosities. Three years afterwards Linnæus had again several fits of the gout, but they were much weaker than formerly, and he always conquered their virulence with strawberries. He ate them every summer; they purified his blood, rendered his complexion more florid, and banished the gout for ever from his frame."

Nothing can be more mischievous to the invalid than large quantities of apples, pears, and plums, in the form of dessert, after the stomach has been already loaded, and its good nature taxed to its utmost, by its epicurean master. But when taken under other circumstances they contribute to health, and appear to be providentially sent at a season when the body requires that cooling and antiseptic aliment which they are so well calculated to afford.

By cookery, fruit (otherwise unwholesome) may be converted into a safe and useful aliment. Apples, when baked, afford a very pleasant repast, and from their laxative properties are well adapted to certain cases of dyspepsia.

Peas form a wholesome and light food when green and young, but when full grown and dry they are very indigestible.

Amongst the farinaceous aliments the potato holds a distinguished rank, but its digestibility greatly depends upon its kind, and the nature of the cook-

ery to which it is subjected. That species known by the name of the *waxy* potato should be shunned by the dyspeptic, for it is so indigestible as to pass through the intestines in an unaltered state. The mealy potato, on the other hand, readily yields to the powers of the stomach, and affords a healthy nutriment. In some respects it supplies the place of bread, and should therefore be eaten with freedom whenever our food is concentrated. * * *

When boiled, care should be taken that they are not overdone, for in such a case they are deprived of their nutritious qualities.

Fish has been generally considered as holding a middle rank between the flesh of warm-blooded animals and vegetable food. It is certain that it is less nutritive than mutton or beef, but the health and vigour of the inhabitants of fishing towns evidently prove that it is sufficiently nourishing for all the purposes of active life.

PALESTINE.—The following masterly view of the impression made on the mind of a Christian visiting the Holy Land is from the pen of Chateaubriand. Extraordinary appearances (says he) every where proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig-tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery—every grotto announces a prediction—every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the grave. The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to interrupt the silence since it heard the awful voice of the ETERNAL.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF A THUNDER-BOLT.—During a severe thunder storm the chimney of a house in the village of Templand, parish of Lochmaben, was struck by lightning, and split, seamed, and shattered, as well as the gable, in a singular manner. The shock was as instantaneous as the report of a pistol, and as rapidly the whole dwelling was convulsed from end to end, and filled with a dense cloud of smoke to the terror of the inmates, who expected every moment that it would tumble about their ears. Though nothing could be seen, the furniture moved as if suddenly bewitched or endowed with the power of locomotion: the dresser, drawers, and the cupboard-door, opened unbidden, and strewed their contents on the floor; and what is more strange, a girl, resting on two chairs, was pushed from the bedside to the centre of the house, without being harmed. The doors of the wooden beds were also thrown open, and in one of them, where a child happened to be at rest, the pillow was conjured from the head it supported, and thrown on the floor, while the slumberer remained in the same position, free from harm, and unconscious of danger. The top of an eight day clock was blown off, and the case otherwise injured, but when restored to the perpendicular, the pendulum resumed its duty, and went on ticking as if nothing had happened. In

descending the vent the lightning had diverged into various subtle branches, perhaps from coming in contact with the pot-crook. One of these struck the right jamb, rebounded, pierced the wall, and killed a milk cow in a byre behind. Another portion ran along the wall, found its way out, and killed a poor swine (the only one in the sty,) in an opposite direction. In its passage it touched the foot of a boy, and with the subtilty of air or light, seems to have glided between his shoe and the sole of his foot. On the left the lightning also struck the jam, where the girl was seated with a dog, whose head rested on her knees; other persons were at hand; yet though the first dog, and another lying about a yard beyond, were both struck dead, no fewer than nine human beings escaped unscathed, though placed in the very centre of the fatal element. The girl was stupified, and rendered insensible for a few minutes, but she speedily recovered, and is now as well as ever. Of 24 panes of glass in the kitchen window, not one remained, and the apartment, when the smoke cleared away, was completely metamorphosed by the shifting of the furniture.

TRUE CHARITY.—Persons of all ranks of life have some time at their disposal which they can devote to the care of the poor and the sick, who may happen to come within their observation; and even children have it in their power to do a great deal of good in this way. Not, as I see, some young people—and, indeed, some old people, too, who run away with the idea that charity means the giving away of something which they can conveniently spare. It is very well for these who sit on sofas, in warm rooms, and ride, wrapped up in furs, in comfortable carriages, and who sleep on beds of down, to send food, and fuel, and blankets, to a poor starving family in their neighbourhood: but, in so doing, they do no more than their bare duty; and they claim no sort of merit, because they deny themselves nothing. Nor do I think those really charitably who go always provided with halfpence to throw to beggars from a carriage window, —and who, after this exertion of charitable feeling, sink back into their corner, retaining, for a few seconds, the expression of horror and disgust produced by the sight of the poor diseased object, who is left searching in the mud or the dust for that which is to buy him a morsel of bread. A carriage can be stopped, and a servant sent to carry and deliver the donation: for, depend upon it, there is no creature with sensibilities so blunted by misfortune whose feelings will not be more alive to the manner in which relief is conveyed to him, than to the measure of the relief itself.

NOVEL READING.—If the circumstances be such, and the taste also such as to cause the hours of recreation to be passed in reading, let me implore the learner of grammar not to waste his time and degrade his mind by the reading of what are called novels—the general run of which are not only of no use, but must do harm to the minds of young people. They

are the gin and whiskey of literature: they besot, without enlivening, the mind; they are adapted to the most vulgar natures; and if applied to those of a different description, they soon make them vulgar. As to the morals which they affect to teach, is there any one chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon, which is not, in this respect, worth more than all the novels and romances that ever appeared in the world, since the art of printing was discovered?

THE FLOWERS OF LABOUR.—It is the gardens of the labourers that are the great ornament of the country. "I went," says Solomon (Prov. ch. 24), "by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding: and, lo! it was grown all over with thorn, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction." There are fewer of the labourers of England than of any people in the world who expose themselves to this just reproach. However poor, however mean their houses, however burdened with family, however pressed by want, it is rare, indeed, to see them without a garden well stocked and in neat order, and even ornamented with flowers: a thing so beautiful, so interesting, of such incalculable good in the way of moral influence, as well as in that of promoting health, that no combination of words can express the commendation due to those from whose taste and industry it arises.

ELOQUENCE IN CLARET.—In the debate about the prosecution of Lord Treasurer Danby in 1679, we are told of a very peculiar speech spoken by the Earl of CARRARON, a Peer who is said never to have spoken before in the House, who, having been heated with wine, and excited to display his abilities by the Duke of BUCKINGHAM (who meant no favour to the Treasurer but only ridicule) was resolved, before he went up, to speak upon any subject that should offer. Accordingly, he stood up, and delivered himself thus:—My Lords—I understand but little Latin, but a good deal of English, and not a little of English history, from which I have learned the mischiefs of such kinds of persecutions as these, and the ill fate of the persecutors. I could bring many instances, and those very ancient. But, my Lords, I shall go no farther back than the latter end of Queen ELIZABETH's reign, at which time the Earl of ESSEX was run down by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and your Lordships know very well what became of Sir W. RALEIGH. My Lord BACON he ran down Sir W. RALEIGH, and your Lordships know what became of my Lord BACON. The Duke of BUCKINGHAM, he ran down my Lord BACON, and your Lordships know what happened to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM. Sir THOS. WENTWORTH, afterwards Earl of STRAFFORD, he ran down the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and you all know what became of him, Sir HARRY VANE, he ran down the Earl

of STRAFFORD, and your Lordships know what became of Sir HARRY VANE. Chancellor HYDE, he ran down Sir HARRY VANE, and your Lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir THOMAS OSBORNE, now Earl DANBY, ran down Chancellor HYDE, but what will become of the Earl of DANBY your Lordships best can tell. But let me see the man that dare run down the Earl of DANBY, and we shall soon see what will become of him!" This being pronounced with a remarkable humour and tone, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, both surprised and disappointed, after his way, cried out "The man's inspired! and claret has done the business."

THE DISADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE,

OR THE DICTIONARY AT FAULT!

BY W. T. MONCRIEF, ESQ.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," says Pope, and a great deal of learning is very often found to be a very troublesome thing: I was never more convinced of this truth, than I was the other day, when, whilst waiting in the coach-office of the *White Bear*, Piccadilly, to take a place in the Dover coach, I overheard a conversation that convinced me that a man might become a foreigner in his own country, more easily than a native in any other; and, by too intimate an acquaintance with the Dictionary, render himself more unintelligible to the multitude, than if he were entirely ignorant of it. The interlocutors, in this instance, were a short fussy gentleman (who looked like a duodecimo edition of Dilworth), and a thick, heavy, carrotty-polled countryman, a porter, whose arrival, with a large trunk, the gentleman had been apparently waiting with much impatience.

"Dilatory fellow!" said the lexigrapher (for such, by his conversation he evidently was), "where have you been loitering, defalcating in your time so egregiously?"

"What did you say, measter?" replied the countryman.

Lexi. Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

Coun. Na, he wur an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock!

Lexi. Hum! and so you procrastinated with him, eh?

Coun. Na, I didn't; I went to the "Goat in Boots" wi' him.

Lexi. Ah, had your dinner in the interim?

Coun. Na, we had it in the tap-room!

Lexi. Blockhead!—the terms are synonymous.

Coun. Are they?—I thought 'em very dear;—tenpence for eggs and bacon!

Lexi. Confound the fellow!—how does this amalgamate?

Coun. Oh, I never stopped for that.

Lexi. Ah! totally abstracted from the consequences,—fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say.

Coun. Na, I didn't—I fell into a ditch though;—ale were so strong!

Lexi. And came out covered with chagrin?

Coun. Na, but there wur plenty o' mud!

Lexi. Impervious dolt! Chagrin, I said.

Coun. *Green!*—oh, I know now; we call it chickweed in our parts.

Lexi. I shall lose all patience;—you were born incorrigible!

Coun. Na, I wern't;—I wur born in Yorkshire, —High-street, Wakefield.

Lexi. Again mistaking!—do you never deviate?

Coun. Na, I only goes out portering,

Lexi. You want common ratiocination, fellow!

Coun. Na, I don't;—I only want you to settle my account—one-and-eight-pence;—that can't be dear,—such a load as this!

Lexi. I am foiled with my own weapons. Can you not discriminate even in a common case?

Coun. Na, can't take any less;—it's more nor three mile, and case, as you call it, be heavy.

Lexi. I must succumb;—there is your money, fellow!—go your ways, and, let me thank Heaven, I am released from the purgatory of your obtusity!

Coun. I will, sir; but you be welcome to it, I can assure you; and any other time, I shall be happy to serve you in the same way again, 'cause I sees we understand one another, and there an't not any mistakes; and so, sir, as you have settled wi'me, I'll go and get a drop o' summat short.

ALLIGATOR HUNT AT MANILA.—MANILA, OCT. 14.—The kindness of a friend enables us to publish an account of the capture of an enormous alligator at Jala-jala by a Foreign Resident at Manila, in the following Extract of a Letter from that place:—"I hunted deer with much success, besides frightening wild boars, and bringing down snipe by the dozen in the morning before breakfast; but my feat extraordinary, on which I found my claims to admiration in the eyes of posterity, was killing an alligator, which has been the scourge of a village for one or two years past, taking off cows and horses without making any inquiry for the owner, and, in one instance, marching off with an Indian, who attempted to argue with him while crossing a river. As an alligator had never been taken at Jala-jala (the place where I was residing), and my host had never seen one of any considerable size, I readily engaged him in the enterprise; and, hearing that the alligator had killed a fine horse, and taken him into a small river, we proceeded to the spot on the other side of the planta-

tion, and placed very strong nets, three deep, across the mouth of the stream. We then sent Indians, in boats, to drive him from his lurking place at the bottom of the river, which they did with long poles, and a battle commenced according to the most approved system of modern tactics. His first movement was to make for the lake; but finding the entrance closed, he ascended the river, and being repeatedly driven down endeavoured to escape by land. I gave him his first wound, just behind the fore leg, as he came out of the river within a few feet of me; and immediately after two more balls in the neck (if he can be said to have a neck) and body. Being driven back on my side, he made for the other, where my companion received him with two more balls. He then rushed to the mouth of the river, forced his way through two of the nets—but got entangled, and a most active warfare commenced with guns and lances, during which he showed himself true game, and managed his tail and teeth with amazing grace and agility. His movements were somewhat impeded, however, by having dined on nearly the whole of a horse, three entire legs of which we found in him, besides a quantity of stones, some of them weighing several pounds. We finally managed, with the assistance of every man, woman, and child that could be mustered, to drag him on shore, and despatched him with spears and bullets. He measured 20 feet in length, and 11 in circumference. The head weighed 275 lbs., and we estimated his entire weight at nearly 3,000 lbs.—*London Paper*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

On the evening of the 29th May, 1832, a Medal was presented to P. G. Edward Wynne, of the Shakespeare Lodge, by the officers and brothers of the Good Samaritan Lodge, for the valuable services which he had rendered that young Society. During the presentation of this Medal a scene of considerable interest was excited amongst the young members, and on which occasion G. M. Gray was pleased to say, that he felt great pleasure in presenting so valuable a token of respect to so worthy a man; for I have, continued he, known you ever since I belonged to the Order, and, perhaps, you may consider that I flatter you when I say, that I have often observed your remarks on Odd Fellowship, and I have often followed your observations which I have generally found to be correct. I must again say, that I feel great pleasure in having the honour of presenting you with this Medal, because I am certain you will not be like some P. Gs., who, as soon as they obtain a similar present, consider all their labour done. I am convinced you will continue your services to

the Lodge for a long time to come, if health will permit you, and you will long continue to respect them for the honour which they have conferred upon you. Permit me to place it where it will give satisfaction to both the members of the Lodge, and also to yourself. This caused a unanimous burst of generous feeling towards the object of their patronage, and joy was visible in the countenance of every member at thus seeing a good man receive the reward which his assiduity to the Society so well merited. After the members had expressed their approbation of this short address, all appeared anxious to hear P. G. Wynne, who seemed as if he could not receive this mark of esteem without shewing considerable emotion. After a short pause he proceeded as follows :—In rising to return thanks to the officers and brothers who have come forward so handsomely, I know not which way to express my gratitude ; nay the pleasure I must feel in accepting this present, (for I am not aware that my services are deserving of such a reward,) and I think I can safely say that I have done no more than my duty since I have been with you. I may further say, that when I first saw this house I felt convinced that a Lodge would do well, if once established, and under this impression I, and several friends, endeavoured to get one established, but we failed the first time, but another opportunity occurred which enabled us to succeed ; and which, no doubt, will give satisfaction to every well-wisher of the Society. I am certain our host did not become an Odd Fellow with a view of getting a Lodge ; but since it has been established I am certain that no young Lodge has done better in so short a period—it is only nine months since this Lodge first opened with about ten members, and there are now upwards of forty, and a good fund, with all the present regalia paid for, so I think it will bear me out in saying, no young Lodge has done better. I could say a deal more, but my feelings will not permit me at this time ; therefore, I hope you will allow me to say, that I return you my sincere and hearty thanks for your kindness towards me, and permit me to drink your very good healths, wives, families, and connections.

Tremendous applause followed these remarks, and I felt convinced that both the giver and receiver were highly gratified,

I remain, Sir,

Yours, respectfully,

W. ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

Salford, August 13th, 1832.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. F. MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

I sincerely hope that I am not asking a greater indulgence at your hands than is possible to be granted, when I beg most humbly the favour of a page in our Magazine, to express my deep regret at the loss* of my very valued and ever to be lamented friend and brother, P. G. M. JOHN RENIE, of the Waterloo lodge, Monmouth, and whose qualities are too well known in our Order to require any eulogium from me, particularly on that head; but knowing him as I did in private life, as well as public, to have been a kind and affectionate husband, a tender and doating father, an entertaining companion, and a sincere friend, calls forth expressions which are too inadequate to compete with my feelings; but when the distressing event was communicated to me by P. G. BENSON, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester, I could not help exclaiming, "Good God! what must be the distress of his unhappy Widow and Fatherless Children? Oh! what must be their feelings, and those of his innumerable friends? So meek, so kind, so gentle, and so universally beloved. I shut myself up in my chamber, and this was my Soliloquy—He's gone! he's wing'd his way to Heaven! Yet, methinks, I still behold him busied with all his wonted energy in the cause of our Magnanimous† Establishment, methinks I hear him exclaim, "Shut not thine ear against the cries of the poor, neither harden thine heart against the calamities of the innocent; but when the Widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow, Oh! pity her afflictions, and extend thy hand to alleviate her woe."—Such magnanimity of soul did my friend and brother RENIE possess—his philanthropy endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance—

"His mind, how firm, with sacred knowledge fraught,
Endow'd with all the boundless power of thought."

Oh! that I had words of heaven breath'd accent to pour forth the inestimable value of his existence to Society in general, (but more particularly to his dear and affectionate Wife and Children;) yet, alas! it has pleased God to widow that Wife, and make fatherless her unhappy Babes—but, oh! Celestial Power, 'tis thou alone canst heal the sorrow-stricken soul, and pour the balm of comfort and resignation into the wounded heart, and teach Obe-

* The melancholy news reached me too late for our last.

† And why is our Establishment magnanimous? the undiscerning will ask—Because its principal Pillar is *Charity*! and the Members of our Firm are composed of such material as to be found even (however odd they may appear) with all who dare boast of possessing that great and glorious quality; but men of little minds and poorness of soul cannot be roused to acts of Benevolence.

dience to thy Omnipotent will ; and grant us, oh ! great Ruler of the Universe, thy humble creatures, the means at all times of ministering to each other those earthly comforts which the casualties of this life may place us under.

IMAGINATION.

Farewell, dear Wife, and Children kind,
My Brothers. Friends, adieu ;
I go to rest, and hope to find
A resting place for you.

EPITAPH.

He's gone ! the awful moment's past,
(Tho' in this world so odd !)
And that account which comes at last,
Made *even* with his God.

J. ALFORD.

Loyal Bristol City Lodge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The work of Odd Fellowship is going on rapidly in this town and neighbourhood. The haven of it has been laid some time, and now it begins to rise with force—may it rise and spread until the blessed principles it propagates be known from pole to pole, and that all men may have a knowledge of its benefits.—Sir, we have had the great pleasure to open three new lodges in the short space of two months. The opening of one of them took place on Tuesday, the 31st July, at the house of Host Robertson, sign of Bishop Blaize, Middle Hillgate, Stockport, called the Loyal Victory lodge, No. 625—the room having been built expressly for the purpose—we entered the same about seven o'clock in the evening, when the principal chairs were taken by the district officers, who immediately commenced the opening of the new lodge, which was conducted in that grand and solemn manner so important an act requires, the same being strictly attended to, and the number present at this time was upwards of 200, and yet the utmost silence prevailed. The officers elect were then conducted to their respective chairs, who immediately commenced their duty in the new lodge, and appeared to act their part with great ease and comfort. The business of the lodge being concluded, the greatest zest was given to the pleasures of the night, by the introduction of some very excellent catches and glees, together with a number of excellent toasts and sentiments, of sterling merit. May this be only the beginning, and

may the end prove that by the introduction of the precepts of Odd Fellows amongst mankind, they have contributed largely towards bringing about that greatly desired object, the Millenium of Peace amongst men—that this may be the case is the desire of your faithful and humble servant,

W. B.

Churchgate, August 17th, 1832,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

In looking over some old papers, a few days ago, I accidentally found the following Lines—They seem to have been written on the occasion of some Anniversary, when it is customary, you know, to admit our “Wives and Sweethearts,” as well as Strangers. I have shewn them to several of our old past officers, who all say they have never seen them before, nor heard them delivered at any of our meetings, so that, however they may have originated, they will possess the attraction of “something new,” and are not, I think, unworthy of a page in the Magazine.—I do not profess, Sir, to be a judge in these things,—“the gods have” not “made me poetical”—but if the writer be not a Poet, his heart is in the right place, and he seems to be “every inch” an Odd Fellow. Their insertion will please all those to whom I have shewn them, and oblige,

Dear Sir and Brother, Yours,

W. P.

St. John Lodge, Aug. 1832.

ADDRESS.

Tho' Slander follow wheresoe'er I go,
And vilify an Order she does not know;
Undaunted (Guilt alone has cause to fear)
Cloth'd with this honor'd Badge I now appear,
Owning myself an Odd Fellow—at the name
No guilty redness dyes my cheek with shame!
Let slander follow, I her darts defy,
And laugh at sneering folly's oft told lie.
But what our Order teaches I will shew,
The lessons you must love when once you know:
It always bids us humbly to adore
Th' Almighty Architect, by whose great power

The Universe was made. To his decree
 (Which wisdom ever guides) resign'd to be;
 It makes us zealous in our country's cause,
 True to its Prince, obedient to its laws.
 For ever prompts us with the strictest care,
 To act with all the world upon the square !
 Never to publish a frail Neighbour's shame,
 Or filch away a Brother's honest name ;
 To be sincere : his secrets ne'er reveal,
 And him to serve with fervency and zeal.
 With true philanthropy it warms our breast,
 With prudent zeal to succour the distress !
 Mercy to shew whene'er we have the power,
 And to the houseless stranger ope the door ;
 The naked with warm vestments to enfold,
 And guard the shiv'ring wanderer from cold,
 To feed the hungry, bid them eat and live,
 And to the thirsty lips the cup to give ;
 To visit wretches tortur'd with disease,
 Make smooth their bed and pour the balm of ease ;
 The Widow's plaint, the Orphan's cry we hear,
 And from their eyes wipe off affliction's tear.
 To know each office and each tender tie
 Of soft-ey'd—Heaven descended—Charity.
 Upright it bids us walk—to put a rein
 On sensual appetite and all pride restrain.
 It roots out narrow notions from the mind,
 And plants a generous love of all mankind :
 Regards not modes of Faith : but cries, unite
 With all who walk by the nice rule of Right.
 All have one Father : all good men and true,
 In different roads the same great end pursue.
 When to the Lodge we go—that happy place,
 There faithful Friendship smiles in every face ;
 What tho' our Joys are hid from public view,
 They on reflection please and must be true ;
 The Lodge, the social virtues fondly love,
 There wisdom's rules we trace and so improve ;
 While sceptred reason, on her steady throne,
 Well pleas'd surveys us all and makes us one ;
 There order and decorum bear the sway,
 And moral music tunes th' instructive lay :
 There on a pleasing level all appear,

And Merit only is distinguish'd there ;
 Fraternal Love and Friendship there increase,
 And decent freedom reigns and lasting peace ;—
 Secrets we have—and those we gladly shew
 To worthy persons who apply to know.
 Be not offended, lovely, beauteous fair,
 That you our secret rites excluded are ;
 'Tis not because we think you would disclose
 Whate'er within your breasts we might repose,
 But we're afraid (and sure our fears are true)
 Were you admitted Love would enter too ;
 Jealousy might then our hearts enflame,
 And to a Rival's turn a Brother's name,
 Break all our bonds, annihilate our Joy,
 And soon our Ancient Order quite destroy !
 Be not offended ! we your Sex adore,
 And pay true homage to your sovereign pow'r,
 Thus I the lessons we are taught have shewn,
 Which surely must be lov'd as soon as known ;
 If e'er from these our footsteps chance to slip,
 Censure the Men, blame not Odd Fellowship :
 We do not blame, when Christians go astray,
 The light that came from Heav'n to shew the way.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

If the following lines possess sufficient merit to appear in the Magazine, you are at liberty to insert them.

Please to accept my thanks for your pithy and able appeal "to every Officer and Brother" in behalf of Mrs Renie and children, and may you long live "to plead for the widow" ; in this case the munificence of Odd Fellows will surely prove abundantly responsive.—I regret that I have not my "pounds" for the good cause, but assure you with pleasure that on your petition being read in the Mount Gilead Lodge, we immediately set to work and gave our District an example, which I know they will feel proud to imitate ; I have nothing more to add, but my respects towards yourself and the fraternity in Manchester, and believe, my Dear Sir, that I remain,

Most truly and respectfully, yours,

JOHN ELSOM.

L I N E S

*Written on the Death of P. P. G. M. RENIE, late of the Waterloo
Lodge, Monmouth.*

Alas what woe ! now is my friend no more, Oh Death !
More harshly does thy office jar, thus to despoil his breath,
Whose tongue with strains of love sincere, instructively did stream,
Ah Renie ! friendship was thy care, the eclat of thy theme.

Dissevered then, thy generous spirit hath for ever fled,
In lasting night thy active frame, lies numbered with the dead ;
To thy devoted soul be peace, whilst myriads shall henceforth,
Perpetually revere thy name, and eulogise thy worth.

The tide of life so soon hath ebb'd, with thee so quickly gone,
The past a prelude merely seems, of what might yet been done ;
Unwearied, thy expansive mind, a source of good possessed,
Which promised much, though much extant, already is confest.

Dread contemplation fills the mind, the rising sigh we feel,
To thee, the mournful tribute give, who sought the general weal ;
Though premature thy death appears, amongst the brethren Odd—
Fellowship, the event speaks loud, " Prepare to meet thy God !"

" Shall not the judge of all the earth do right ?"

Yes, and mortals bow to their Creator's might ;

But yet, since lengthened years and health pertain to many,

How prized the boon, could such have been thy lot, dear Renie !

J. E.

Nottingham, July 1, 1832.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

The brethren of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Great Lever, near Bolton, celebrated their Sixth Anniversary, on Monday, the 30th day of July last. About two o'clock the arrival of the G. M. from Bolton, and several from different lodges, was announced, and at four o'clock a numerous assemblage sat down to a most excellent dinner, which reflected the highest credit on the catering abilities of the worthy host and hostess—the room having been previously ornamented in a most beautiful manner—the Chair was taken by G. M. Latham, from

Bolton ; and the Vice Chair by N. G. Turner, from the Royal George lodge, Spindle Point, when a variety of excellent songs, toasts, and sentiments, were sang and given—The King, with four times four—The Queen, four times four—The Board of Directors, three times three—Henry Watkins, Esq., three times three—Mr. Watkins returned thanks in a very handsome manner ; his speech was solely appropriated to the good of the Order—He then proposed the health of John Smith, Esq., who also returned thanks in a very neat manner. About ten o'clock the G. M. left the Chair, and N. G. Turner left the Vice Chair, when H. Watkins, Esq. took the N. G. Chair, and the V. G. Chair was taken by Mr. Peet, from Manchester, who made an able speech on the good arising from the Order, when it should please Providence to visit us with sickness or death. John Smith, Esq., took the G. M. Chair, and the evening was spent until a very late hour in the utmost conviviality, order, and comfort ; the brethren returning to their respective homes, highly delighted with the amusements of the evening.

I remain, Sir and Brother,

In the Bonds of F. L. & T.,

J. P——, P. G.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE

WELLINGTON LECTURE, JUNE 21, 1832,

BY MARK WARDLE, P. G. M.

IN venturing upon a subject of this nature, I am actuated solely by a desire to do good. Those who know me best, as an O. F. know the close attention I paid to lecture for many years. I have sat thrice as N. G. and can confidently say, that I never once employed a substitute during the time, either on a lodge or lecture night, or ever, before or after, neglected to attend both, when other officers presided, and health allowed.

I state this, because ever since the lodge has been removed to this house, I have been prevented, by indisposition, from attending, and the facts just mentioned must necessarily be unknown to all those who have since joined the lodge, and to whom I have thought this brief explanation necessary, in order that they might not imagine I had undertaken a task with the nature of which I was unacquainted. To this I may be allowed to add,

that every *letter* in the lecture book has been thrice in my fingers, and that I have read every *word* at least a dozen times, in the way of business, independently of what I have read, and heard others read, at lecture, for the last 12 or 13 years.—If, therefore, I fail in making this discourse interesting and useful, it will not be because I am ignorant of the subject, but because I know not how to use the knowledge that I possess to the best advantage ; and that as far as regards my present object, at least, that knowledge has been thrown away upon me.—But to proceed—

I am not allowed, as you must be aware, to enter minutely into the peculiar nature or merits of the degrees of the order. To the uninitiated they are as a sealed book, and will doubtless ever remain so. Those who have a right to have these mysteries opened to them, and yet wilfully remain ignorant, are much, very much, to blame. There are lessons taught, and duties inculcated, without the possession and practice of which, no man can be really an Odd Fellow. We are Odd Fellows, but Odd Fellows only, when we obtain a full and perfect knowledge of that Order, whose moral precepts, if duly appreciated and acted upon, will raise our character in the estimation of all good men, and cause us to approximate to that state of mind

Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy !

Yes, my friends, you will there be taught not only how to *obtain* assistance in time of need ; but what is of much higher importance to the feeling and well regulated mind, you will know when to *give* assistance to *others*. It is here that the foundation stone of our Order is to be found.—It is here, too, that the strength, and beauty, and power, and usefulness, of our glorious superstructure are also to be found.—It is here, too, that those principles of forbearance and conciliation which connect, amalgamate, and bind us together, as one band of brothers, are also to be found.—It is here, my friends, that what I may call the safety-valve of the Order, is to be found. Here we are taught how to prevent a brother from running into any kind of danger, and of being prevented from doing so ourselves. Yes ; it is at lecture you will learn how to apprise a brother of approaching danger, and that, too, in an instant, in the presence of thousands, without uttering a single sentence, or appearing in the least degree to notice the transaction.—It is here, that the Odd Fellow of one country is taught how to hold converse with the Odd Fellow of another.—It is in this temple that the stranger takes his seat, and asks not who sits beside him.—In short, it is here that he is at home, and all around is harmony and happiness—Peace on earth, and good will towards all men !

How admirably the following lines of the Poet describe the nature of our beloved Institution—

Is any sick ?—The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives !
Is there a variance ?—Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more !

Yes, my friends, enter but the portals of Odd Fellowship and you will find the discordant elements of contention and strife, bide their diminished heads!—health restored to the sick—food bestowed upon the hungry—and relief generously granted to the necessitous, wherever they may be scattered !

“Give physic,” says an eloquent modern writer, “give physic to the heart, ye who would revive the body of a spirit-broken man.”—And where, let me ask, is this excellent advice so extensively practised as among Odd Fellows ? where are the feelings of a “spirit-broken man,” more humanely attended to ?—The hearty and benevolent welcome—the kind shake by the hand—the friendly grip of recognition—the instant and unasked-for aid—the certainty of support and advice, if needed—and, tho’ last, not least, the consciousness of his *independence*—the assurance that he is surrounded by his *equals*—and that he has no self-debasing act of humiliation to have recourse to—are circumstances well calculated to “revive the body of a spirit-broken man.”

Tho’ I am not allowed to quote from the lecture book, or to tell you *what* it contains, I am not prohibited from telling you *what* it does *not* contain. In the first place, then, politics, or ought bearing upon them, in the most distant degree, are entirely excluded.—Controversial religion, too, is strictly prohibited. Every thing that has a tendency to throw amongst us the apple of discord, is carefully and judiciously avoided—of party, or of party politics, or of sectarian principles in religion, we know nothing. “Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers.”—Our object, at lecture, is to endeavour to soften down the asperities of our nature ; to root out early acquired prejudices, and to blend and amalgamate the whole mass into one harmonious system, for the general good. We not only do not dictate to others, but we endeavour to prevent others from becoming dictators. We strive to impress upon the minds of all, the divine maxim of doing unto others as we could wish others to do unto us ; and we most particularly exhort them, in the energetic language of Dr. Watts, to

Seize upon Truth where'er 'tis found ;
Amongst our friends, amongst our foes ;
On heathen or on christian ground,
The fruit's divine, where'er it grows !

VOL. 2—No. 6—X.

It is true, my friends, we deal a little in *mysteries*—but we have nothing to do with *miracles*. In inculcating our maxims of morality, we wander not out of the system of nature. We call in no adventitious, no foreign aid, but endeavour to keep within the compass and comprehension of men, whose minds we know and feel to be finite, and incapable of even approximating to ought like an accurate knowledge of Infinity.—For, my friends, who can know the Unknown—who can comprehend the Incomprehensible—who can make visible the Invisible God—the great, the uncreated Cause of all things!—No, it is but given to man to enjoy his gifts with gratitude—to submit to his just and merciful chastisements, with penitence and patience—to look upon him as the giver of universal good—to bow before him with humility—in “expressive silence to muse his praise,” to “wait the great teacher Death, and God adore”!

I shall now beg your attention to some parts of the last lecture in particular.—In the first place, then my friends, look at the picture there drawn of the Drunkard!—the desolute, the despicable, the suicidal drunkard—behold him in his career of beastliness!—behold the misery and wretchedness of all around him!—but the portraiture is so well filled up in our admirable lecture, that it requires not the aid of my feeble pen—I shall therefore, only observe, in the language of an able writer, that “a drunkard is the worst of suicides—he is a deliberate, determined self-murderer—he hurries himself out of the world, and for the short time he crawls on the earth, he makes himself miserable, and all that is reasonable and rational avoid and despise him”!—I cannot here resist the temptation of quoting a few lines, on this subject, from a poem, published in the old series of the magazine, written by brother James Wood, late of Disley, but now of Taunton, America. Many of the members of this lodge will remember that amiable and able ornament of the Order.—He says,

Ye sons of Britain, shun this hell-born curse,
It leads from good to bad, from bad to worse;
'Tis the most powerful weapon Satan tries,
And all that's great and good before it flies!
If life you value, shun for ever shun,
This sin, by which such numbers are undone,
Nought tends so much the infernal host to swell,
It slays its thousands, and half peoples hell!
Fly this detested vice, if you would save
Your soul from death, your body from the grave!

Let us next, my friends, turn to the Man of Benevolence. Let us look upon *this* picture and on that—and *usefully* mark the

contrast.—It is easy; alas, very easy, to follow the footsteps of one; but is consolatory to know, that is not *very difficult* to tread in the paths of the other.

The power of man, in many instances, may be said to be yet in its infancy.—Indolence (I mean of mind) renders him as impotent, almost, as the child in its swaddling clothes!—he knows not his own strength—he *thinks* he has not the means of accomplishing the end—ease and idleness step in, confirm the opinion, and he who might have been an ornament to his country, sinks into insignificance—Such a character is a sordid, selfish being—totally *useless* in, if not a nuisance to, society!—He only fills a place that will be better supplied, when he has made it empty.

Not so the Man of Benevolence and Charity—if doubts or fears assail him, he shakes them off, like dew-drops from the lion's mane, and his energetic and manly mind becomes refreshed and invigorated by the effort!—He buckles on his armour—he perseveres—he feels he can conquer. Every step he advances decreases his difficulties, and increases his confidence. The rough and up-hill road of virtue soon becomes smooth and, as it were, Macadamised—the prospect brightens—the path is now easy—the goal is obtained—and he stands upon the proud eminence of Benevolence, at once an example, a pillar, and an ornament to Society!—He is instantly surrounded and supported by all that is great, and good, and useful, in this world—and having the will and the power to render *others* happy, he is himself perfectly so!

From this my friends, you may perceive, as I have already said, that it is not so very difficult to tread in the paths of virtue. He who sets out with a determination to make the best use of the power that he possesses, is sure of conquest—and who, in such a cause, would not determine to be a conquerer!

Finally, my friends, such are the suggestions that have presented themselves to my mind. I will not attempt a recapitulation. If I should be the means of causing a more numerous attendance at lecture, I shall have succeeded in my object.

May we live the life of the righteous, and may our last end be like his!

WIDOW RENIE AND CHILDREN.

Soon after the melancholy intelligence of the death of P. P. G. M. Renie reached Manchester, it was proposed by brother Alford, of the Bristol City lodge, under the patronage of the officers and brothers of the Apollo, that a Concert should be got up for the benefit of the bereaved Widow and her young family. This

was accordingly done, and through the gratuitous exertions of the above parties, the lodge room, on the night of performance, was filled to repletion. Too much praise cannot be given to brother Alford,—his labours, in this work of love were truly Herculean. He pleased every one, and seemed himself to rejoice in the opportunity of doing good to the family of a man whom he knew intimately, and, consequently, esteemed highly.

Our worthy P. G. M. Wardle was requested to furnish an Address on the occasion, with which he promptly complied, and which G. M. Ormond, of the Manchester District, as promptly came forward to deliver—

ADDRESS.

No mercenary Bard, in strains polite,
Dares to intrude upon your time this night;
No tragic actor I, with mimic art,
And studied speech, to play an unfelt part.
No, my kind friends, we need no fiction here,
To reach the heart or raise the ready tear;
The new-made widow's woes, the orphans' wail,
Whom pinching poverty and want assail,
Are themes which magic fancy cannot reach,
And sad reality alone can teach!

This night, my friends, we have assembled here,
To dry the widow's and the orphans' tear!
The woe-born spirit of her cares beguile,
And teach her infant offspring yet to smile!
And tho' by no fond father now carest,
She'll clasp them closer to her grateful breast,
While fervent prayer to heaven ascends,
For you, her guides, her comforters and friends!
Could *he*, now seated in the realms of bliss,
But view a sublunary scene like this,
It would, e'en there, a generous joy impart
And add new pleasures to his feeling heart!

From scenes like these our island draws its fame,
'Tis scenes like these that brighten Britain's name;
To your fair hands, my friends, indulgent heav'n,
This holy charter of our land has given;
Soft *Charity's* bright banner is unfurl'd
By you, the pride and envy of the world!
While smiling *Love*, hovering o'er you bends,
And throws a radiance round the *Widow's* friends:

The *Orphan's* early orisons shall rise
And waft your praises, grateful to the skies !

“ And sure I am, such incense offer'd there,
The widow's gratitude, the orphans' prayer,
Will please the great Omnipotent above,
Who smiles on acts of charity and love ;
Then, O my friends, while here below ye dwell,
In deeds like these endeavour to excel ;
And when you die, be this assurance given,
'Twill be your passport thro' the gates of heaven.”

The last eight lines, between inverted commas, were added on the spur of the moment, by G. M. Ormond, who delivered the whole piece in a sensible and feeling manner, and received, deservedly, the warm applause of a crowded and respectable company.

L I N E S

ON READING OF THE DEATH OF P. G. M. RENIE,
OF MONMOUTH.

In *Time's* gay smiles, while *Friendship* beams
Her rays translucent bright,
We heed not *Fate*, for life it seems,
Devoid of *Care's* dread night.
We pass the livelong day in joy,
Nor dream of sorrow's power !
Our cup is fill'd with sweets, to coy
The Heart in mirth's gay hour.

While *Friendship* flies the boundless space,
Borne on the wings of *Time* ;
We welcome sweet the *Truths* that grace
This cause benign, divine,
Nor feel we, that a pow'r can turn,
Our happy hours to woe ;
Till *Fate*, with venom'd dart drawn firm,
Strikes deep the fatal blow.

Then feels the heart its stinging pangs,
And sorrow holds his throne ;
While on our brow, unhappy hangs,
The griefs we would not own,

But when the spirit soars above
 The cares that nature bring ;
 It dweels with God, whose Heavenly Love,
 Celestial Beings sing.

G. C.

Lewes, 10th July, 1832.

STANZAS TO A BEREAVED FAMILY.

" We fade like flowers, for our term is brief
 And we fall to earth like the falling leaf."—*Gillespie.*

O mourners, mourners, cease to grieve
 For him that in death is soundly sleeping !
 O mourners, mourners, cease to grieve !
 For nought avails the voice of weeping !
 The flower must fade, the leaf must fall ;
 Death is the common lot of all !

There is a land where tears ne'er fall,
 And ne'er is heard the voice of sorrow ;
 Where the night of death can ne'er appal,
 (For of life 'tis always a joyous morrow ;)
 But the way to that blissful world of bloom
 Is through the portals of the tomb.

And he whom in life you loved so well
 Has left this scene of grief for ever ;
 In that happier region he's gone to dwell,
 Where again you'll meet, no more to sever ;
 Death cannot *there* your souls divide :
 To crush his power the Saviour died.

Then cease, O mourners ! cease to grieve
 For him that in death is soundly sleeping !
 Then cease, O mourners ! cease to grieve,
 For what avails the voice of weeping ?
 But trust in Him who strength can yield—
 The widow's stay, and orphan's shield !

Liverpool.

P. M.

THE TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

There is a gem more purely bright,
 More dear to mercy's eye,
 Than love's sweet star whose mellow light
 First cheers the evening sky;
 A liquid pearl, that glitters where
 No sorrows now intrude;
 A richer gem than monarchs wear,
 The tear of gratitude.

But ne'er shall narrow love of self,
 Invite the tribute forth,
 Nor can the sordid slave of pelf
 Appreciate its worth;
 But ye who soothe the widow's woe
 And give the orphan food,
 For you this liquid pearl shall flow,
 The tear of gratitude.

Ye who but slake an infant's thirst
 In heavenly Mercy's name,
 Or proffer penury a crust,
 The sweet reward may claim;
 "Then while you rove life's sunny banks,
 With sweetest flow'rets strewed,
 Still may you claim the widow's thanks,
 The orphan's gratitude."

THE LOW LONDONER'S LAST LEGACY;

OR,

A PAIR OF PROFITABLE PATERNAL PRECEPTS.

If you wants to get for'ard, vy, 'ere's 'ow you vill,
 Never know none that's in pocket a *low* body;
 Vell—and I'll give ye a betterer still :—
Never do nothink—for nothink—for nobody !

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

GOOD SAMARITAN LODGE, MARPLE BRIDGE.

On Saturday, 16th June, the Good Samaritan lodge held its 17th anniversary at the Norfolk Arms, Marple Bridge, when upwards of 130 members sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Mrs. Taylor.—After the repast, for the convenience of our female friends, who were eagerly waiting to participate in those joys which Odd Fellowship imparts—the table was removed. After which, Isaac Mitchell, N. G., was called to the chair—he opened business by saying, I am sorry that you have not selected a more competent and experienced person than myself to preside over you to night; but I hope that every person will pay the strictest attention to the harmony and sentiment of the evening, and conduct yourself in such a manner, as to convince those females who are about to honour us with their company to night, that we are, what we really profess to be—a band of brothers. He concluded by giving long life and prosperity to “King William the Fourth”—Song, “God save the King,” in full chorus. During the evening a number of excellent songs, duetts, and trios, were sung. A choice selection of recitations was recited; toasts and sentiments were numerous and appropriate—the smiling countenance of our wives and sweethearts gave a peculiar zest to the pleasure of the evening; nothing but hilarity prevailed; every face seemed to tell that “Friendship, Love, and Truth,” was every where predominant; it was truly gratifying to see nearly 250 persons

“Like brothers of one heart, one head, one mind,
To enjoy ourselves without licentiousness
And celebrate our anniversary.”

Nothing occurred to disturb our pleasure; the mirth and harmony were kept up

Till twelve o'clock loud warning gave
Of time to be at rest.

Every face seemed tacitly to deplore that the time had so soon expired when they must separate.

Yours,

A COPPER CHIP.

OPENING OF THE FRANKLIN LODGE.

On Thursday, the 30th September, 1832, the above lodge was opened at the house of brother Rutter, the Prince's Tavern, Tasele-street, Manchester, under the immediate auspices of the Wellington lodge.

Soon after a sumptuous and most plentiful dinner (to which about 60 sat down) Prov. G. M. Ormond, assisted by D. Prov. G. M. Mansfield, proceeded to open the new lodge. This business was soon ably gone through, during which the most intense attention was paid by the company, and P. G. M. Wardle, and P. G. Grenville, were appointed, without opposition, to the chairs. Soon after this, the lodge was closed, strangers admitted, and the harmony and hilarity of the evening commenced. When we say that brother Alford presided at the piano-forte, and gave many of his best serious and comic pieces, we say enough to those who know him. In a word, he was the *Magnus Apollo* of the night (and of the morning too, but we must not divulge our *secrets*) and kept a numerous and delighted company together for many hours. We ought not to omit noticing the *Paul Pry* and *Ling Besoms* of a brother of the St. George lodge. They were admirably given. Liston might have snatched a *grace* from him, and *Franklin* himself would have become a *laughing Philosopher* ! we hope often to see these truly talented gentlemen at the Franklin.

* * *

ANNIVERSARY OF THE GLOBE LODGE, BRADFORD.

On Whit Monday the Officers and Brothers of the Globe lodge met to celebrate their third anniversary, and at three o'clock sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Host Keighly, which did much credit to the worthy Host and Hostess. The lodge room was decorated with evergreens &c. and opened at 5 o'clock, when P. G. Dixon took the chair, and mirth and harmony appeared to be the theme of all present, and brotherly love seemed to fill every breast. Amongst the visitors we beheld P. D. G. M. Rutter, of the Faith lodge, who was lively as the Bee in the month of August, and in a long and deliberate address pointed out the beauties of Odd Fellowship, from its infancy to the present time, wishing all connected with the Order to be steady, consistent, and firm. We carried on in this convivial manner till nine o'clock, when the lodge was closed, and the regalia put in

its proper place ; we then admitted friends of both sexes, to share the evening's diversion with us. P. D. G. M. Rutter was called to the chair, and P. G. Scholey, of the Faith lodge, was appointed Vice President. The same order was kept as if the lodge was open, and our respectable friends shared with us the pleasures of convivial delights, and all appeared to be proud of doing the little they could towards driving away dull care, and when called on for harmony was ready, as if to say,—

When its my turn may I be found
With pleasure to embrace it.

We carried on till 11 o'clock, when our worthy chairman left the chair, with a vote of thanks, having expressed that he was gratified with the evening's amusement, saying he had not witnessed the like for many years. He appointed his successor, when harmony proceeded for a short time ; but before the noon of night we broke up, with Rule Britannia, &c. apparently all sober and well satisfied, gratified and rejoiced in having it in their power to say, that the diversions of the evening would bear the morning's reflection.

I remain, Yours,

In Friendship's Bonds,

S. FEARNLY, P. G.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR AND BROTHER,

BEING a subscriber to your valuable Magazine, if you think the following worth insertion, by so doing you will much oblige, Yours,

In Friendship's Bonds,

JOHN RUDDOCK, C. S.

ON MONDAY, June 25th, the Officers and Brothers of the LOYAL WENTWORTH LODGE, Malton, celebrated their second Anniversary. About five o'clock in the morning the bells of St. Leonard's rang a merry peal. At ten o'clock the members went to church in procession, arrayed in the costume of the Order, preceded by the Malton band. At two o'clock the chairs were taken by the principal officers, when upwards of 80 Odd Fellows sat down to an excellent dinner, which was served up with an elegance and bountiful liberality by host and hostess

Robson, and their daughters. On the removal of the cloth the following (among other toasts and sentiments) passed in quick succession.—The King—The Queen—The Rev. Wm. Putsey—The Board of Directors, with the honours of the Order.—The Rev. Wm. Putsey favoured us in the afternoon with his company, and addressed us as follows :—Gentlemen, I can scarce find words adequate to my feelings for your kindness in calling upon me a second time to preach to you, the members of such a noble Institution. I am independent of any preacher, and if I should live, and you should call upon me at any other time to preach a Sermon, I will do it for you. I see nothing in your honourable Institution that I disapprove of ; but, on the contrary, I approve of your proceedings. I hope the address I gave to you in the morning will not be given in vain—Let the world say what it may of you ; never mind the fiery darts of the wicked ; they are soon quenched. It is my opinion of your professed principles, by reading your Laws and Magazines, that, if you act according to your professed principles, you cannot err.—If you still continue doing good in the world by munificent acts of charity, your enemies, it is my opinion, will, with us, see that you are a Society calculated to promote the happiness of mankind in general.—Gentlemen, I beg leave to drink health, happiness, and prosperity, to you in this world ; and when you leave it, may you, like Lazarus, be carried by Angels into Abraham's bosom. Mr. Robert Searle, and William Wise, Esq., favoured us with their company, and delivered some excellent speeches. The chair was vacated, and at an early hour the company separated ;—all were gratified with the pleasures, and more than ever attached to the principles of an Order founded upon the broad basis of Charity and Brotherly Love.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR AND BROTHER,

You will much oblige the Officers and Brothers of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Leicester, if you will insert the proceedings of this lodge in the Odd Fellows Magazine.

On Monday July 9, 1832, the Lily of the Valley lodge held its eleventh anniversary, at the Crown and Thistle, Leicester. At one o'clock the Officers and Brothers assembled partook of a very elegant dinner, prepared by Host Overton, which did him great credit. During the repast "many good things were said and swallowed," several Brothers of different Districts were invited and partook of the conviviality of the day. After the cloth was removed P. P. G. M. Weston was called to the chair ; supported by Br. Denton, surgeon, and Br. Wheakely,

of the Loughbro' lodge. G. S. Burrows was also appointed to act as Vice President, supported by N. G. Walgate, and V. G. Bryon. The following toasts were then, in due course, proposed and drank amidst the plaudits of the company. "The King, and may he always live in the hearts of his poeple." "Health, wealth and prosperity to the Leicester District," "The Manchester Unity, and the cause of Independent Odd Fellowship throughout the universe." "Happiness, joy and felicity to the Loughbro and Sheeps-head lodges." During the temporary absence of the President his health was drank, with three times three, for which compliment he briefly but energetically returned his acknowledgements. May we never look to decieve nor speak to betray. The father of Odd Fellowship, and may his children prosper. May Friendship, Love and Truth be the motto of Odd Fellowship. Between the toasts the conviviality of the evening was kept up, in the most social and animated manner, by numerous excellent songs, from the brotherhood. The brethren, by 11 o'clock, separated, without a single instance of intemperance, in the midst of profusion, highly creditable to their characters, and proving, in this instance to the world, that they were Odd Fellows.

Yours, in F. L. and T

GABRIEL GUINSLEY, C. S.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR AND BROTHER,

Having lately had the pleasure of residing a few weeks in Manchester, I took the opportunity of visiting all the lodges I possibly could, and to my great edification and delight, I found almost all of them numerous and respectably attended, and, generally, admirably conducted. This was to me a source of real gratification and delight. I felt my bosom expand, as it were, with a more pure and holy love towards the great family of mankind, than I had ever before experienced. Hundreds, not to say thousands, of my fellow creatures, met and congregated together for the purpose, principally, of spreading and propagating the divine principles of heaven-descended Charity! Anxious to learn all I could in this great emporium of our beloved Institution, and to return laden with honey to my native

village, I was all ears and eyes—not a single look nor expression escaped me—and I enjoyed highly the song and the sentiment of the evening

But, Mr. Editor, if I enjoyed this, the most trivial part of our business, how was I delighted with the scenes that followed ! If ever Benevolence was truly depicted in the countenance of man—if ever an emanation of the Deity shone upon earth—it is when a poor brother is smilingly giving his mite to one whom he considers poorer than himself ! It is not done as if he were performing, doggedly, a mere duty. No, sir, I could *see* him say, “ God give him good on’t—I wish, poor fellow, I had more to bestow upon him.” This was not a solitary instance—I followed the collector with my eye through the room, and the divine spark was universally visible !—I could have hugged them to my bosom.

The next scene was peculiarly animating, and to me a treat which I shall never cease to remember—To the question, “ what shall we,” and “ I propose”—“ I second”—“ It is proposed,” &c.—Presto !—why, Mr. Editor, I thought, for a moment, that I had dropt in among a parcel of benevolent Conjurers !—I was completely thrown off my guard, and actually sat for some time in a kind of pleasurable abstraction, from which I was aroused by hearing the worthy brother from ———, called upon for a toast or sentiment !

This occurred the first night I attended the ——— lodge ; but I have found the proceedings much the same in all the lodges I have subsequently visited, though I am told the funds in some of them are very low !

Surely, Sir, this is acting upon the golden rule laid down to us in the unerring language of divine Truth—surely this is that species of Charity which wearieth not, but is “ twice blessed.” With what pleasure must the actors in such a drama, lay their heads upon their pillow—how consolatory the reflection, that they had done their duty; and rescued from want and penury those who had none to help them !

How different, Sir, must be the feelings of an Odd Fellow,

retiring from scenes like these, to such as are felt by those who have spent their evening in the broils and squabbles of a tap-room, to say nothing of the superior manner in which they have enjoyed themselves during the time. If the uninitiated could but know a tithe of the good they might do, and of the happiness resulting to themselves in the performance of it, there is not one of them who would not soon become an Old Fellow.—We have our song, our toast, our sentiment, and, let me add, our wit, and our conviviality—but we never blaspheme for the sake of religion, nor knock each other down in the cause of liberty and independence!—I have often thought, Sir, that a preliminary, or introductory, lodge, might be established with great effect. Into this lodge I would admit all persons decently dressed and sober, without ceremony, nor should any be observed within, save only the regular discipline of attention and respect to the chairs, similar to what is observed at our anniversaries, when we admit strangers. I would advise that this lodge meet at the regular hour—that the chairs be taken, and the business conducted as on lodge nights—(pass-words and signs, of course, excepted)—and that a brother introducing a friend or friends, be considered responsible for his or their good behaviour—the lodge to close (without ceremony) at the usual time.

I would call this lodge, *the Stepping Stone to Odd Fellowship*, and place it under the immediate guidance of the Officers of the District, who shall officer it or see it properly officered, under a certain fine, hereafter agreed upon.

If such a lodge were set up, and well conducted, as it most likely would be, I feel convinced, Mr. Editor, that it would be the means of adding thousands to our ranks, who would be thereby raised higher in the scale of humanity, and consequently rendered more useful and happy.—Besides, Sir, the *Stepping Stone* lodge would be found useful as a *Touchstone* of the conduct of characters who might hereafter become candidates for admission into our regular lodges, and thereby be of much service to the Order.

This letter, Mr. Editor, has already far exceeded the bounds

I at first intended, I shall therefore leave my remarks on the manner in which I found the lectures conducted in Manchester, for another occasion, probably your next number, if you insert this in the Sept. Mag. I cannot, however, close, without briefly stating, that I was woefully disappointed, and that though you excel any thing I ever saw in the conduct of your lodges, you deserve a *lecturing* for the manner in which you attend and conduct your lectures.

Hoping that these remarks will not give offence, I beg to assure you of my wishes for the re-establishment of your health, and the prosperity of the Order.

FAIRFAX.

August, 1832.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a spirited and well-written article, signed S. T., and dated, Moses-gate, near Bolton; but as the subject to which he alludes may be considered as defunct, we shall not, at present, take any further notice of it. Should its partisans, however, attempt its resuscitation at any future period, we shall cheerfully avail ourselves of S. T.'s valuable communication.— We have several letters on this subject, which are kept back for the same reason.

BIRTH.

June 30th, 1832, the wife of John Masen, D. G. M., of the Mosley District, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

June 26th, brother Henry Robinson, of the Loyal Wentworth lodge, Malton, to Miss Jane Sharp, eldest daughter of Mr. James Sharp, brewer, of the same place.

DEATHS.

June 1832, brother John Banks, Duke of Lancaster, St. Helen's.

July 8th, after a protracted illness, born with admirable patience and fortitude, aged 32, Margaret, the beloved and truly affectionate wife of brother Edward Marshall, N. G. of the Stranger's Refuge lodge, Liverpool.

" 14th, at Malton, after a long and severe illness, brother Thomas Baker, of the Minerva lodge, Greenacres Moor, Oldham.—His funeral was attended by the officers and brothers of the Wentworth lodge, Malton—it being the first funeral procession in that town, hundreds assembled on the occasion.

" 16th, brother William Pennycook, Mount Gilead, Manchester.

" 25th, the infant son of brother Thomas Mason, of the Loyal Wentworth lodge.

" 26th, brother Eli Deavelle, Waterloo, Salford.

August 1st, P. G. William Deighton, Duke of Devonshire, Salford.

" 2nd, brother Thomas Leaver, Duke of Devonshire, Salford.

" 11th, brother Jerrard Dalton, Victory, Manchester.

" 13th, P. G. Richard Downing, Cumberland, Manchester.

" 20th, brother James Ormrod, Apollo, Manchester.

" 21st, brother Michael Carregan, Duke of Devonshire, Salford.

" 21st, brother Henry Foster, Saint John, Salford.

" 21st, brother Abram Johnson, Britannia, Eccles.

" 22nd, brother James Gregory, Clarence, Salford.

" 23rd, of malignant Cholera, P. G. Robert Birt, of the King George the Fourth lodge, Liverpool.—Same day, the infant son of the above, aged about 20 months, interred with his father in the same coffin.

" 23rd, brother Charles Weaver, St. Andrew's, Manchester.

" 24th, brother John Murray, Saint John, Salford.

" 30th, brother James Beswick, Humanity, Eccles.

September 1st, brother Thomas Whatmough, Hill's Glory, Manchester,

Manchester,

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THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1832.

OBSERVATIONS,

FROM

DR. TROTTER'S ESSAY ON DRUNKENNESS.

“How far the acts of the Drunkard are to be palliated?”

EVERY human being, who was ever intoxicated, must have found, on reflection, that he had said and done things which he would neither have thought of, nor acted, in a state of sobriety. The peace of his neighbour has, therefore, required that the drunkard should answer for his conduct. But it may be asked, ought a madman to answer for his deeds? The man, who becomes mad from immoderate drinking, must be amenable to law; because that madness was of his own seeking. Were a man, during ebriety, to sign a deed by which he should dispose of his property in an improper manner, to the injury of his family; query, would such a deed be legal? It might be deemed legal; but to me it would appear unjust to confirm it, because the man never formed such a resolution when he was in his senses.—The acts of the drunkard, in this respect, ought not to be valid, for this plain reason:—in the same condition he is not allowed to injure his neighbour or society at large with impunity; and, therefore, he ought not to be permitted to injure either his family or himself. All debts incurred, or money lost at play, in the state of intoxication, ought to be declared null, on the loser appealing in a proper manner when sober. This would prevent the gamester and the systematic villain from taking advantage of the honest man, and would correct some of the greatest evils in the community.

When a drunken man is lavish of promises, which he never made when sober, be assured his kindness is not worth your thanks.

VOL. 2—No. 7—Z.

In how much is the drunkard guilty of suicide, who expires during the paroxysm, after the immoderate use of spirituous liquors?

When you hear a drunken man boasting of his generosity to his friends, beware how you receive a favour from that man.

When you hear a drunken man telling family secrets, whether of his own or those of other people, put that man down for a fool, and take care what you say in his presence.

When you hear a drunken man bragging of his courage, mark that man as a coward.

When you hear a drunken man vaunting of his riches, be assured he cannot be estimable for his virtues.

When you hear a drunken man pitying misfortunes, which he did not relieve when sober, it is the strongest proof that he possesses no goodness of heart.

Receive no donations from a drunken man, lest he should ask them again when sober.

Avoid the company of a drunkard, for if he insults you, and you should insist on satisfaction, he will plead want of recollection, as apology.

Let the sober man beware of the society of drunkards, lest the world should say, that he means to take an advantage of their credulity.

J. B.

Holthead, September, 1832.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR & BROTHER,

If you can find room in your pages for the following extract from Chambers' Gazetteer of Scotland, you would, I think, gratify most of your readers. There are few Englishmen, or Scotchmen either, who have ever heard of such a place as St. Kilda; or if they have, how little do they know of its peculiarities! The occupation of the native is his amusement—"government he has not, law he feels not, physic he wants not, money he sees not, and war he hears not!" The poet tells us, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and if ever the expression was applicable to any state of human existence, it must be to the happy people of this peculiar spot.

I remain, Sir, Yours,

W. G.

"ST. KILDA, a solitary island in the Atlantic Ocean, belonging to the range of the Hebrides, containing a little above 100 people, and is about 140 miles from the nearest point of the mainland of Scotland. It is about three miles long, from east to west, and two broad from north to south.

The people of St. Kilda, placed thus far "amid the melancholy main," are a kind of moral phenomenon in our Scottish population. They have probably maintained the same manners, customs, and general style of life for centuries. It very seldom happens that any one migrates either to or from the island; and hence, the community is as essentially peculiar as any large nation living within the pale of continental Europe. Though it appears that there were three religious buildings on the island before the Reformation, the inhabitants continued for ages after that event unsolaced by the blessings of religion, being only connected with a parish by name. They were also unable to read and write.—These disadvantages are now obviated by the establishment of a missionary and a schoolmaster, under the patronage of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. From the remoteness of the island, the people can scarcely be imagined to have any political connexion with Great Britain. They probably never have heard of the revolution of 1688 till this blessed hour. After the suppression of the insurrection of 1745, a rumour was propagated that Prince Charles had sought refuge in St. Kilda. General Campbell repaired to the island with a large fleet, which no sooner approached, than the people fled to the caves and the tops of mountains; and it was not without considerable difficulty that the General could procure a hearing among them. His men asked those whom they found, "what had become of the Pretender?" to which they answered, that "they had never heard of such a person." It turned out that all they had heard of the late troubles, by which the tranquillity of the mainland was so effectually shaken, was, that their laird (Macleod,) had been at war with a *woman* a great way abroad, and that he had got the better of her! The land had been in arms for King George, and they probably supposed that if any other body was concerned on that side, it must have been under him. Clarke, who visited the island, gives an account of the terror which had been inflicted upon them by a French privateer; and Dr. Macculloch relates that though he visited the island in 1815, the people not having heard of the conclusion of the American war, thought his vessel a privateer from that quarter, and were with difficulty assured of the contrary. A writer of the last century gives an account of a native of St. Kilda, who could conceive, though not write poetry; and some specimens of his genius, which have been preserved, are certainly found to throw the ideas that might be expected to enter an untutored mind amidst such a scene, into very poetical forms. But

this person must have been a rare wonder in St. Kilda. The people live much upon the sea-fowl, with which the precipices abound, and their mode of catching them is very entertaining.—The men are divided into fowling parties, each of which generally consists of four persons, distinguished for their agility and skill. Each party must have at least one rope, about thirty fathoms long, made out of a strong raw cow-hide, salted for the purpose, and cut circularly into three thongs of equal length. These thongs being closely twisted together form a threefold cord, able to sustain a great weight, and durable enough to last two generations. To prevent its receiving injuries from the sharp edges of the rocks it is covered with sheep skins, dressed in the same manner. This rope is the most valuable piece of furniture a St. Kildian can be possessed of : it makes the first article in the testament of a father, and if it falls to a daughter's share, she is esteemed one of the best matches of the island. By help of these ropes, the people of the greatest prowess examine the fronts of rocks of prodigious heights. Linked together in couples, each having the end of the cord fastened about his waist, they go down and ascend the most dreadful precipices. When one is in motion, the other plants himself in a stony shelf, and takes care to have so sure a footing, that if his fellow-adventurer makes a false step and tumble over, he may be able to save him. When one has arrived at a safe landing-place, he sets himself firmly, while the other endeavours to follow. Mr. Macauley gives an instance of the dexterity of the inhabitants in catching wild fowl, to which he was an eye witness. One of them fixed himself on a craggy shelf, his companion descended about sixty feet below, and, having darted himself away from the face of a most alarming precipice, hanging over the ocean, he began to play his gambols, sung merrily, and laughed very heartily ; at last, having afforded all the entertainment he could, he returned in triumph, full of his own merit, with a large string of sea-fowls round his neck, and a number of eggs in his bosom. Upwards of 20,000 solan geese are annually consumed by the natives of St. Kilda, besides an immense number of eggs. The following is from the ever vivacious Macculloch. “Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, describes a land of feathers, and perhaps he drew the hint from St. Kilda. The air here is full of feathered animals, the sea is covered with them, the houses are ornamented by them, the ground is speckled by them like a flowery meadow in May. The town is paved with feathers, the very dunghills are made of feathers, the ploughed land seems as if it had been sown with feathers, and the inhabitants look as if they had been all tarred and feathered, for their hair is full of feathers, and their clothes are covered with feathers. The women look like feathered Mercuries, for their shoes are made of a gannet's skin ; every thing smells of feathers ; and the smell pursued us over all the islands, for the Captain had a sackfull in the cabin.’

"The rent of St. Kilda," says this writer, in reference to the island before the arrival of the tacksman, "was then extremely low, compared with the average of insular farms, being only £40. or £2. per family; a sum far inferior to the value of the land, excluding all consideration of the birds. Independently of the food which these afford, that value is considerable, as the whole of the rent was paid in feathers, not in money, while a surplus of these also remained for sale. Thus the land was in fact held rent free; the whole amount being also paid by a small portion of that labour which was more than compensated by the food it produced. It is evident that this rent might have been augmented without any refusal; if, however, St. Kilda chose to refuse payment and rebel, it would not be easy to execute a warrant of distress or ejectment without a fleet and an army. All this may be pretty speculation for an economist; but I shall be sorry to find that it has influenced the conduct of the proprietor. When we have been saddened at every step by the sight of irremediable poverty and distress in all its forms, it is delightful to find one green place in this dreary world of islands, where want is unknown. I trust that St. Kilda may yet long continue the Eden of the western ocean. It is in a state of real opulence. Their arable land supplies the people with corn, their woods with game, and their cattle with milk. If this island is not the Utopia so long sought, where is it to be found? Where is the land which has neither arms, money, law, physic, politics, nor taxes? That land is St. Kilda. War may rage all around, provided it be not with America, but the storm reaches it not. Neither Times nor Courier disturbs its judgments, nor do patriots, bursting with heroic rage, terrify it with contradictory anticipations of that 'which will never come to pass.' Francis Moore may prognosticate, but it touches not St. Kilda. No tax-gatherer's bill threatens on a church-door; the game-laws reach not gannets. Well may the pampered native of Hirta refuse to change his situation. His slumbers are late, his labours are light, and his occupation is his amusement, since his sea-fowl constitute at once his food, his luxury, his game, his wealth, and his bed of down. Government he has not, law he feels not, physic he wants not, money he sees not, and war he hears not. His state is his city, and his city is his social circle; he has the liberty of his thoughts, his actions, and his kingdom, and all his world are his equals. If happiness be not a dweller in St. Kilda, where shall it be sought?"

"ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN,
AND CAME OF DACENT PEOPLE,"

WORTHY EDITOR,

So many absurd stories are circulated relative to St. Patrick—such monstrous achievements—swimming from Scotland to Ireland with his head under his arm—or, according to some, *with his head in his mouth*!—and many others of a similar stamp, that the very existence of the Saint is now generally doubted, and he is placed in the same rank as George and the Dragon, Tom Hickathrift, &c. In order, Sir, to rescue the Saint from such company, to disabuse your readers, and to do justice to the character of a worthy man, I have been induced to send you the following particulars. They will doubtless be gratifying to many of your readers, especially to my countrymen, who ought to take shame to themselves when they see St. George, and St. Andrew, and St. David, and a whole batch of other Saints, and no St. Patrick among them! I anticipate, Sir, with a degree of pride which I cannot explain, the day when I shall be called upon, as "the N. G. of the St. Patrick, for a toast or sentiment." To be thus honoured, thus distinguished, would amply gratify the ambition of,

PHILO PAT.

Manchester, November, 1832.

According to the ancient monkish biographers of St. Patrick, he first saw the light about the year 372, near the town of Dumbarton. Scotland was then a Roman province, excepting what lay to the north of the wall which ran through this parish; and the father of St. Patrick was a Roman provincial, named Calpurnius, his mother's name being Conevessa. Mr. Dillon, the late Secretary of the Scottish Antiquarian Society, in a paper published in the second volume of the *Archæologia Scotica*, conjectures that the ancient, but now extinct, village of Duntocher, which stood on a hill in this parish, was the proper birth place of the frog-compelling saint, instead of Kilpatrick, which more probably was a religious place brought into existence in commemoration of him, or founded by himself. To support this theory, Duntocher is found to exhibit the remains of a Roman statue, while nothing of the kind is to be traced at Kilpatrick. At all events, the birth-place of the saint is certainly within the parish. When Patrick was sixteen years of age, a band of Irish pirates made a descent upon this civilized Roman district, and carried him off, along with other captives, to their own comparatively barbarous coun-

try. Thus commenced his connexion with Ireland. He was placed as a slave under Milcho, a petty king at Skirry, in the county of Antrim; from whom, however, he afterwards made his escape in a ship that carried him to the Continent; whence he subsequently rejoined his parents in his native country. Having now acquired that gift of holiness for which he was so distinguished, he re-visited Ireland in the imposing character of an apostle of Christianity; and after a most eventful and useful life, he died in 491, in the 120th year of his age. There is good reason to suppose that he was buried at Glasgow, on the spot which was subsequently occupied by the cathedral. In the river Clyde, opposite to the church, there is, or was, a large stone or rock, visible at low water, called St. Patrick's stone.

TO THE EDITOR

OF

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR & BROTHER,

If you think the enclosed extract, worthy a place in your Magazine, I shall feel obliged by its insertion.—The Magazine being now open to articles not connected with the Order, I intend to send a paper for every number; the object of which will be to diffuse that intelligence which, as Englishmen, every brother ought to possess, on the Laws, the History, and Civil Institutions of this great country.

My contributions will be classed under the following heads, viz:—"THE ODD FELLOWS' CHRISTIAN MONITOR," and "THE ODD FELLOWS' USEFUL INSTRUCTOR."—The former will contain articles calculated to confirm and strengthen the brethren in their religious duties; under the latter head will be given scenes from English History, Lives of eminent Statesmen, English Philosophers, Writers, &c.; occasionally varied with scenes and subjects of National Importance—in order to shew our high obligations to the great men who were the founders of our Institutions, the patrons of our learning, and the guardians of our liberties; and to exhibit the progress of our national improvements under these eminent advantages, and we may then congratulate ourselves in having extended the boundaries of useful and religious knowledge to a wide extent.

Yours, in the bonds of F. L. & T.,

BROTHER J. H.

*Royal Clarence Lodge, }
Lewes, Nov. 10th, 1852. }*

THE ODD FELLOWS' CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

All is Well.---A Tale.

“ Oh, thou who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,—
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee ?” *Moore.*

It was a sad and a sorrowful party that were assembled, for the last time, within the walls of Plas-Newyd parsonage. The humble parish priest, who had so long ministered to the simple inhabitants of that quiet hamlet—who had guided them in joy, and consoled them in sorrow—their example as well as minister—who had been their adviser in time of distress, and their advocate in the hour of difficulty—beloved for his virtues, for he had little to give; and feared for his reproof, for he boasted no legal terrors—was called to bid them an eternal farewell, and, with impoverished means and exhausted spirits, was about to seek another home.

Lawrence Atherley was one among many instances, where a morning of the fairest promise has been overcast 'ere noon appeared. Blessed with no ordinary share of talent, possessing no mean academical reputation, and friends neither unable nor unwilling to serve him, the twentieth anniversary of his ordination found him a Welch curate, with seven beloved claimants on his exertions, and a far poorer man than when he began his career.

He had been guilty of that unpardonable sin, in the eye of the world—an early marriage. Nor did he ever—even for one hour—regret his choice. And if occasionally fame brought to his ear the preferment of some contemporary, less deserving of distinction, and less in want of emolument, than himself; he might think for an instant, with a feeling of bitterness, of the scanty stipend for which he laboured, and glance at the wretched and ruinous abode in which he dwelt;—'twas but for an instant; for if his eye rested on the smiling group around him, he would instantly suppress the rising murmur.—“ He knows what is best for me—has placed me where, in reality, I am most useful. Why should I repine? He has ordered it, and—“ *All is well!*”

And sorrow had of late visited him roughly. The billows of affliction, as they broke, one by one, over his devoted head, carried away, in succession, some cherished expectation—some resource—some hope; *the effect was the same*—each left him more submissive—more resigned. His oldest son, a lad of much mathematical promise, was pining for the advantages

and competition of Cambridge, and his father could not resist the conviction that there his talents might be appreciated, and his industry rewarded. But where was he to find funds for encountering the expenses of a university education? And prudence perpetually put a question, which, with all a father's love, he found difficult to answer—whether untaught by his own shipwrecked hopes, and clouded prospects, he did well to encourage, in a lad of Lawrence's ardent temperament and acute sensibility, the wish of taking Orders. Was it one he would ever be able to realize?

Painful as were his reflections upon this point, they yielded both in intensity and interest to those which assailed him from another source—the situation of his younger son—you see him there—a little to the left—in the corner, near the window, Yes—that is Arthur—the fair boy with chesnut hair and bright blue eyes, who is kneeling by his mother's chair, and gazing up into her face with the most unbounded affection, while he warbles, as the close of his infant devotions, his “Evening Hymn.” That fair, clear brow—that full deep eye—those clustering ringlets—and that sweet confiding smile—’twould be almost an angelic countenance, if there was more expression there. But that will never be. Arthur was, by far, the most promising of Atherley's children—when a blow—where, and when given, and from whom received, has never been explained—sunk him, all at once, into a stare of mental imbecility. It could hardly be said to amount to idocy. But with his intellect he lost not his gentle and affectionate disposition—nor that voice, so clear, and full, and sweet—and withal, so wild and plaintive, that often, even in their most cheerful hours, Arthur's sad and simple melody would steal upon their hearts, and beguile his mother and sister of many sweet tears.

There were inconsistencies too, about him, which could neither be reconciled nor explained; for though, after the accident, recollection failed him, his musical memory gathered strength; and the facility with which he would imitate sounds that struck him, and the readiness and tenacity with which he would catch and retain an air that pleased him, were altogether inconsistent with his feeble intellect and tardy comprehension in other matters.

Of sacred music he was passionately fond. And from a concert, at which he had petitioned and obtained leave to be present, he returned unusually dejected and oppressed. For a day or two he was silent. But one evening, just before he retired to rest, as they were all sitting around him, he withdrew silently from the group, and taking his accustomed seat a little apart from the rest, after a short prelude, burst forth with “Angels ever bright and fair.” Every note, every word was given. As he gave it in his

own wild plaintive tones—in his own simple and touching style—without the slightest decoration or ornament, but with the truest pathos—it seemed the note of a spirit who had wandered from its blest abode,—the lament of some “bright straggler from another world,” who was pouring out in song to his Heavenly Sovereign his ceaseless aspirations after his native sphere.

Atherley mourned deeply—bitterly, the affliction which had visited his boy, but “not without hope.” “It is sent to try me—to humble me—to bring me back to God; and if it does but accomplish this generous purpose—**ALL IS WELL!**”

Alas! other and heavier trials awaited him. Mrs. Atherley’s health began to droop. She at first affected to laugh at her hectic flush, failing appetite, and trembling limbs; called it weakness; admitted that she had confined herself too closely with the girls in the school-room; but spring was at hand and would revive her. Alas! spring did come, with all its bursting buds and fragrant breezes; but it brought no health upon its wings. Other symptoms appeared; and Atherley, alarmed, called in a neighbouring physician.

Dr. Horbury looked grave; “wished he had been consulted sooner;” declined “giving an opinion till he had seen more of his patient;” wrote a prescription; and, leaving it with Mrs. Atherley, begged her, as a duty she owed to her family, to adhere strictly to his directions, and to take the greatest possible care of herself.

What Atherley’s feelings were at this juncture, he, who has ever dimly discerned a prospect of losing the object which made life dear to him, can alone conceive. The agony of such a moment must be endured. It cannot be described. For once the feelings of the husband and father overpowered the fortitude of the Christian—“Oh, any thing but this! Welcome any trial—any privation—any affliction but this one;—O, **SPARE HER, SPARE HER!**”

This cup of sorrow was not yet filled. In the morning of the following day, intelligence was brought him of the death of his vicer, a robust, middle-aged man, after a few hours’ illness. Some six or eight months previously, when the proprietor of Plas-Newydd had visited his property, an intimation had been given to Atherley, that in event of a vacancy, his large family, character, and exertions, would not be forgotten: and after some little hesitation, he wrote to the patron, modestly reminding him of his promise.

A month rolled sluggishly on, and brought no tidings of the destiny of the living; during which time Mrs. Atherley had continued to droop daily, but under the most skillful treatment, ceaseless care, and more nutritious

diet, the invalid had rallied. No news, is good news, my dear Lawrence, who can tell what may be in store for us? Perhaps I see the new vicar of Plas-Newyd now sitting before me! And, Atherley, cheered by her smile, felt half persuaded her prediction would prove true.

Within the next hour, hope became mournful certainty from the receipt of the following letter :—

“ Mr. Powes takes the earliest opportunity of acquainting Mr. Atherley, that he has, this day, been instituted by the Bishop of Bangor to Plas-Newyd vicarage. Mr. Powes intends being at Plas-Newyd for the purpose of induction on or about the 20th instant; and as he finds himself perfectly equal to his own duty, will, from that date, have no further occasion for Mr. Atherley's services.

“ *Carmarthen, May 5th, 1817.*”

“ Houseless, and homeless—a dying wife, and a destitute family—still will I not despair! he who has supported me through many a trying hour of sorrow and suffering, will yet be my gaurdian, and guide!”

It is on the evening of this desolate day, that I present him to my readers. Perhaps, as he sat encircled by his children, a darker shade might lower on his brow—and the sigh might be deeper—and the smile less frequent—but the man and the christian was the same. And if, when he gathered his little household around him, a more earnest petition was preferred for resignation and submission, the faltering accents in which it was delivered, betokened no diminution of his trust in God.

At a late hour Dr. Horbury arrived in great haste. Can't sit down, have no time for compliments. Here's something that concerns you nearly; read it; give me your decision, when I return from seeing your wife. He handed to the astonished Atherley, while he spoke, a dirty, greasy, crumpled newspaper; and pointing to a particular paragraph, briskly mounted the stairs. It ran thus:

“ If the Rev. Lawrence Atherley, who in the year 1800 was curate of Plas-Newyd, in the isle of Anglesea, North Wales; or, if dead, the heirs of that gentleman, will apply personally, at the office of Messrs. Allen and Curtis, Solicitors, Broad-street, they will hear of something greatly to their advantage.”

A drowning man will catch at straws—the starving beggar will sieze on offal—and Atherley thought for one half hour on his wife and children, and the next was on the road to London,

Having proceeded to the office and announced his errand, he was received with considerable respect, but yet with some degree of reserve and distrust; and previous to any explanation being given him was subjected to the most extraordinary, and, as it appeared to him, pointless, cross-examination. Among other queries, equally unmeaning, he was asked if he knew the late Sir Henry Molineux? "Not at all." "Did you ever meet him?" "Never to my knowledge." Mr. Allen smiled, and relaxing by degrees into good humoured familiarity, at last observed, "You are in the habit of attending the Anniversary Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy?" "Not lately; the last I was present at, was held on Thursday, May 20, 1798. I remember it particularly, on account of some painful conversation that followed."

"This is all we want, sir," said Mr. Curtis. "I have now only to congratulate you on your increase of income, and to wish you may long enjoy it. The property is under seven thousand pounds. This bundle of papers will explain to you by whom bequeathed. And while Atherley with a look of the most amusing perplexity, sat himself down to the table, deliberately to unravel this joyful mystery, Mr. Allen and his partner, *utterly unheeded*, shook him warmly by the hand and withdrew.

We shall follow their example; and, leaving him to his packet of MS., solve the enigma by abridging its contents:—

At an Anniversary Dinner already alluded to, chance—no, I will not call it by so bad a name—accident, but regulated above, seated him near a middle aged military man, whose inexhaustible flow of spirits and fund of anecdote, rendered him a most entertaining companion. The conversation turned upon religion; and the stranger, after indulging in a vein of sarcastic irony, broached opinions so wild—so daringly, sceptical, and presumptuous—that Atherley enquired—'Have you ever read the Bible?'

"Partially, when I was a child; but Heaven forbid that I should waste my time over its absurdities now!"

"Then, sir, how can you in common honour or honesty, or with any shew of fairness—for I place, purposely, every other consideration out of view—presume to deride a book which you have never read, and of the contents of which you are grossly ignorant? Is there any other book in existence of which you would venture to judge without perusal? make the trial. You will find it, after all, the best companion of a dying bed."

What reply followed this rebuke—whether any—is now immaterial—years intervened. Sir Henry went abroad. Wealth—and leisure—and health—and talents—all were his, *but happiness never*! and ever and anon the dreary idea recurred—there may be another state of being, and if so my fate—"and it poisoned the very air he breathed, and turned all around him to bitterness."

At length death seized upon the unbeliever at Rome. Upon the bed of languor and disease, the warning of Atherley recurred to him, and he resolved to read the *Bible*. In silence and in solitude—with a spirit broken by suffering, and powers, enfeebled by disease—he addressed himself to the task. Nature rallied, and dissolution came on with more measured strides. He read with a heart anxious and willing to be convinced—he read and supplicated the while that the spirit would help his infirmities. He died—not a triumphant, but a humble penitent. And his last hours were occupied in bequeathing the remains of his once princely fortune to that humble individual whose admonition he had never forgotten, and by whose advice he had at length been enabled and permitted to profit.

The last words he traced were these—they closed the narrative of his life, and introduced the bequest: “May you make a better use of it than I have ever done. Oh, would to God that I had felt the responsibility of wealth! I should not have now to call to mind—talents abused—opportunities neglected—the poor and destitute despised—and God forgotten!”

The bequest has indeed been blest: for the receiver felt from God it came; Mr. Atherley is now sinking in the vale of years, while his affectionate wife, restored by a long sojourn in a milder climate, is now a handsome, portly contented grandmother. In the happy domestic circle, Arthur alone is wanting. He has entered into rest, his sufferings were severe and protracted, and reason at times seemed overcast for ever, but all was bright at the close. A few hours before he died he was free from suffering, and his intellect unclouded; few that stood around his couch, could listen to the out pourings of his youthful heart with unmoistened eye, “My sufferings,—not one too many if they bring me to glory. My father, bless me before I go! Dear mother, forgive—Charles, don’t forget me! My kind merciful God!” he murmured; and with a gentle sigh, life ebbed away.

Brother—be your age or station what it may, soon the things of the spirit must occupy your exclusive attention. Soon the evening of life will close upon you. Soon the morning of the resurrection dawn. Ah! bethink you at that awful moment, will *All be well?*

TO THE EDITOR

OF

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE:

SIR,

ON Saturday, the 22nd instant, took place the presentation of a Medal to P. G. M. Clarke—P. G. Hinds was deputed to present it by the unanimous voice of the lodge. After the usual business of the lodge was gone through, P. G. Hinds arose, and holding the medal in his hand, suspended from a yellow ribbon, spoke as follows:—

P. G. M. CLARKE, I experience the greatest pleasure in being deputed to present you with this MEDAL, given by the BROTHERS of the ROBERT BURNS LODGE, as an especial proof of the high estimation in which you are held by them. I, at the same time, congratulate myself in having now the opportunity of repeating openly, before this numerous assemblage of brothers, those expressions of friendship and attachment which I have entertained for you, from the period of my first acquaintance with you, up to the present moment; and I am happy to see those expressions of friendship so cordially assented to, and participated in, by the new members of this lodge, to whom I beg leave to address a few words;—

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS, we had it in contemplation to present our worthy brother with a Medal some time since, when we were few, very few, in number, and I am not able to express the pleasure I felt on seeing that spirit of emulation so manifest amongst you when the subject was again proposed.

Brethren, independent of the disinterested services rendered to this lodge, by P. G. M. Clarke, his great attainments as a literary and scientific character—the talent displayed in his defence of the Order, from those evil imputations cast upon it by the Author of "**OBSERVATIONS ON FRIENDLY AND SECRET SOCIETIES**"—his able refutation of the same, by a pamphlet, published soon after, entitled "**FRIENDLY AND SECRET SOCIETIES DEFENDED**;" by which the venom of the slanderer was nullified in its effects—his furnishing some of the periodicals of the day with original productions in prose and verse, (but especially the latter) justly entitle him to this "**REWARD OF MERIT**;"—but, when I consider his indefatigable exertions in promoting the welfare of this lodge—his making and engraving a lodge seal—his masterly execution of the splendid portrait of that darling child of Nature, BURNS, which now adorns the lodge, whose name it bears, added to his unassuming modesty and cool-headed deportment, I should

think us ungrateful indeed if we did not make some return of gratitude, as a tribute of respect. Therefore, receive, honoured brother, with this Medal, the assurances of our great and inviolable regard. May you live long, and enjoy good health to wear it, and continue to deserve the affection and esteem of all true Odd Fellows.

P. G. Hinds here concluded ; when having seated himself, P. G. M. Clarke arose, and spoke in reply as follows :—

WORTHY P. G., OFFICERS AND BROTHERS, I accept your present with a deep feeling of gratitude, but cannot think my services have merited such a display of liberality as you have evinced this evening. I accept your present, but I accept it with a mingled sensation of joy and sorrow—of joy, to think that I am so high in the estimation of my brethren, and partake so largely of their friendship—of sorrow, to think that I should have done so little to have merited such a splendid acknowledgment. But, Gentlemen, you are all aware that I have never courted preferment, and whatever services I may have done, you were freely welcome to, without reward, without even thanks, because, if I afforded you pleasure, I also pleased myself. The man of liberal mind, when he does a generous action, does not expect the party interested in that action, will consider it as an obligation, which must be cancelled by an equivalent ; neither did I expect reward for what I may have done for you ; but since this Medal is presented to me, by you, I will wear it for your sakes, and it shall serve for a *memento* to remind me that whatever abilities I may possess, ought to be devoted to your service.

P. G. M. Clarke here sat down, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to harmony.

I remain, Yours,

In F. L. & T.

WILLIAM SHEARD, C. S.

*Robert Burns' Lodge, }
Clayton, Sep. 30, 1832. }*

TO THE EDITOR

OF

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

On the evening of the 18th of August, 1832, a Medal was presented to P. G. William Summers, of the Hill's Glory lodge, by the officers and brothers of the Loyal Farmer's Glory lodge, for the valuable services which he has rendered that young socie-

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SOME of our men of literary merit, have written descriptive tours, as Dr. Johnson, Mr. Pennant, &c.; and it must be confessed that their remarks are very pleasing and instructive—not that every one, who describes a tour, can arrive at their excellence; but some information may be had from facts which tourists or travellers have the pleasure of seeing or observing.—On the 9th of June, 1832, we set out from Manchester, by the coach, in high spirits, and no doubt elated with the prospects of the journey which we had in view. A fine morning, good road, and merry company, brought us to a village called Wilmslow, about twelve miles from Manchester, where we changed horses; we travelled from hence to Congleton, through, what to most of us appeared, a fine country.—Congleton is a small market-town, on the river Dane, with two churches; here we got some relief, and alighted from the coach. From Congleton we proceeded to Newcastle, a market-town, pleasantly situated on a branch of the Trent, called the Line, (or Lyme) and so called from a castle, now in ruins, that was built here in the reign of Henry the Third, and was named Newcastle to distinguish it from an older castle, which stood at Chestertown, in the neighbourhood—the words “under-line” have been since added to distinguish this place from Newcastle-upon-tyne, in the county of Northumberland.—The neighbourhood abounds with coal, and Staffordshire ware are carried on in the surrounding villages; also there are some pleasant seats of the nobility in the surrounding neighbourhood. From Newcastle we proceeded to Stone, a market-town, situated upon the north bank of the Trent—it contains a fine church with a tower and clock. We went from Stone to Stafford, which is the county town for Staffordshire, and it was the market-day there—we must not omit to mention a Lunatic Asylum on the right, and two beautiful fountains that threw up the water, so as to appear pleasing to the eye almost beyond description. We went on from Stafford to Penkridge, a small market-town, standing on the river Penk. From Penkridge to Wolverhampton—on the road we passed by a good house on our right, said to be the residence of the late Mr. Huskison's father, and the place of Mr. H's. birth. We now entered into Wolverhampton, and here we had to change coaches; one of our friends had the misfortune to leave a beautiful walking rod in the coach, which we had not the pleasure of again seeing restored to its rightful owner. Some of our party dined at the inn, and the rest did as was thought best for themselves, We now left Wolver-

hampton to proceed to Worcester, and the first town we came to was Dudley, the coach only stopped about five minutes going into High-street, and facing the Swan Inn. From Dudley we went to Stourbridge—Dudley is in Worcestershire, it stands on a hill, contains two churches; the old church is a fine structure, with a spire; we passed near this church, and then descended a hill at a rapid speed, and saw the forges, &c., and felt the smell of the iron-works from Wolverhampton to near Stourbridge, which last place is famed for its glass manufactories, iron, &c.; it abounds also with coal, iron, and clay, which last article is used in the manufacture of glass. From Stourbridge we went to Kidderminster, which is a pretty town, on the River Stour—this place is famed for its manufacture of carpets; the church is an ancient structure; there is a town-hall and market-house or shambles under it. From Kidderminster we now went to Worcester, which place is a city; the streets are regular, and the buildings good and lofty; and we thought the place had a fine appearance—We sat down at the Unicorn Tavern, in Broad-street; this place has a Cathedral, and the east window was built in the year 1792. The body of King John, which had been interred here in 1215, was found here, in Lady's Chapel, in 1797.—This city is famed for its manufactory of gloves and china, its hop trade and distillery—we should be wanting in gratitude, should we forget to mention the friendly and brotherly reception we received from the host and brothers of the Good Samaritan lodge, Worcester.—The room is a fine room, next to the Odd Fellows' Hall, at Monmouth, in our opinion.—We had some steakes to supper, for which the host would have nothing paid—we had also the gratification to drink out of a glass that held about half a gallon—we spent a pleasant evening, slept at the Unicorn, and proceeded to Ledbury, by coach, in the morning, but was detained some time through the carelessness of one of our companions being out walking when the coach was ready to leave. We now had the pleasure of seeing a country laid out into a garden or orchard, such large trees planted exactly regular and in rows, also some hop plantations. We now saw the Malvern hills before us towering, and when we had ascended to the place we found some good houses, public baths, and a fine large church and tower.—These baths are famed for disorders of the eyes and cancers.—We had to walk part of the way in ascending these hills; but this was not much hurt to us, as it was a fine day and good road—We now made the top of these hills, and began to descend towards Ledbury, where we got breakfast, took a view of the church, &c., and then drove off for Ross, which is situate on a hill; there we saw the market-place, the town-hall, the ancient church and spire; and also Pope's Man of Ross came into our memory; this

was Mr John Hyrle, who died in 1724, aged 90 years ; he raised the spire of the church upwards of 100 feet, and lived in the house which is now used as an inn, the King's Arms. We now proceeded towards Monmouth, with two postillions on horseback, crossed the river Wye, and ascended the hill, saw the cottages interspersed as their owners best were pleased ; we descended, and were soon in sight of the place of our destination, expecting to be greeted by one we had seen before—but of him more we had read—but, alas ! he was gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns ! This threw a gloom and melancholy upon the countenances of those who knew him—The rest, with your permission, must be reserved for another opportunity.

J. B., C. S.

Holthead, 1832.

RECITATION,

BY

*P. G. JOHN BRADLEY, OF THE ST. OLAVE LODGE,
LONDON.*

When Macedonia's monarch first begun,
To count how fast his glass of life did run,
He charged his page, oft as the sun did rise,
With this loud Motto, to unseal his eyes,
“ Remember, Royal Sire, how time doth fly,
You're but a man, and man is born to die.”
Such was the custom, at an Egyptian feast,
To entertain the welcomest of their guests,
In the midst of mirth, and in the height of jollity,
With the sad sight of man's anatomy :
To imitate their actions let us pass
Awhile, and view this looking glass.
Behold here stands to entertain thine eye,
A serious emblem of mortality,
A dead man's scull, thine own resemblance 'tis,
His face like thine was once, and thine like his
Must shortly be, 'tis but a little breath,
That keeps thy body from the cave of death,

For, lo, the time rolls quickly on,
 Which brings thy visage to a skeleton.
 Thy cheeks are plump, his was as fleshy too,
 But now they're fallen, see what death can do.
 Death hurls the proud down from his lofty place,
 Death blasts the beauty of the fairest face,
 Death dulls the lustre of the sparkling eye,
 Death damps the lofty looks of Majesty,
 Death spoils your sports, your curls and locks so brave,
 And lays them rotting in a silent grave.
 Behold this vacant pate, it once did shine,
 Perchance, as full of wit as thine,
 And yet we do not know,
 Whether he was a fool, or wise, or no,
 Not by his looks, or visage ; well,
 Do you think he was a lawyer ? who can tell ;
 May be a judge, who oftentimes hath shown
 Poor men their doom, yet could not tell his own,
 Or, who can tell now since his looks are down,
 Whether he wore a cap, or bore a crown ?
 Or, who can tell now since the greedy grave,
 Consum'd his flesh, whether a prince or slave ?
 Or, ask his worship, now you may be bold,
 Perhaps he was a lord, in times of old ;
 But he'll not answer, so conclude we must,
 He's lost both tongue and honour in the dust.
 Learn then from thence poor fallen man thy state.
 The brightest sunshine has a setting date ;
 Thy glories whither, and in time decay,
 Thy riches make them wings, and fly away.
 Thy feet doth make them haste, and fly
 With speed on wings to reach mortality.
 But shall all men die, and shall the greedy grave
 Consume these limbs which now such vigour have ?
 Must beauty blast, must strength decay,
 And must this frame, so sound, so brisk, and gay,
 Lie rotting in the ground ? Yes !
 But cruel death, look up and spy,
 Behold a mightier Monarch draweth nigh.
 Christ, clad in glory, tremble, tyrant, see,
 That mighty Monarch of eternity,

Bright King of kings, arm'd with a second life ;
 Lo death must die, Omega, ends the strife.
 Cheer up then soul, and never dread to die,
 Death doth but lead to immortality ;
 A servile porter which doth ope the gate,
 To let us all into our future state.

LINES TO P. G. M. WILLIAM INKPEN,

(THE FATHER OF THE CLARENCE LODGE, LEWES)

On attaining his 70th year.

In sacred writ we find that holy men,
 Have said, our lives are three score years and ten ;
 But view the pow'rs of Time, through this long space,
 It wears not much our worthy Patriarch's face.
 That honest index of the mind, if scan'd,
 Portrays as fair a heart as in the land ;
 Its beaming goodness shows not care's deep fears,
 Though it has numbered *seventy* years.

He treads the chequer'd path of dubious life,
 Now tasting pleasure—always shunning strife ;
 Wears on his course, which nature kindly gives,
 And seems more *happy*, as he *longer* lives.

The heart that warms his gen'rous aged breast,
 Is happy, free, belov'd, contented, blest ;
 It knows no rackless strife,—it bears no guile ;—
 It knows no wrong ;—'tis happy in its smile.
 It joys to be the orphans—poor man's friend,
 And friendship does its charity extend.
 Justice ! thy paths it loves,—thy laws reveres,—
 And numbers virtues with its years.

The sun sends forth his beauteous cheering rays,
 And nature, smiling, glad his power obeys ;
 To animation more than life it gives,
 By him alone man, beast, creation, lives,
 So does our friend, with kindest love impart,
 The warmest feelings of a gen'rous heart.

He spreads the rays of pleasure through the mind,
And yields delight, with harmony combin'd.
His honest heart delighted joyous sings,
And ever to our lodge kind welcome brings.

May Heaven in mercy grant him happy store,
Of years of ease, contentment, joy ;—and more,
Be happiness his kindest bosom friend ;
And peace and love, through life, sweet plenty send ;
May time glide smoothly o'er his aged brow,
And see him *long*, as he is—*happy*, now.

G. C.

Lewis.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR & BROTHER,

Before I proceed with my promised remarks on *your* lectures &c. I must beg you to accept my thanks for the promptness with which you inserted my last. I did not expect that you would consider it worthy of your notice, and my pleasure at its appearance was great in proportion. Here am I, (said I to myself) for the first time in my life, *in print*!—I saw nothing but FAIRFAX in the whole Mag.—I read it over twenty times, and carefully compared it with the original draught, to see what corrections you had made. None, not a word altered—“*verbatim et literatim*,” I exclaimed—“Oh, that we had but a peel of bells in the village!” In this state of excitement, I put FAIRFAX on the crown of my head (in my hat, sir) and set out for the lodge house. It rained heavily, sir, but I felt it not. FAIRFAX was my shield—my stick, my cloak, my umbrella—in a word, FAIRFAX made me invulnerable. Though I had upwards of a mile to walk, I neither saw, nor felt, nor heard, any thing but *Fairfax*—and in this merry mood, I entered the lodge house—(it was not a lodge night)—where I found several of my friends seated snugly by a good fire. As soon as they had expressed their pleasure and surprise at seeing

me on such a night, I was accommodated with a chair, and the Mag. was instantly in my hand—"Have you seen the last number (said I,)—best ever published—some excellent pieces—here's one, for instance, signed"—Here I was interrupted by one of my friends exclaiming, "good heavens! what a state you are in, Mr. S****; you are literally up to the knees in mud; get a pair of slippers, sir."—"Borrow a coat from the host, and send yours to the kitchen fire," said another. "He had better get a shirt at the same time (*dryly* observed a third) for he must be wet to the skin,"—"Let me advise you, sir, to send the whole of your clothes to the kitchen fire (said an old gentleman in the corner) and go yourself to bed for an hour or two—you are not well, sir, there is an excitement in your manner, and a flush upon your cheek, indicative of fever—do be persuaded, &c. &c. &c."

Think of my situation, Mr. Editor—there I sat, with FAIRFAX in my eye, smiling with as much self-complacency as Malvolio does at his cross garters, untouched and immoveable, determined that they should hear me read him—and I at length succeeded. But, Sir, I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed—very good—sad nonsense—not amiss—written by some slave who wishes to creep up the sleeves of the Manchester officers—together with numerous other *liberal* remarks, which almost made me feel inclined to throw FAIRFAX into the fire, and send the commentators to the devil! One effect, however, it has produced—it has removed from me the mania of authorism, and demonstrated that, even in our little circle, mankind are more inclined to be censorious than just.—I have had a lucky escape.—In the pride of my heart, I had selected a friend to share my joy—"Happiness" you know, "was born a twin," but these unfeeling remarks made me determine to keep my own secret, and remain for ever unknown. It was a hard alternative—but I consoled myself by exclaiming

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen!

Now, sir, for my promised strictures on *your* LECTURES—I enter upon the subject reluctantly but I will not shrink from a

duty, because it is an unpleasant one. My sole object is to serve the cause of Odd Fellowship, and if the lash should be felt by any one, he may rest assured it is not meant to punish but to improve—Business, (or rather the absence of it,) has led me more frequently to Manchester, lately, than it used to do, and I have had an opportunity of visiting many of your lodges and lectures; of the former I said enough in my last, the latter will form the remainder of this, most likely my last, letter.

In the first place then, sir, the paucity of the number in attendance did really astonish me. Not a dozen, including visitors, out of more than 100 members! and an intelligent brother, to whom I expressed my astonishment, told me, that it was a tolerably good muster, that there had been seldom more at any lecture for some time past. There must be a reason for this, said I, what is it?—I do not know, was the reply—the thing seems to be almost worn out in our old lodges—few past officers attend to give instructions, or encouragement, to others, an indifference is thereby engendered, which nearly proves fatal to most of our lectures. I do not of course, sir, he added, speak of the lodges recently opened, some of whom, scarcely twelve months old, throw most of the older ones completely into the shade. If you wish to see a lecture well attended, and ably conducted, you must visit—here he mentioned two or three of the younger lodges, but I must not name them here, you know.

Our conversation was interrupted by the commencement of lecture, and, I must confess, the cause of the want of numbers soon became, to me, at least, painfully apparent. I never saw such confusion, nor heard such reading, in the whole course of my experience. This must be the *first appearance*, sir, of your N. G. said I to the brother above mentioned, at the close of the first lecture—O, no, sir, it is almost his *last*—our first proposition night is nearly at hand.

This, I need not tell you, sir, did indeed astonish me; but off our lecturer went again—and stop him who can, thought I.—

In less time than you could say "Jack Robinson," another lecture was finished; and so on, "to the end of the chapter."

I must not, sir, be more particular here,—I do not wish to make the hit too palpable; but I do assure you, that the confusion of tongues, at the building of Babel, could not have produced a more unintelligible jargon—a *complete* chaos!

The above sketch will fit many other lodges, and I shall not pursue the unpleasant theme any further; but proceed to point out my plan for the amelioration, if not for the radical reformation, of the evils here complained of—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

I have not access, sir, to the minute book, but we have a law, I believe, which states, "that no one shall be appointed to the chair who cannot read at least tolerably well" Now this law, if enforced and strictly acted upon, as it ought to be, would answer the desired end, and prevent the exhibition of such scenes as I have above alluded to, and materially advance the best interests of our beloved Institution. But, sir, I think I see you smile, and hear you sing,—

"The plan of the bell
Will do very well,
But, gentlemen, who'll tie it on?
Tell me that."

Verily, I think I have a *plan* by which we can not only "tie it on" with safety and ease, but keep it there, when so tied, for ever, and in *tune* too.—I would recommend to the most serious consideration of you and your readers, the following suggestions, which are made after due and mature deliberation, and which I think may be advantageously acted upon, viz:—Immediately after the close of the second proposition night, the secretary of the lodge to forward to the Prov. G. M. and his deputy, the name of the candidate or candidates for the chair, and that they be empowered to examine him or them, and report the result of such examination to the lodge, sealed up, and to be read during lodge business, previously to the election.

Should there be only one candidate, and he declared ineligible, the present N. G. to hold his seat, another proposition to be made, the party or parties to be subject to the like examination, and the election to take place on the next lodge night. If, on the contrary, he should be returned eligible, the election to proceed in due course.

If there are two or more persons proposed, those (if any) declared incompetent by the examiners, to be withdrawn, and the polling to take place, in the usual way, for the competent candidates.

If it be objected to here, in this stage of the business, that the district officers may not, themselves, be competent judges; my answer is, that it may, by *possibility*, be the case *now*, but if my *plan* be adopted, it never can be so *again*.—This fact is so evident, that I shall not attempt an illustration, but proceed to answer the objection, supposing it to be, *at present*, well founded. I would have it enacted, sir, that the parties to be examined, have power to summon, or cause to be summoned, a past grand master of the district, of acknowledged and tried talent, to assist at such examination. There are such characters to be found, I make no doubt, in every district. Besides, sir, the task of examination will not be so very difficult. If the candidate can read a few pages of the *white* “tolerably well,” the business may be settled in a few minutes, and we shall have a succession of “tolerably” intelligent past officers.

Yours,

FAIRFAX.

TO THE EDITOR.

RESPECTED SIR & BROTHER,

We are still continuing the good work of Odd Fellowship in the Stockport district, both as regards the opening of new lodges, and likewise in the increase of numbers that flock to them. That the benefits of following the precepts belonging to the Order are duly appreciated, this must be one convincing proof; and that this may be the case must be the desire of every Odd Fellow, and of all lovers of good order in society in general—And ought not members of our fraternity to be the best in society? Taught to reverence that Being who is the Creator of all things—taught to love and cherish one another, together with all mankind—they must be good subjects of state, and good members of society in that grade it has pleased God to call him to—and being taught this, it cannot fail giving to his mind that peace which results from a clear conscience, and which will eventually point out to him the bright beams of hope in another and a better world. We are glad to hear of your great success in the Manchester district—may you go on and prosper—and this is not from a vain desire to see our Order composed of greater numbers than any other secret Order can boast of; but that we have principles of sterling merit to instil into the minds of all those that enter and will act up to that principle, that does the greatest good, and that every Odd Fellow may act up to that principle is my fervent desire.

The opening of another lodge took place on Wednesday, the 24th day of October, 1832, at the house of host Westbooks, sign of the Wheat Sheaf, Chestergate, Stockport, and called the Harvest Home, No. 667, belonging to the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows. At about seven o'clock the district officers entered the room, and which was soon filled almost to suffocation. The district officers having taken their stations, the imposing ceremony of opening the new lodge commenced, and was gone through in such a manner that must make a good impression on all. The installation of the officers of the lodge then took place, and who went through their business very pleasantly. After this the brothers were enlivened with a great number of songs, recitations, and toasts; amongst the latter was, The King and the Independent Order—The Harvest Home, and may it reap an abundant crop. The company remained together until late.

I remain, Yours,

In the good old bonds of F. L. & T.

W. B.

Churchgate, November 19th, 1832.

BIRTHS.

May 22nd, 1832, the wife of host Roach, of the Brougham and Vaux lodge, Wakefield, of a son.

July 4th, the wife of p g Keelings, of a son and daughter.

“ 8th, the wife of g m Thomas James, of a daughter.

“ 10th, the wife of d g m James Cooter, of a son.

August 19th, the wife of p v Skerrington, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkinston, of a daughter.

September 19th, the wife of p g James Phillips, of a daughter.

October 2nd, the wife of brother John Brown, of the Saint George lodge, Manchester, of a son.

“ 5th, the wife of p g Frederick Magee, of a son.

“ 8th, the wife of brother William Roberts, of the Brougham and Vaux lodge, Wakefield, of a daughter.

“ 9th, the wife of p g Charles Booth, of a son.

“ 11th, the wife of p g Thresh, of the above lodge, of a daughter.

“ 16th, the wife of brother Randal Sheard, of the said lodge, of a son.

“ 11th, the wife of n g Brown, of the Queen Elizabeth lodge, Stockport, of a son.

“ 21st, at Knightsbridge, the wife of brother James Harrison, corporal in the 2nd life guards, of a son.

“ 22nd, the wife of brother T. Talbot, serjeant in the Coldstream guards, of a daughter.

“ 24th, the wife of Gabriel Grimsley, c s of the Leicester district, of a son.

“ 28th, the wife of William Bake, n g of the Saint George lodge, Manchester, of a son and heir.

November 4th, the wife of v g Evans, of the said lodge, of a son.

The wife of p s Roughton, of the Duke of Clarence lodge, Measham, of a son.

The wife of p s Litherland, of the same lodge, of a daughter.

The wife of brother Nichols, of the Honourable George Lamb lodge, Mellbourne, of a son.

The wife of p s Spence, of the Earl of Lichfield lodge, Alrewas, of a daughter.

The wife of S. Jones, of the same lodge, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 13th, 1832, brother G. Toplis, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkistun, to Miss Mary Wirfield, of West Halam.

July 1st, p v William Phipp, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, to Mrs. Goodall, of the same place.

“ 15th, brother James White, of the Mount Ararat lodge, Trounbridge, to Miss Knowles, of the same place.

“ 26th, At Saint Mary's, Cheltenham, p g George Beard, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, to Miss Brainsford, of the former place.

August 5th, p g John Child, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkistun, to Miss Ann Alcock, of the same place.

“ 5th, p g Faulkner, of the Saint Thomas's lodge, London, to Miss Craib.

P G Jackson, to Miss Jane Phillipson, of Lythe, Westmoreland.

“ 19th, brother John Riley, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkistun, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. Stevens, gardener and seedsman, of Stanton.

September 1st, brother William Akrill, of the Sovereign lodge, Grimsby, to Miss Mary Bainton.

“ 7th, d g m Newton, of the Midway district, to Miss Ann Tomlinson, of Ticknall.

P G Joseph Lowe, of the Marquis of Anglesea lodge, Burton-upon-Trent, to Miss Ann Dalton, sister to the late host of the said lodge.

October 20th, p g Samuel Stubbs, of the Good Intent lodge, Hull, to Miss Frances Burdett.

November 11th, at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, brother Johnson, of the Saint George lodge, Manchester, to Miss Isabella Sharples.

“ 11th, p g Hollinhead, of the Economy lodge, Oldham, to Mary Richardson, of Deaton, near Huddersfield.

DEATHS.

July 5th 1832, very suddenly, v g Adam Rawling, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, aged 42.

August 2nd, by a fall from a scaffold, brother William Percival, of the Victory lodge, Hull.

“ 4th, p g Isaac Badham, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester.

“ 24th, William Picton, v g of the Shakespeare lodge, Manchester.

September 15th, p g Reuben Richards of the said lodge.

“ 15th, aged 25, brother John Parker, of the Needwood Philanthropic lodge, Uttoxeter; leaving a widow and small family to bewail his loss. The brethren of the lodge paid their last respects to brother Parker, by following him in procession to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” headed by a band of military music, playing the customary solemn dirge, whose mournful sound brought together many of the inhabitants of Uttoxeter, to witness the last act of duty performed to his memory. The address was delivered in an impressive manner by assistant Secretary p v Heath, and the procession and ceremony was conducted throughout with that decorum and solemnity which reflected credit to the Order, and seemed to make a deep impression on all present.

“ 20th, Nancy, daughter of n g W Brown, of the Queen Elizabeth lodge, Stockport.

“ 20th, p g John Jones, of the Friendly Ivorian's lodge, Tredegar, aged 34. He was buried with the formalities of the Order, and a great number of officers and brothers attended his mortal remains to the grave.

“ 28th, p g John Buckley, of the Nelson lodge, Manchester.

October 7th, p g William Jagger, of the Economy lodge, Oldham, a person highly respected, and lamented by the members of the above lodge.

“ 9th, the infant son of p g Keeling.

“ 20th, brother Luke Townend, of the Saint Peter's lodge, New Millerdam, aged 31 years; leaving a widow and lovely son to deplore their loss; he being the first deceased of the said lodge, his departure from his earthly lodge, is deeply lamented by the officers and brothers he has left behind.

“ 25th, aged 22, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Sarah, wife of brother Thomas Howe, Tailor, and youngest daughter of Mr. T Townend, Turner, of Leicester.

October 28th, p g Wilkinson, of the Philanthropic lodge, Hull.

November 4th, brother William Newton, of the Britannia lodge, Eccles.

“ 15th, brother James Bowker, of the same lodge.

“ 22nd, brother George Seddon, of the Rock of Horeb lodge, Manchester.

“ 28th, brother Henry Woodhouse, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester.

“ 12th, the infant daughter of p g Keeling.

By suffocation. brother Jonathan Vernon, of the Earl Grey lodge, Ilkiston. The brethren of the said lodge paid their last respects to him, by following him to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, with the insignia and regalia of the Order. It being the first procession which had taken place at Ilkiston, on such occasion, the attention of the public was much excited throughout the town; he was a young man, and has left a widow and two small infants, to lament his untimely end.

The wife of brother Wilson, of the Earl of Chesterfield lodge, Midway.

December 8th, p g Ralph Lyon, of the Hand and Banner lodge, Haydock.

“ 10th, brother Thomas Horsfield, of the Nelson lodge, Manchester.

[Many of the names of the above parties are inserted at hazard, as it was impossible to decipher them. We wish our Correspondents would be a little more careful, as it is generally essential, in announcing a death or a marriage, that the reader should really know the names of the individuals so announced.]

P. G. M. MARK WARDLE, Printer, 17, Fennel-street.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

MARCH,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1833.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING had an opportunity of perusing your Magazine, I can no longer withhold my opinion as to the utility of the work; or, at least, what it ought to be. I have often heard brothers say, what interest have we in the Odd Fellows' Magazine—there is nothing in them respecting our lodge. I would ask, where are the individuals that exert themselves to add one syllable to its columns? Consequently they have no interest. I cannot, Mr. Editor, condemn every lodge. Look, for a moment, at the thousands of Odd Fellows, and yet how few, comparatively speaking, evince the true spirit of what they so laudibly profess; if not, *why* suffer a work of such vital importance to the Unity at large to engross so little of their serious and friendly attention? The readiest way to the heart is through the stomach—certainly I may apply this to my brother Odd Fellows; for when any worthy host has supplied them bountifully with the good things of the season, immediately the Magazine is thought of. Truly we like to hear of our brothers' welfare, and that they enjoyed peace and undisturbed conviviality, &c.; but still there exists a gross neglect. I always feel a pleasure in visiting various lodges—witness the familiarity, the friendship, and anxiety, that I should spend a comfortable hour with them. Have we not, in a measure, the same scope through our circulating medium to show our familiarity and friendship? Some may say, I don't know what to write.—I would answer, if it was only an epigram; an epitaph; a sonnet; or some choice anecdote; it would show a disposition—while others of our brothers, who are possessed of a better capacity, would favour us with a treatise on Odd Fellowship; or what best suited their inclination. Then, and not till then, the Odd Fellows' Magazine will be a Magazine for Odd Fellows—to beguile their leisure hours in converse with those who, though distant in body, may be near in mind.—How happy should I be to join the happy number in my feeble efforts—what work for

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our Editor—what a demand for Magazines—thereby increasing (by the profits thereof) the general fund of the Order, which fund is evidently in reserve for those who stand in need, and deserve its bounty. Hoping, Mr. Editor, I shall be indulged with one odd corner in your next Odd Fellows' Magazine, I beg leave to conclude with

HOW TO BREAK ILL NEWS;

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. A., AND HIS FATHER'S STEWARD.

Ha! Jarvis, my old boy, how are you; how do things go on at home? Bad enough, your honour; the magpie is dead.—Poor Mag! so he is gone; how came he to die? Overate himself, sir. Did he, faith, a greedy dog; why what did he get that he liked so well? Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh. How came he to get so much? All your father's horses, your honour. What, are they dead, too? Yes, sir, they died of over-work. And why were they over-worked, pray? To carry water, sir. To carry water! and what were they to carry water for? To put out the fire, sir. Fire! what fire? Oh! sir, your father's house is burnt to the ground! My father's house burnt down, how came it set on fire? I think, sir, it must have been the torches. Torches, what torches? The torches used at your mother's funeral, your honour. My mother dead? Ah, poor lady, she never look'd up after it. After what? The loss of your father, sir. My father gone, too! Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it. Heard of what? The bad news, sir. What, more miseries? Sir, his banker failed, and he has died not worth a shilling in the world!

J. NEWMAN, P. G. & C S.

Loyal Brunswick lodge, Brighton.

TOUR TO MONMOUTH.

(Continued from page 212.)

We were conducted to the Bell Inn, Church-street, Monmouth, and ushered into the house by a number of the members of the Waterloo lodge, and heard the tidings of the death and burial of our friend Kerrie (as pronounced there) with astonishment—We gazed on each other—as if struck with the shock of an earthquake—we were almost speechless—but recollecting that we must all go to that “bourne from whence no traveller returns,” we summoned up our almost drooping spirits, and our next care was to look out for lodgings—the worthy officers and brothers of the lodge were ready to attend on us and we got into comfortable

quarters. The following morning arrived and our thoughts were now intent on the object of our mission—to discharge to the best of our abilities and to the benefit of no less than thirty thousand individuals, such important matters as might be laid before us. The G. M. opened the A. M. C. by stating the prosperous situation of the order, the large number of lodges opened in the course of the past year; and the goods and cash belonging to the order, as appeared by the accounts of the auditors at the Board Room the preceding week. After the above preliminary matter was gone through, the different minutes or resolutions as they appeared in the Minutes were regularly heard, there were about twelve resolutions passed the first day—it may not be proper perhaps for us to remark upon the different resolutions in the order they were passed, but we recommend to the notice of the officers of the Order, the Board of Directors, the officers of districts and lodges, the following remarks which from our experience in attending the business of annual committees should not be lost sight of, business which only occupied *two* days now requires *four*, as the Order increases in numbers, business of A. M. C's increase. It is well known that matters are frequently introduced in no regular order—and discussed before there has been a real motion read—after the motion is read it is altered in phraseology, and often in meaning—it is argued on in a different light. Thus one motion by not being pointed is sometimes made into two or three—wasting the precious time of those who are sent at an extra expence from districts and lodges. This we experienced—Most Worthy &c. I think this resolution should read thus—Says another, Most &c. my opinion is that it would be better in this way; thus much for example—but on the contrary if all intended resolutions were properly expressed no new meanings would be necessary nor should by any means be made.—As for example, the alteration in the N. G's charge in the making part is exactly verbatim as sent from the Nottingham district—When it was brought before the committee by their worthy delegate, the meaning was obvious, it was an improvement, it met with approbation of all.—On the contrary the 65th resolution as originally would have been one of the greatest improvements that could possibly be devised and one that should in the present state of the order become the standard of the Order.—viz: A revision of our general laws, and resolutions contained in the Minute Book which are binding on the Order, and their meanings should be openly pointed out and not obscure, or bear different meanings—hoping these suggestions will be attended to by future A. M. C's we have here stated our opinions well knowing they are for the good and welfare of the Order in general, and that no design may be taken from our open confession of the present and future state of things.

The proceedings of the meeting being brought to a close on the

Thursday night, our anxious care was to prepare for our departure to our respective homes—but, before we begin our tour to our destinations it may not be improper to give a short description of Monmouth, which is a county town situate at the conflux of the rivers Wye and Monnow—it is a handsome town; the principle street of which is Monnow-street; there is a large Town Hall, where the assizes are held; under it the market. We had the gratification of looking through the Hall, and seeing the convenience attached to the Courts of Justice—there is a statue of Henry the 5th on the outside of the Hall; he was born in the castle, which is now in ruins—there is a stately old Church, near the Bell Inn, where the remains of poor *Renie* are laid in the church yard. This spot we most of us, if not all visited—recollecting the lines of Gray.—

“Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,”

“Heav’n did a recompense as largely send;”

“He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,”

“He gain’d from heav’n (’twas all he wish’d) a friend.”

On Friday morning, about seven o’clock, we took our leave of Monmouth for Cheltenham, and came to Ross, the first stage, where Mr. John Kyrle, Pope’s Man of Ross came into our recollection, whose charities, &c. are so applicable to our Institution, that a recital of the piece will but be doing justice to his memory.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

All our praises, why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross!
 Pleas’d Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn’s hoarse applause resounds,
 Who hung with woods you mountain’s sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heav’n directed spire to rise?
 ‘The Man of Ross,’ each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o’erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
 He feeds yon alm’s-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion’d maids, apprentic’d orphans blest,
 The young who laboured, and the old who rest.

Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
 Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 Oh, say what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mince, to swell that boundless charity?
 Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!
 Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
 And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
 His race, his form, his name, almost unknown!
 Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go search it there, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
 Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

From Ross we went to Mitchel Dean, (or Great Dean,) a small market-town in the forest of Dean, containing but few houses, but has a church built in a quadrangular form, and an octagonal spire. This place is reckoned as the chief in the forest of Dean, which comprehends that part of Gloucestershire which lies between the Severn and the Counties of Monmouth and Hereford. It once contained 30,000 acres, and was covered with timber.—Our next place was Gloucester—we had the pleasure of going into the Cathedral when prayers were performing, and we heard a fine toned organ. We shall reserve the description of Gloucester for another opportunity, and hope the above will conduce to the benefit of the Order.

J. B., C. S.

Holthead, February.

MR. EDITOR.

I have just received, from my friend Carter, *The Kendal Chronicle*.—Read the account of the progress of Odd Fellowship in Kendal; I know you will be pleased; if so, insert it in the

Magazine ; every Old Fellow will be pleased.—Does our *Manchester Chronicle*, or the *Advertiser*, *Times*, *Guardian*, *Herald*, and all the rest, know of such a Society as Odd Fellows ?

J. PEISER.

February 28th, 1833.

ODD FELLOWS' SOCIETY.

The foundation stone of our new lodge for the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was laid in Highgate in this town, on Tuesday last, About one o'clock in the afternoon, the members of the lodge assembled at the Wool Pack Inn, and after arraying themselves in their different robes, they walked in procession in the following order :

Marshall on horseback, led by two pages, neatly dressed for the occasion,
Band of Music.

The Architect—the Contractors, &c. of the intended new building.
The banner of the Order.

The Members of the Society, three and three (about 300) dressed in their scarfs and aprons, and carrying the different insignias of the Order.

The procession presented a very beautiful and interesting appearance as it passed along, and far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine spectators, hundreds of whom lined the way. After proceeding down Highgate, the procession halted at the Unicorn Inn, where the Secretary (Mr. E. Greenhow) was presented with a very beautiful silver trowel for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the new lodge, and which had the following inscription engraved upon it :

“Presented to

EDWARD GREENHOW, Esquire,

By the members of the Nelson lodge, Kendal ; on the occasion of his laying the Foundation Stone of the Odd Fellows Hall, on the 19th of February, 1833 ; and for his spirited and indefatigable exertions in projecting and promoting the erection of the building.”

In presenting the trowel, Mr. R. Wilson, Solicitor, spoke as follows :—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am directed by a number of our order to present you with this Trowel as a token of the esteem in which we hold those valuable services rendered by you in projecting and advancing the building of which we are this day met to lay the foundation. The zeal and alacrity which you display on all occasions to promote the welfare of your fellow-towns-

men, is I assure you the admiration of every one, and we feel that the valuable services which you have rendered us, have pointed you out as the person on whom the honour of laying the foundation of our projected lodge ought to be conferred. Allow me then in the name of my associates in this pleasurable transaction to present you with this trifling mark of our regard and esteem, and at the same time to render you our hearty thanks for your many and valuable services to our honourable and independent order,

Mr. Greenhow returned thanks,—he said :—

GENTLEMEN,—In receiving at your hand the elegant gift with which I am now presented, allow me to express the highest sense of obligation I feel for the honour done me this day. The laying the foundation stone of a public building is a ceremony of interest to all, particularly to those immediately connected with the Society for whom it may be erected. Being only a young member of our valuable and honored Institution, it may be deemed presumption in me endeavouring to recount the value or merit of our Society. If to relieve want and distress in any individual be an honourable trait in the character of humanity, then our Society is peculiarly deserving the support and countenance of every philanthropic mind. One of the features of our institution is to do good wherever and whenever opportunity occurs.—to comfort the distressed, and to administer consolation to the bereaved and the destitute, and instances are not wanting when, but for the support and aid afforded by this Society, the parties to whom it was rendered would not only have had to struggle with bereavement and loss, but also with starvation and misery. Who then can withhold from an Institution like ours that patronage which it merits, and that support which it deserves? Gentlemen, the town of Kendal is blessed with many benevolent Institutions and Societies, formed for the purpose of administering to the wants of the poor. But amongst the rest I think the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows" deserves a conspicuous place. We do not build the lodge from any principle of ambition to show the riches of our members, or the wealth of our funds. As many of you know our Society is an increasing one, and during the time I have had the honour of being amongst you, which is only six months, I have the pleasure to inform you that we have had added to our lodge no less than from 60 to 70 fresh members. The room we now meet in is much too small and inconvenient to contain the whole of our members, and so we were compelled as it were for the accommodation and comfort of ourselves, to look out for a new situation. When the question was first agitated amongst us, you came forward in so generous, liberal, and public-spirited a manner as cannot have failed to gain the respect and admiration of the town at large, and to afford that feeling of gratification and pleasure to yourselves which always arises from a sense of having performed an action which gains the applause and approbation of your friends.

As most of you know, when the Society of Odd Fellows was first established in Kendal, it rented the building at the front of this property as its lodge. In process of time it was removed to our present quarters, which, as I said before, from the increase of members, are now too small and inconvenient. I think, gentlemen, that you will agree with me, that no place could be more appropriate for the erection of our intended building than the site we have fixed upon. The building itself will be an ornament to the town, and reflect great credit upon the Architect who framed the plans. But let us always remember my friends, that we ought to aim at making our society a greater ornament to the town than the mere erection of a lodge can possibly be. Though we have not many individuals of wealth and influence enrolled amongst us as members, yet we may recollect it is not always riches and rank that constitute respectability; but a proper conduct and course of life, whether manifested by the rich or the poor, will always command that esteem and regard which it is our duty to strive to merit. Gentlemen, in return for the handsome present I have now received, and for the flattering manner you have spoken of my humble endeavours to serve you, allow me to express my heartfelt obligations I feel towards you for it. And believe me, my exertions will never be wanting to promote the interests and happiness of our Order, and to secure the welfare and prosperity of every individual member."

The procession then moved on towards the site of the intended new building, (the place where the Unicorn Inn is situated.) As soon as the whole of the Members had arranged themselves round the excavation, the stone was let down and adjusted by the Secretary, amidst much cheering, and the members singing the following stanzas:—

O Lord our God above,
 Fill every Heart with love,
 Odd fellows bless;
 May all our actions be,
 Such as approved by thee,
 And our fraternity,
 Crowned with success.

United hand in hand,
 Long may our faithful band,
 Still gain applause;
 May all odd fellows be
 Famed for sincerity;
 And may prosperity
 Attend our cause.

The ceremony being concluded, Mr. Greenhow, Mr. Carter, and Mr. R. Wilson, briefly addressed the people—but owing to the great press of matter, we have been obliged to omit what they said. The procession then retired and after parading the different streets, upwards of 200 of the members sat down to an excellent dinner in the Whitehall, where the evening was spent in the greatest harmony. Many excellent songs, toasts, and sentiments were given, and the party did not break up until a late hour in the evening.—*Kendal Chron. Feb. 23rd, 1833.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR,

YOUR Correspondent, *Fairfax*, has recently passed some strictures on the Manchester members, and as a stranger in town he very likely did right in not squeezing our corns too hardly.—But I, who am a resident, and have a better opportunity of knowing the faults and crimes which are continually committed in Manchester—Did I say crime? Yes, crime;—he who is guilty of neglecting himself is guilty of a crime; and a still greater crime is he guilty of, where society suffers through his neglect; in the first, himself only suffers; while in the last, future generations will have to suffer through his neglect and indolence. To show that Manchester Odd Fellows are guilty of such crimes, allow me to tell you, that Manchester can boast of above 4000 members—they can boast of their lodges improving daily in numbers and respectability—they can boast of wealth—Manchester has means to perform acts which would raise Odd Fellowship to a standard so as to astonish mankind—Manchester is capable of raising Odd Fellowship to a pitch, that the initials I. O. F., attached to a member's name, would be read with the same respect as the initials F. R. S.—Yes, Sir, Manchester has that in her power, which, if put in practice, even our M. P.'s would consider themselves honoured to belong to such a Society. Now, I would ask, is this the case with Odd Fellowship?—Have our members neglected nothing to raise themselves in the estimation of the public?—Does even one tithe of our virtues see daylight?—No, I say; and pray what is the reason?—The fault is our own—Manchester members are too careless to value their capabilities—nay, they hardly know when they perpetrate a virtuous action—they want to be respected without giving themselves the trouble to merit respect. Many talk of virtues which they never attempt to accomplish. It is ambition of the lowest cast that clogs the meritorious designs. It is worthy of notice

while Manchester is talking of plans, petty places (comparatively speaking) have accomplished their object. Then, Mr. Editor, if the Manchester members are capable of raising themselves in the estimation of mankind, and neglect it, is that not a crime? Yes, it is. If they are capable of benefiting future generations, and do not, are they not guilty of the greatest crime civilized man inflicts on civilized society? Yes, I say! Does future generations not require from us the debt which we owe to our ancestors—Could we have had the knowledge we have, were it not for the exertions and benevolent dispositions of our forefathers?—And is it not our duty to do all the good we can for future generations? By doing so we only pay a debt which we actually owe!—nay, a debt for which we hardly pay interest. Has Manchester paid her debts? No! Then, Mr. Editor, my charge is good against the Manchester members. They have committed a great crime when they neglected that which would have benefited society; which would benefit Odd Fellowship—neglected that which petty towns are doing, and are far less capable. I was lately in Kendal; I assure you that I was heartily ashamed of myself, when I found about 200 members had so far succeeded in the building of a Hall. They have already purchased a plot of ground for £1000—they have already set the building for £1000 more—and very probable it will cost them £300 more—and all this is to be raised from among Odd Fellows only! I say nothing of their taste; do not, therefore, conclude that Manchester can boast of higher perfection. No! I had the pleasure to see the plan; but knowing how incapable I am to do justice to such a beautiful drawing, I hardly dare to give an opinion—But, Mr. Editor, imagine yourself placed in an Odd Fellows' Hall, (50 feet by 28), surrounded by 300 members—imagine an orchestra raised above the G. M.'s chair, like a balcony, 17 feet wide—imagine the chairs for the officers let in the wall, with stone pillars on the sides, and the banner of the Order suspended from the top—imagine two dome-lights at proportionate distance—imagine two splendid coloured windows at one end of the Hall—imagine to sit in this Hall of Contentment, and see the liberality shewn to every member therein; see that useful member Carter, (I may say the life and soul of Kendal) take no more liberty than a three months' member does—imagine that you hear not a word of that vain P. G. mania, which the Manchester members are so used to—imagine that 200 members in Kendal are capable of building such a splendid Hall, which 4000 members in Manchester are incapable of.—Yes, Mr. Editor, think that the 21st of last October was the first time they began to talk of such a building, and on the 12th of May next the Hall is to be finished—compare our would be great men of Manchester, with the truly noble Odd Fellows of Kendal; and then say—Guilty, or not guilty. I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot do justice to

this case ; but I hope some friend more capable than myself will take the matter up in the next Magazine ; I also hope that my attempt to correct the faults of our Manchester brethren will have the desired effect, and I do anticipate, 'ere long, to see an 'Odd Fellows' Hall, not only in Manchester, but in every town in England.

I am, Sir,

Yours, respectfully,

J. PEISER.

*Apollo lodge, Manchester, }
February 15th., 1833. }*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR & BROTHER,

I have to inform you that, on Sunday evening last, it being the Lecture at the Queen Elizabeth lodge, I read that most excellent Address, which was delivered by P. G. M. Wardle, at the Wellington Lecture, contained in the last Magazine, which had a most impressive effect, so much so, that I was desirous to get 10 numbers of the last Magazine, and 14 extra of the next, for the members then assembled. I think if you would put this letter in your next number, it would do no harm, but good, as it might meet the eye of some officer or brother of our fraternity, who possesses abilities, to advocate a more extended circulation of that most excellent publication, the Odd Fellows Magazine ; for the more it is read the more it will be taken in, and I think it is the duty of every presiding officer to make its contents known, as far as possible.—That it may have the effect which I anticipate is the prayer of,

Sir,

Your well wisher,

In the good old bonds of F. L. & T.

Stockport.

JOHN COLLIER, P. G.

TO THE G. M. & BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN & BROTHERS,

With due deference and respect to you, and the Order in general, I have taken a retrospective view of two or three of the last numbers of the Magazine.—There is a

sketch of a sermon in No. 5, new series, which is entitled to much commendation, more especially when it is known that the preacher belongs to the Order.—The hints he points at, tho' in a sermon—are connected with and are our general laws; though, perhaps, not attended to in the manner in which they ought to be,—were they better known or more widely diffused.

I would next notice a Discourse delivered at the Wellington Lecture, June 21st, 1832, by our respectable P. G. M Mark Wardle.—To make a pretence to quote from that Discourse, would be like peeling from an orange—the whole should be read—and will stand re-reading again and again.

Omitting the several pieces of poetry, excellent compositions, in No. 6, I wish to draw your attention to a letter to the Editor, by "Fairfax." It appears he was wholly absorbed in thought on the principles of charity and benevolence, when he says, he "actually sat down for some time in a kind of pleasurable abstraction, from which I was aroused by hearing the worthy brother from——, called upon for a toast or sentiment!"

His remarks on lodges, and his Stepping Stone Lodge to Odd Fellowship, are highly animating and gratifying to every true lover of our charitable Institution—his remarks need only be more generally known to be acted upon. His next letter on the Lectures I shall make some remarks on, and hope that my "remarks will not give offence, as they are for "the prosperity of the Order."

The agitated state of Fairfax's mind, in the first part of his second letter, when he finds it had been inserted in the Magazine, and the words "very good"—"sad nonsense"—"not amiss, &c." shew the severe criticisms thrown out by the different readers of periodical works, which strictly apply to authors,—Fairfax next comments on the small number who attend Lectures, even in Manchester—where lodge rooms are crowded on lodge nights—at lectures "not a dozen;" he attempts to discover the cause from "an intelligent brother," but is not satisfied—"you must visit some of the younger lodges," for why, I will ask Fairfax? for this plain reason, because there is some novelty in young lodges—in older it is only the old over again, and is as common as—— if we are to attribute the cause to the bad reading of the N. G.'s. this would not be the case where the officers are good readers, as Fairfax must have experienced—"The short time in which a lecture is got over, &c.—In my opinion if some intelligent officer or brother were to make notes, or in other words, explain the meaning of the different answers to the questions in our lectures as is partly the case with the white lecture, viz: explain the historical, geographical, moral, physical, &c. situation or meanings of the different answers to the questions, it would be as much as could

be done on a lecture night to go through one single lecture ;—the whole of the signs might be gone through on each lecture night, as it would ground those who attended the lectures in the proper signs.—We have a law that any officer who stands for a N. G. should be a person that could read—I hope no one would attempt to stand if he could not read, in the present state of Odd Fellowship.—As to district officers superintending or examining candidates, it would be impracticable, as some districts are so very extensive; if districts were in a narrower compass, or smaller, this might be done—but what district officer would go a distance of from two to twelve miles without any emolument? In short, the remarks of Fairfax are of great moment and weight, as regards the present state of the order—but mankind are, in secret societies such as ours led by novelty.—If a new song, or recitation, were mentioned as likely to be heard in a lodge room, on a lodge night, the room would be crowded, especially if from an amateur.

The above is my opinion, but to give the chance to our friend Fairfax, which the subject requires, would be to print the whole of his two letters, and sell them to the Order at such price as would just cover the expense of printing—His *Stepping Stone to Odd Fellowship*” is entitled to great praise, and would be, as he adds, a touchstone to try them at, before they were admitted into our order. As such is the estimation we wish to place our philanthropic Institution in, it ought to be more generally known and more widely diffused.

I remain,

Your well wisher,

In bonds of charity, &c.

J. B.

Holthead, January, 1833.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR & BROTHER,

I have the pleasure to announce to you, and to all others connected with us, that we opened another lodge in the Stockport district, January 21st, 1833, at Host Armfield's, New Bridge Lane, Stockport, called the *Loyal Traveller's Call*. No 687.

The opening commenced about six o'clock in the evening, with P. G. M. Finney, as G. M., P. D. G. M. Walker, as N. G., P. G. Neild. as V. G., and N. G. Brown acting Secretary.

The room, though small, presented a pleasing appearance; the new made

Brothers seemed to be greatly elevated by the dignity they had arrived at, in becoming members of this honourable and ancient order. The ceremony was gone through by the P. G. M. in a dignified style, and was received by the newly initiated brothers in a becoming manner. The officers elect for the chairs were then given to understand what their duties consisted in, and impressing upon their minds the great necessity of strictly adhering to the same, as on them depended the happiness and harmony of their lodge.

You no doubt feel, sir, with the promoters of our good and praiseworthy cause, great pleasure in the rapid progress we have and are likely to make in this district; the number of new lodges that have had dispensation in nine months are seven, and another to be granted for the 16th February, 1833, and the increase in the number of members is 650, which in my estimation denotes the respect in which our order stands in this town. P. P. G. M. James Clayton stated to the members present, the increase in the order progressively, since 1826, he said that the Combermere lodge, at the above date, only consisted of 14 persons; but by perseverance they were enabled to count more, and have had it in their power to open a new lodge in Cheadle, called the Conciliator, and which is now in a very prosperous state. In the year 1828, was opened the good and Loyal Queen Elizabeth, No. 323; next the Loyal Trafalgar and Neptune, they laboured under great difficulty for a length of time, but now are in great prosperity, and amongst the number we have the Loyal Unity come in compliance, and which since that time has to boast of great prosperity. On the 1st of May, 1832, the Loyal Pilot was opened, and none have been able to weather the storm better than this. We next opened the Mansion of Peace, and may the name be followed by peace among its members. We have since added the Loyal Temple and the Victory, and may they have the happiness of not being the last in number and respectability. We have now opened this night, the Loyal Traveller's Call, and may it prosper. On the second lodge night it consisted of 16 members. Sir, permit me to inform you, that the utmost anxiety prevails in the breast of many past and present officers to promote the extension of the order in this district, and with praiseworthy deeds and with a laudable spirit of emulation, they are attempting much, but I hope, and have reason to believe, not more than we are able to accomplish.

I conclude with my best wishes for the good and welfare of the order in general,

Yours,

W. B.

Churchgate, February 12th, 1833.

Chirk, March 1st, 1833:

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

Fearful lest a more able writer should not send for insertion in your valuable Magazine, any particulars relative to the opening of the new lodge, at the house of brother Brellisford, of the Grapes Inn, in the town of Llangollen, in the county of Denbigh, I cannot resist the strong inducement which tempts me to do so, though I much regret the task had not fallen into abler hands.

Politics are, and very wisely, forbidden by our laws to be indulged in; but the following, though joined with an electioneering triumph, was more the effusion of joy, at the success of a gentleman residing amongst us, and whose character as a master, a landlord, a gentleman, and a man, stands inferior to no one in the principality; the following was more in accordance with that spirit, than for any joy or excitement arising from political feelings.

Monday, the 21st of January last, was the day originally fixed upon to open the new lodge; but the freeholders and electors of this part of the county having invited their newly elected representative to a public dinner, on Friday, the 18th, at the Royal King's Head Hotel, in Llangollen; and as many brothers could not make it convenient to attend on both days, it was unanimously resolved—That the new lodge should be opened on Friday, the 18th, instead of Monday, the 21st, as originally proposed.

Mr. Myddleton Biddulph, "heir of the Virtues, as well as the Estate of the illustrious house of Chirk Castle," the successful candidate; he being also the popular candidate, and the favorite of the people;—and Llangollen being one of the polling places for the county, and his strong hold; and especially as there had been no contest for this county during the memory of any person living; under these circumstances a very large assemblage of people would have collected together, some for the purpose of witnessing the procession, and others for taking part in it; but when it was announced that the Loyal Independent Order of Odd Fellows intended to head the procession to meet him, and conduct him into the town, the inhabitants of the country resolved one and all to be present to see the grand sight, and especially those Odd Men.

The morning of the 18th having come, at nine o'clock the officers of the different lodges, comprising the Wrexham district, viz:—The Ancient Britons' lodge, Wrexham; St. Peter lodge, Chirk; King Oswald lodge, Oswestry; and the Wynnstay lodge,

Rhosymedra, commenced business by opening the new lodge.—In the course of the morning the brothers of the different lodges met together, and by two o'clock nearly 200 had assembled at the new lodge. During the time lodge business was going on, and before two o'clock, the town had become literally crammed with people. All business was suspended—the factories were shut up—the tradesman, the apprentice, the servant, and the labourer, all appeared in full holiday dress, and the whole town presented to the spectator a forest of laurel, with garlands, festoons, &c. &c., decorating even every hole and corner. A grand triumphal arch had been erected over the bridge, on the Holyhead road. Nor was the town alone filled—the road, for a mile and upwards, was absolutely crowded—for the mountaineer and his family had left their cot; the farmer and his dependants had, for that day, left their yards and lands; while there only remained behind one solitary mortal, who, in sullen mood, cursed the turn that compelled him to remain to guard—the shepherd left his sheep to graze at will; and the mansions of the great and affluent were tenantless and deserted—for nought was thought of for miles around, but the grand procession that was to meet Mr. Myddleton Biddulph.

At about half past two, the band, followed by nearly 300 freeholders and electors on horses and in carriages, having started from the Royal Hotel, came and stood before the Grapes Inn.—The brothers of the lodges then in full dress, and bearing the beautiful insignia and regalia of the whole district, with flags and banners appropriate to the Order, came out in great state, and having been before arranged in admirable order, by the active and intelligent officers appointed for the occasion, took their places next to the band, and moved forward to welcome in Llangollen their patriotic and independent member. Never before was such a sight seen in this county. Had you, Mr. Editor, seen your respectable brothers of the I. O. in their various colours, with their glittering regalia, and fine appearance cheered as they were when they first appeared, and cheered and praised by hundreds at every step they took, that heart which has beat high when any thing tending to the welfare of our ancient Institution was brought forward, would not, I am sure, at this sight have contained itself within its proper bounds. Having proceeded towards Chirk Castle somewhat about two miles, the appearance of carriages bearing Mr. Biddulph's colours, coming down the hill announced the approach of their expected visitor. He, together with his friends who accompanied him, appeared astonished and amazed at the grand sight before him. The procession having turned round, moved into the town in the following order:—Two men carrying flags with appropriate mottos; the band consisting of 16 excellent musicians; the brothers of the order in full dress,

of whom about 60 were voters, but who preferred walking as brothers than riding as electors; then the horsemen; and lastly the carriages. The procession reached nearly a mile in length, each side of the road the whole way being lined with spectators; and in the town every window and every door of the houses in the streets through which the procession passed was occupied.—“Molly,” cries an elderly dame, standing with uplifted hands in the door of her house,—“Surely these are more than common men.” “Why Betsan,” said her neighbour, “don’t you know, these are the men that buried poor Mr. Turnbull who was shot, and gave his poor wife plenty of money to carry her and the little children home, all the way to the south, the people say that they gave her £10. though Mr. Turnbull had only belonged to them about two months.” “Are these the men? Hey well, God bless ’em, our Will shall be one of them this very day, if they’ll have him; think they will Molly?” “Indeed Betsan, I don’t know, you had better speak to that gentleman as you saw in a purple sash, and had a large roll in his hand, he seemed to be the head of them all.” I have since made enquiry, and find that Will, (so called by his mother,) a very decent, and respectable young man, a tradesman, has been admitted.

Upon arriving at the Royal Hotel, the procession divided while the carriage containing the worthy member, which had been drawn by the people, from the gate outside the town, was brought up before the door; he immediately alighted, and ascended the balcony; the greatest order prevailed, though now the crowd was exceedingly dense. Addressing the freeholders and electors in a neat speech of which the following is a mere outline, “He thanked them for the high honour they had conferred upon him, by electing him to be their representative; assured them that he would do his utmost, to diminish and abolish all real grievances under which they laboured; asked them to judge of him by his actions, and if he was found wanting, to place it to account against him for a future day. He was, and ever would be, the friend of the poor man.” Addressing the brothers of the Order, he said “that the honour they had so unexpectedly done him, he would ever remember with the most heartfelt gratitude; that he thanked them, from the bottom of his heart, he thanked them, and would by all means in his power, endeavour to support and encourage so laudable, so praiseworthy, and so benevolent an institution.” Excellent speeches were afterwards made by J. Madocks, Esq. Glanywern, who succeeded Mr. Biddulph, as member for the Denbighshire borough, by G. Griffiths, Esq. of Garn, and by Robert Jones, Esq., of Llangollen. The lodges, preceded by the band, returned to their own Inn, and undressed; the brothers who were voters, went and dined at the Royal Hotel, with the

other electors; the other brothers remained and dined in the lodge room, when they spent the evening in the greatest conviviality, and at night, in high glee, returned to their respective homes, nothing having occurred during the whole day to interrupt that harmony, affection, and goodwill, which so proverbially exist among them

So strange, and so grand a sight, could not long be kept secret,—it spread like wild-fire throughout the whole country, and the effect is truly delightful; all the lodges in this neighbourhood are astonishingly increasing, respectability and talent are weekly joining the order; and the sound of our deeds having reverberated from hills, and rocks, and mountains, to dales and fruitful valleys, has produced such an effect even there, that preparations are now making in this district for the opening of new independent lodges, at Corwen, Ellesmere, and Maesbury.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, very truly,

AN HUMBLE ODD FELLOW.

ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE FRIEND IN NEED LODGE, VARTEG.

TREDEGAR DISTRICT.

SIR & BROTHER,

You will please to oblige an unexperienced Correspondent, by recording in your next Magazine the first Anniversary of our lodge, which took place on the 21st day of July, 1832, and although our lodge is yet in its infancy, we have inscribed on its rolls the names of 139 respectable members, of whom 125 attended on the late occasion. Shortly after eleven o'clock the procession was formed—the brethren being fully attired in the costume of the Order. They moved off, headed by an excellent band; the display of a beautiful banner, belonging to Benjamin Hall, Esq. of Llanover, and two excellent banners, and the splendid regalia of the Monmouth district, greatly heightened the pleasing effect which the whole scene was so well calculated to produce. The rout was over the Varteg Hill down the Tram Road to Abersychan, thence to the British Company's Works, to the seat of ——— Smith, Esq.—There the members were regaled with plenty of capital beer—after which they proceeded to Pisca Baptist Chapel. The Rev. Thomas Keavin, and

the Rev, William Osland delivered very appropriate discourses; the former in Welsh, and the latter in English—the above-named Ministers are members of our lodge. After divine service the Brothers returned to their lodge room, amidst the applause of a vast concourse of spectators, amounting to several thousands in number, and seldom has the pleasant village of Abersychan witnessed so great an assemblage of the fair sex as attended, and honoured the occasion with their presence. At three o'clock about 140 brethren, including a few visitors from the Waterloo lodge, Monmouth; the Friendly Ivorian lodge, Tredegar; and the Prince Howell the Good lodge, Blaenavon, sat down to an excellent dinner, in the new lodge room, first opened on this occasion. The cloth being removed, the chairman, brother William Osland, to whom the lodge is indebted for his zealous exertions in establishing and promoting our interest, gave—The King, which was drank with great applause.

TOAST—The G. M. and Board of Directors, and may the confidence and best thanks of the Order reward their labour.

SONG—By P. G. M. Jones, of the Waterloo lodge, Monmouth.

TOAST—Esquire Hall, of Llanover.

SONG—By brother Carpenter, of the Friend in Need lodge.

TOAST—Esquire Williams, of Llangibby.

A variety of loyal and patriotic toasts followed, enlivened with airs from the band. At ten o'clock the company separated, all highly delighted with the pleasures of the day, and gratified with the kind attention of their worthy host.

J. D. HARPER, D. PROV. G. M.

British Union, August 24th, 1832.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I write to inform you, that we, of the Stockport district, did not forget to bear in remembrance of thought the season of the year at which we are now arrived—meaning Christmas—when the glad tidings which were proclaimed from on high are brought to our recollection, viz.—Peace on earth, and good will towards men; which words Odd Fellows should bear in their memory, as they are peculiarly applicable to them; and every recurrence to this season of the year, should give fresh impulse to act up to

the spirit of love and charity, laid down as an example by HIM who was born at this eventful period. This ought to be the rule of our observance, so that we may convince the uninitiated that we are such characters that they have no reason to be afraid or ashamed to become members of the same fraternity.

Sir, we had no less than three dinners, provided by the following hosts, for their members, and other brothers, on this day :—Host Bardsley, Grapes Inn ; host Timperley, Navigation Inn ; and host Robertson, Bishop Blaize. The different lodges were fitted up in a rich and tasteful style, each seeming to vie with the other, in order to make the greatest display ; and the truly spirited manner they used in the exhibition of flags, banners, festoons of laurel, together with the regalia interspersed, was a grand and magnificent display, which did not fail to bring forth the approbation of a number of persons, not belonging to the Order. Nor was it confined, sir, to this artificial display alone ; for in due time the tables were covered with the seasonable necessaries for sufficing the appetite, and which were done ample justice to. The serving up of the different dinners reflect the greatest credit on the dames of the above hosts. We, of the Pilot lodge, host Timperley, Lancashire Hill, after having the cloth removed, thought that in justice the mind ought to partake of something as a feast, and happy must all have been who was there, and who could testify that an effort was made, and not made in vain, to satisfy every reasonable mind.

The evening was enlivened by a number of recitations, toasts, and sentiments, interspersed occasionally, and made more pleasing by the introduction of the melodious chaunt of a carol. The effusions of the heart displayed itself by the extempore speeches that emanated from the lips of some present, which did them credit. Amongst the toasts were the following :—

The King and the Independent Order—Air, God save the King.

The G. M. of the Order, D. G. M., C. S., and the Board of Directors, and may their efforts for the good of the Order be crowned with success.—This toast brought forth some observations from the President and others, on the increase of the Order, and which was accounted for through the exertions of some of the Manchester friends, and the Board in general, whose known zeal for the promotion and extension of the Order have been great and unwearied in the extreme ; for they have stood by the Order under great trials, and have borne themselves along through good and through evil reports, yet still persevered.

The P. G. M., P. D. G. M. and P. C. S., of this district, and may they reap abundant satisfaction for their exertions in behalf of this district, and the Order in general.

Our worthy President, (the N. G. of this lodge), and may he receive interest tenfold, in consolation for his great exertions in respect of the Order since he joined the same.

FRIENDS,—In returning the compliment to you for drinking my health, and wishing me such great interest, you have greatly over-rated my humble efforts in this good cause; yet, this I will avail myself of, that in connection with others, I have laboured for the good and welfare of the Order; but when I have availed myself of it, what does it amount to? but to the doing my duty, and which we are all bound to do—with respect to this lodge in particular, it must be gratifying to those who feel an interest in the Order; gratifying, because it has arrived to the flourishing state it has, that all who do know the lodge must admit. Indeed it is admitted by a many in the district, that out of the many that have been opened in this district, the Pilot has weathered the storm the best for the shortness of time we have been at sea, and that we have outailed any for the time, and if we persevere in the same honourable spirit of emulation, we shall, I doubt not, have the good wishes of all true Odd Fellows. In return, I drink all your good healths, wives, families, and connections, and may you live long, and die happy.

The Vice President.—This toast was duly acknowledged.

To the distressed wherever scattered, which was acknowledged by a travelling brother, who had felt the bitter pain of distress, and had the same alleviated by the good brothers of the Pilot.

A great number of other toasts, &c. were given, and the company separated in good order and well pleased.

I remain, Sir,

Yours,

In the bonds of F. L. & T.

W. B.

Churchgate, January 29th, 1833.

MISCELLANEA.

THE MISERIES OF WEALTH.—It is to have a subscription-paper handed you every hour, and to be called a niggard if you once refuse your name.—It is to eat turkey and drink wine at a dearer rate than your neighbour.—It is to have every college, infirmary and asylum, make a run upon the bank of your benevolence, and then rail at the smallness of the dividend.—

It is to have sectarians contend for the keeping of your conscience, and lawyers struggle for the keeping of your purse—It is to be taxed for more than you are worth, and laughed at when you say so.—It is to have addition of dollars, subtraction of comforts, and multiplication of anxieties, end in division among spendthrift heirs.—It is to add interest to principal, until you have interest without principle.—It is to pay the tailor for all his bad customers, and compensate the tradesman for what he loses by knavery or extravagance.—It is never to be allowed to be on easy terms even with a coat or a shoe.—It is either to be married for money, or to have a wife always casting up the sum total of the fortune she brought.—It is to have your son's steps surrounded by "man traps," and your daughter made a target for the selfish and speculating to aim at.—It is envy gratis, and friendship bought.—It is to have a dyspeptic wife and pale children.—It is to purchase a debtor's smile and a knave's flattery.—It is to be invited to drink poor wine, that you may give better in return.—It is to have your wife wretched because another wears a higher feather, or a brighter diamond.—It is to buy green peas for nine shillings, and dislike them because a neighbour gives two dollars.—It is to have sons go to college to buy themes of wiser heads, and your daughters' brains turned by the flattery of fools.—It is to have your sleep disturbed by dreams of fire, and your peace of mind dependent on the blowing of the wind.—It is to have relations wish you a short life, and a long will.—It is to insure your widow's tears by making her fortune depend on her widowhood.—It is to contract the heart, and stretch the conscience.—It is to have greater temptations than others in this world; and to find the entrance to a better more difficult than to the rest of mankind.

When we notice the turmoil of politics we exclaim "Who would be a politician?" We might as wisely say when we see a storm at sea, "Who would be a fish?"—Both politician and fish are in their element.

A poetic wag wrote an eulogistic poem on Sally. He was asked by an old lady who happened to have a marriageable daughter of that name, whether his subject was a *real* Sally. "Yes, madam, he replied "a *real* sally of imagination."

THE GRAVE.—Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and there meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and has ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever

given one unmerited pang to that heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing—Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.—The following curious epistle was dispatched not many months since to a medical gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Old Romney:—"Cer,—Yole oblige me if yole kom and see me. I have a bad kowd, am hill in bow hills, and have lost my happy tight. Your sarvt, R. STACE."

WAGES OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—Chamberlayne says that the Lords of Parliament paid their own charges, because they represented only themselves; yet all the Commons, both Lay and Clergy, that is, *procuratores cleri*, are to have *rationales expensis* (as the words of the writ are,) that is, such allowances as the King, considering the price of all things, shall judge meet to impose on the people to pay. In the 17th Edward II. it was ten groats for knights, and five for burgesses; but not long after it was four shillings for all others; when the counties, cities, and boroughs paid so dear for their expences, they were wont to choose such men as were best able, and most diligent in the speedy dispatch of affairs. The afore mentioned expences duly paid did cause all the petty decayed boroughs of England to become suitors to the King, that they might not be obliged to send Burgesses to Parliament; whereby it came to pass that divers were unburgessed, as it was in particular granted to Chipping or Market-Morrison upon their petition; and then, the number of the Commons' House being scarce half so many as at present (1688), their debates and bills were sooner expedited. Kingston, too, obtained leave not to send Members to Parliament because of the expense.

While the volunteer mania was raging, the Corporation of London offered to raise a troop, on condition that it should not be expected to leave the country. "It certainly never shall," said Pitt, "except in case of an invasion."

M. Barruel, Director of Chemical Experiments to the faculty of Medicine, after having made researches on the existence of iron in the blood, is of opinion that he could extract from the blood of a corpse iron enough to

strike a metal as large as a 40fr piece. This would be a curious and substantial means of preserving the remains and perpetuating the memory of an illustrious person or friend.

An Irishman having been summoned to the Court of Requests, at Guild-hall, by an apothecary, for medicines, was asked by one of the Commissioners what plaintiff had from time to time served him with, to which he gave suitable answers: "And, pray," said the Commissioner, what was the last thing he served you with?" "Why, your honour, replied the honest Hibernian, "the last thing he served me with, please you, was the summons!"

A FAIR DIVISION OF THREE BIRDS AMONGST FIVE PERSONS. Mr.—, well known for his love of humour, lately invited four friends to dine with him, for the sake of playing off the following piece of practical wit. The first dish that appeared on the table contained three partridges; the host immediately took up one, and, addressing his guests by couples, he said, "There's one for you two, and there's one for you two." Then, taking the third bird into his own plate, he added, and here's one for me too."

TO THE EDITOR.

RESPECTED SIR & BROTHER,

Should you deem the following brief essay worthy of a page in your next Magazine, its insertion would very much oblige,

Yours, most faithfully

In friendship's bonds,

C. B.

Shrewsbury, February 9th. }
Salopian Hope lodge. }

TO S. S., ON HER BIRTH'DAY.

Thou, to whose charms I bend, attend my lay,
 Whilst with the muse, I hail thy natal day!
 Say, wilt thou listen to thy lover's strains,
 And with one tender smile reward his pains.
 May many happy birth-days be thy lot,
 May wisdom's rules be ne'er by thee forgot;
 May Health and Virtue, Peace and Love attend
 Thy future life, my lovely—faithful friend.
 Yet, whilst thou'rt here below, direct thy mind
 To that great, only source, where thou canst find

That inward peace, which all, with truth may say,
 "The world can neither give, nor take away."
 Do not forget, dear maid, the hour of death
 Is certain, and that thou mayest lose thy breath,
 Long ere another birth-day thou shalt know,
 And endless glory share, or lasting woe.
 Choose then thy path, whilst yet 'tis in thy pow'r,
 Let virtue be thy guide, and then each honr
 Will bring fresh comfort to thy peaceful breast,
 And, in the world to come, eternal rest!
 Amongst thy bounteous gifts, great heav'n! bestow
 On this fair maiden, all that's good below;
 Grant her true happiness, and peace of mind,
 Wisdom, and virtue, love, and truth, combin'd;
 And, when thou'rt pleased to call her soul away,
 To dwell with thee, in everlasting day,
 Amidst celestial choirs, may she adore
 Her Saviour—God—and friend—for evermore!

GOD ALONE ABIDETH EVER.

[*A reflection on viewing the ruins of Persepolis, See
 Niebuhr's Travels.*]

And Kings—where are they—mighty ones of earth!
 They only lived until stern Destiny
 Poured them the cup of Death, and bade them drink,
 How many a kingly city bloomed of old,
 That now is withered! Death hath swept away
 The city—and the living ones it held—
 To teach thee, child, that God alone abides.

Thou wouldest reign a king, like Solimann—
 But where is Solimaun? of all his glory,
 His gold, or greatness, took he aught away?
 Who treads on dust shall dust himself become.
 Faces, that smiled, look out from every sod
 Of earth—thy heedless foot, it may be, treads
 Even now on sons of kings! The dust of Death
 Speaks but one eloquent word—"Live well—
 He who loves God and goodness, needs no more."

GOING TO SEA.

There is a Providence that shapes our destinies.

My uncle Peter, besides that he "often spoke of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth escapes, of being taken by the insolent foe, and sold to slavery," had won my love when I was a boy, by piloting me through the ships lying in Deptford Dock-yard. I recollected, too, the frankness of his manners with increased affection, and joyfully accepted an invitation to visit him previous to his setting out upon a new voyage. My uncle Peter was one of the oldest officers in the service. He had floated, as he used to express it, sixty years in the very jaws of death, and he feared him no more than he feared danger. He would sometimes say, disparagingly, "*Death is but a rascally scarecrow.*" He had not escaped his numerous rencounters quite shot free; but that alone which discomfited him, that cowardly scoundrel *old age*, now kept too close quarters with him to allow his weather-worn timbers sea-room; so that my poor uncle was raked and ravaged fore and aft. But encircling danger would not daunt uncle Peter. He had been too long the intimate and comrade of Nelson, to become a pupil in the art of *striking*. Down might his old ship have gone, with his colours waving to the last, had not his familiar friend, old Ocean, to whose voice he ever listened with veneration, now warned uncle Peter that his battered hulk needed a refit; so he had, submissive to his favourite's monition, just hove to in his native village, the spot which he considered the loveliest on *terra firma*. I had often heard my father speak of uncle's "superstitious stuff." "Peter," he would say, "with the rest of us, was bred up among prognosticating old women, and his sea education has fostered early impressions; but time mellows romantic fancies, thought and experience ripen the judgement." A few random incidents, snatched from the busy life of a brave old sailor, as related by himself, may suffice to show what influence these sedatives possess in removing early prepossessions.

One night we were sitting over a bright wood fire, my uncle, according to custom, smoking his short pipe. We had listened long and dreamingly to the pattering rain and whistling wind. The storm increased as the night advanced, till we fancied we saw wrecks written in each other's countenances. I found it impossible to interrupt the silence of thought. My uncle was accustomed to weather hurricanes, so having put his pipe by the fireside,

and placed his hands on his knees, he regarded me with a fixed seriousness. "These nights, Phil," said my uncle, breaking silence, "serve me as mementos of the most prominent features of my life, which I can never recall in calm time. It was about sixty-five years ago, my dear Phil, that the Lord was pleased to work a miracle in my behalf, which effected a change in my course of life: it was brought about by a remarkable circumstance, Phil, which I'll tell thee, to show thee the great goodness and mercy of the all-seeing and all-knowing Rewarder of innocence and virtue. While I was yet a boy, living with old Moses Jones, down at Pencoos, employed in working about the farm, one night (I remember it distinctly; though it is now sixty-five years ago, 'tis as fresh in my memory as if it had happened but yesterday), two days after Helston feast-day, old Moses, my master, you must know, was about this time very ill at ease, he having been two days before carried through the town on the May-pole, by the holiday boys for not getting up at sunrise to join them in the forray fun. Poor old Moses had been ever since the morning of his disgrace choking with splenetic grief, and wandering to and fro, swearing never to forget nor forgive the perpetrators of this mortal indignity. It was on the third day after the happening of this untoward affair, about two o'clock in the morning, that old Moses, my master, instigated and directed by some supernatural agency, *stood by my bedside*; what I was about, not to hear him, I cannot think; there he stood paler than the moon which shone through my lattice, and by the aid of whose light I was enabled to see old Moses's countenance, which at the first glance struck me as being of a melancholy savageness, and the next moment blackening with an active ferocity: we were fixed motionless with terror." "We!" exclaimed I, regarding my uncle with a curious anxiety. "Yes, Phil," retorted my uncle Peter; "but we were as innocent as unborn babes. That night, Jenny the dairy-maid (I must tell you) had come, as she had often wont, into my room; she was in the habit of sitting with me, and often went not till the moon had waned; she loved my company, you see, Phil; but we were as guiltless as it was possible for two females to be, Moses, however, was too old a sinner himself to believe our mutual assurances; so, either from incredulity, or glad of an opportunity to vent his overflowing vengeance, or because Jenny had (as she told me) refused his proffered advances, he gazed upon us but one awful moment, and with a heavy blow struck me to the ground. Jenny left off making any further entreaties and threats, and flew off, vowing definite and immediate revenge. Not quite killed, I sprung up, and having snatched the poker, placed myself in a defensive attitude to meet a second attack; and, indeed, Moses again turned towards me in the most ferocious manner, but, seeing me armed, he shouted wild with passion, and shrieked in a voice resembling the loud roaring wind, 'Out

of my house, thou villain, and to hell wi'e !' I never shall forget the fiendish looks, never forget the tones of his voice ; I have heard nothing like it since, Phil, except, indeed, my last boatswain, Will Piper ; oh, my dear eyes, Phil, he was a boatswain ! Some night, Phil, remind me of Will Piper, I'll tell thee—but let me go on now with my story, I gladly decamped as fast as fear and sadness would let me, and wandered despondingly about the fields, until a late hour of the morning, before I ventured to repair to my father's cottage. The whole of that day I spent in the bitterest misery, I reflected on the event, on my present condition, and on what was to become of me. Poor Jenny, too, what fate was hers ? at best cast upon her poor parents ! her character gone ; no one would now receive her. What was most painful to me, I feared to go near her ; I doubted not but old Moses would divulge this circumstance, not failing to colour it with the most aggravated additions : to be now therefore seen with Jenny would be a glaring corroboration of the guilt which he would impute to us, the fear of which charge was at that time one of my severest anxieties. I was not then inured to accidents, or reckless of consequences. My dear eyes, Phil, how a year or two alters a man, both in his thoughts and cares ! The whole of the next day I wandered about, I know not how nor whither, but miserable as a guilty wretch. With evening came a splitting headache, brought on by dwelling upon this unlooked-for catastrophe. I lay awake some hours upon a bed of torture ; but, at length, the merciful Lord, Phil, who knew my innocence, delivered me from this tribulation of mind, and blessed me, by allowing me to fall into a profound sleep. It is in this sinless, powerless state of humanity, that the spirits of peace and mercy approach the spirits of affliction and despondency, dispelling the dejection of despair incident to mortal infirmity by the influence of their presence, and lifting to tranquility and power by their pity and beneficence. In my sleep I heard a voice utter these words :—

' Peter ! Peter !

Go to the moor

That's moss grown o'er,

Go once, twice, thrice,

There thou shalt see

Thy destiny,

Without money or price.'

"I awoke at day-break, and, without communicating my vision to any one, I hastened up to the summit of the moor ; the sun shone beautifully bright, and there I remained several anxious hours, indeed until the violence of the heat brought on an excruciating headache, and compelled me to return home. I went again upon the following morning, and had not waited many hours before I began to fancy I saw a vision in the clouds ; it was the rising mist, which was soon followed by pouring torrents of,

rain, and all dripping with wet I returned home a second time. Not yet daunted, I wandered pensively a third time, in full faith, to the circle of furze bushes in the midst of the moor. The day was very misty and gloomy, my eyes had become painfully inflamed with long watching, and my head began to ache with despondency, for I had waited till the day was beginning to sink.

"Turning round to look homewards, I saw beside me some one enfolded in a long, hooded brown cloak, I caught a glimpse of a haggard visage; it was that of a very old woman, she was leaning her folded arms upon a thick blackthorn, with her cloak closely drawn round her. When or how she got there, Phil, the Lord of heaven knows. I never saw her come, nor heard her; how she got there, I say, Phil, (repeated my uncle, inclining his eyes upwards, distending his mouth, and drawing a face looser even than usual) I tell thee I know not, but there she stood motionless, leaning on the tall stick, and looking earnestly at me. After fixedly gazing upon me a few moments, she took me by the hand and said, 'Young man, young man, ar'n't thee uncle Philip's son of Peacocks?' 'Yes, mother,' I reverently replied, bowing and holding down my head. 'Be bold,' said she, raising her voice to a shrill shriek; then in an under tone continuing, 'but be prudent, and attend, Peter; do as I direct, and heaven protect thee.'

"Pluck the bent grass-blade
That grows in yon glade,
Where the bee lurks beneath,
Blow him forth with thy breath.
Where he flies matters not,
Mark and him to the spot.
The emblem fly of industry
Will teach thee all. Thy fate descry,
Despair not."

"We were alone on the moor, Phil, but I immediately obeyed the holy behest; I approached the glade; I heard the hum song, and plucked the grass-blade as directed, and, looking about, found I was again alone.

"How my instructress disappeared, Phil, or where she went, the Lord of heaven only knows. I hastened to learn my fate, and held up the blade of grass to the wind, and fulfilled the directions of my supernatural monitress. The bee immediately flew away, I watched it till almost lost in the distance; after some moments of dizzy indistinctness, I fancied I perceived it again. It appeared increasing in size, it grew more and more distinct, and became wonderfully large; but assuming, as I fancied, a different form; in a very few moments, to my astonishment, I saw fully equipped in complete naval rigging, a perfect sailor." "What! an apparition, uncle?" ejaculated I; "An apparition!" echoed my uncle with marked significance, "An apparition! no Phil, as plainly and truly a man as thee art, to be sure; a perfect man. He

passed and repassed in the distance like an apparition, and left me confounded : I looked again, and saw him again pass before my eyes as plainly as I now see thee. He was dressed in a blue jacket and white trousers, with a broad-brimmed straw hat, and waving a little red handkerchief ; he appeared a third time, stood several moments, and again disappeared. After a fervent thanksgiving to the all-merciful Providence, I posted home, determined not to reveal anything I had seen or heard to a single soul. I never before told it to a soul, Phil, not to a soul ; some people you know, Phil, would be unbelieving enough to call it superstition." I looked doubtingly, and my uncle continued, "I got up in the middle of the night, not being able to sleep from anxiety, packed up my stores in a little bundle, and started for Falmouth, I arrived there at a very early hour, and having learnt that the press was close, I secreted myself till the time of day that I could offer my services freely, and enjoy the advantages of a volunteer. I was joyfully accepted, and in a very few hours was sent on board the Fanny tender.

"It is not worth while dwelling upon the scenes which I saw there, or attempting to express the unmusical sufferings I endured from that most unromantic of instruments the Scotch fiddle, to which I was introduced almost as soon as I went on board. Suffice it at present to say, I was soon drafted from this disgusting scene of loathsomeness, to a wholesome comfortable ship, where I was comparatively happy."

Whether or not the reader will have recounted to him some few of the adventures in which my uncle therein and elsewhere took a leading part, or of the dangers and difficulties he encountered and survived during upwards of sixty years of action in the wars of men and elements, through all seasons, and in all climes, depends upon the approval of the sample of my uncle's *true* narrative of Going to Sea.

BIRTHS.

October 13, 1832, the wife of p g Isaac Booth, of the Imperial lodge, Idle, of a son.

" 20, the wife of d g m Whitfield, of the Bradford district, of a daughter.

December last, the wife of brother John Ballinger Nelmes, of the Loyal Colchester lodge, Mitcheldean, of a son.

January 27th, 1833, the wife of brother James Constance, of the same lodge, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

P g Edward Marshall, of the Stranger's Refuge lodge, Liverpool, to Miss Whitehead, of the same place.

November 26th, 1832, at Glossop, brother John Cooper, of the Good Samaritan lodge, Marple Bridge, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Oliver, chemist and druggist.

December 6th, at Otley, Thomas Grunwell, p g of the Fairfax lodge, to Susannah, youngest daughter of Mr. John Butterfield, of Keighley.

" 10, at Cheadle, brother John White Hadfield, of the Good Samaritan lodge, to Miss Mary Chadwick.

" 20, at St. John's Church, Manchester, William Peyton, c s of the Manchester district, to Miss Isabella Hirst, of Salford.

" 23, at Mottram, brother Eli Jackson, of the Good Samaritan lodge, to Miss Elizabeth Ridgway.

" 29, at Brighton, brother John Leppard to Miss Ann Wheeler, who was conducted to the Hymenial Altar by our worthy and respected brother, p g in Field.

" 29, brother James Dale, of the Olive Branch lodge, Idle, to Miss Elizabeth Watkinson, of the same place.

January 24, 1833, at Abinghall, Gloucestershire, brother Emanuel Constance, of the Loyal Colchester lodge, to Miss Eliza Cloudely, of Mitcheldean.

DEATHS.

Brother George Davy, host of the King George the Fourth lodge, Liverpool.

Brother W. Hope, of the Good Intent lodge, Liverpool.

Brother James Rigby, of the Earl of Derby lodge, Prescott.

At Stockport, p g and c s Eli Holt, pattern designer, of the Pilot lodge, Chorley. This deservedly much respected and worthy officer died on Christmas day, and was interred on his birth day, aged 69 years.

On the 23rd of September last, in the 16th year of his age, after a severe illness of three months, which he bore with pious resignation to the divine will, Henry Warman, son of Charles Warman, G. M. of the Kidderminster district.

November 16, 1831, Rachel, the wife of George Grunwell, p g of the Fairfax lodge, Otley.

November 26, 1832, aged 26, Abel Mallinson, n g of the Queen Elizabeth lodge, Stockport. He was respected by all who knew him, and was followed to his grave by 250 members of our fraternity.

December 19, brother Samuel Savage, of the Saint John lodge, Salford.

" 25, brother Christopher Bolton, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester.

" 27, aged 25, brother David Williams, of the Loyal Cambrian lodge, No. 451; the son of William Williams, of Fenycodda, in the parish of Merthyr, and brother of the same lodge. On the Saturday following the brethren, from lodges No. 451, 631, 651, 652, met in number about 170, and followed the funeral of the deceased, walking in procession according to the usual formalities of the Order. At the house of the deceased, a sermon was preached by the Rev. David Saunders.

January 1, 1833, brother William Green, of the Good Samaritan lodge, Salford.

" 4, aged 28, Samuel Barnett, v g of the Wellington lodge, Chester.

" 8, brother Henry Fearn, of the Hill's Glory lodge, Manchester.

Host John Smith, of the Bristol City lodge, Bristol.

" 24, p v Jonathan Hagne, of the Victory lodge, Manchester.

February 6, p g Robert Shelmerdine, of the Waterloo lodge, Salford.

" 11, brother David Greason, of the Earl of Oxford lodge, Manchester.

" 19, p g James Dickinson, of the Cumberland lodge.

March 5, brother Alexander Alcock, of the Saint George lodge, Manchester.

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

JUNE,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1833.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR & BROTHER,

The following well-written article cannot but be interesting to your numerous readers, if it were only by way of contrast, to shew how differently things are managed in France and England, between *Jack Catch*, of London, and "*Sanson, Monsieur de Paris!*" I could say much on this subject, but our Magazine is not a proper vehicle for such sentiments, and shall therefore subscribe myself,

In Bonds of F. L. & T.

Yours truly,

Manchester.

B. J.

THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS.

The prince of the church, and the executioner—the minister of God preaching the gospel, and the minister of human justice, with his mission of pain and blood—the preserver of the soul, and the destroyer of the body—by a strange abuse of words, and an unaccountable perversion of reason, bear the same appellation :—

Bossuet, Monsieur de Meaux !
Sanson, Monsieur de Paris !

An executioner can never be fairly appreciated, because he is covered with a veil of eternal prejudice. At his name people shudder and draw closer together, as if listening to some horrible tale. The name is associated with blood and murder ; it conjures up to the imagination phantasms of horror and mortal violence.

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You see the dread scaffold before you, with the blood-stained plank rendered brighter after each execution, and the basket which receives the severed head—you see all this, and your fancy shows you a struggling victim full of life and health, dragged up the steps, and in an instant precipitated into eternity.

Is it then surprising, that men of even strong minds and superior attainments should think with horror of the living agent of the inflictions of human justice? Is it surprising that they should affix an indelible stigma upon him, without whom the right of scourging the guilty would belong to God alone?

This agent of the law is, of necessity, a double man : the created being, equal, in the eyes of God and of the law, to his fellow-men ; and the abstract being—the terrible agent which intervenes betwixt crime and punishment, acting but in the interest of the society that spurns him, and to which he returns in painful service the contempt he is forced to endure.

It would be difficult to form a just and reasonable opinion of such a man. His functions make too forcible an appeal to an innate feeling which the mind cannot overcome, for reason to pre-empt over our judgment. We are, besides, not always able to form an opinion of our own after reading those of the illustrious author of the "*Soirees de St. Petersbourg*," and the warm and eloquent Rousseau. Certainly, if we are not to see, in the executioner's wife and children, "a mother and her cubs," as M. de Maistre would have us do, neither ought we to yield to the sophistical philosophy of Jean-Jacques, who would have a sovereign make his son marry the hangman's daughter.

The office of executioner has not always been so degraded as it is now. Among the Jews, sentences of death were executed either by the people at large, by the accusers of the condemned criminal, by the relatives of the homicide, if the condemnation were for murder, or by other persons, according to circumstances.

The sovereign often ordered those about his person, particularly if they were young men, to go and put to death some individual whom he named. We find many instances of this in holy writ ; and, far from any infamy being attached to such executions, they were deemed honourable.

Among the Greeks, the office of executioner was not despised. Aristotle, in his *Politics*, places the executioner among the magistrates. He even says, that, from the necessity of his duties, he ought to be ranked among the principal officers of state. At Rome, besides the lictors, soldiers were sometimes ordered to execute criminals, not only for military, but for civil offences. Neither was this service considered degrading. Among the

ancient Germans, executions were performed by priests, because this people looked upon the blood of criminals as the most agreeable offering to their gods.

In ancient times, judges often executed their own sentences, of which history, sacred and profane, furnishes us many examples. In Germany, before the office of executioner was established, the duties were performed by the youngest member of the city corporation, in Franconia, it was done by the man most recently married; at Reutlingue, an imperial city of Swabia, by the counsellor last appointed; and at Stedien, a little town in Thuringen, by the inhabitant who last came to settle there.

In Russia, there is no executioner—the duties are performed each time by a different prisoner. This commission of an instant is always followed by a full pardon.

In France, the executioner had, like the king and the lords of his court, the right of *prise*; that is to say, he had the power to take from the inhabitants of the place to which his duties called him, such provisions as he required. But he was, nevertheless, obliged ultimately to pay for them, at the expiration of a certain limited time of credit.

The letters patent of Charles V., dated the 5th of March, 1398, exempting the inhabitants of Chailly and Lay, near Paris, from the right of *prise*, prohibited “the king’s caterers, harbingers, equerries, executioners of high justice, and other of the king’s officers, likewise all officers of the queen, as well as lords and persons enjoying the right of *prise*, from exercising it on any of the said inhabitants.” In this document, the executioner is placed in very good company.

At a later period, the office of executioner fell into the lowest state of degradation, from which it was, however, somewhat raised in 1790, when the National Assembly, on the motion of Maton de la Varenne, seconded by Mirabeau, decreed that the executioner was included in the number of citizens.

I had long anxiously desired to become acquainted with this terrible functionary. I was curious to see him in his own house, and surrounded by his family—to hear him speak of his dreadful duties, and utter sounds of human language. Knowing no one who could introduce me to him, I determined to introduce myself—and one morning bent my steps, not indeed without emotion, towards the Rue des Marais du Temple.

Arrived at No. 31 bis, I saw that it was a small house, protected by iron railings, whose interstices, closed by wood, prevented the eye from penetrating into the interior. There is no opening in these railings; the entrance to the sanctuary is through a small

door contiguous to them, on the right side of which there is a bell. In the middle of the door an iron slit, like those at the post-offices, receives the letters sent by the Procureur-general to the executioner.

I gently rung the bell ; the door was opened, and a tall, athletic young man about thirty years of age, politely enquired what I wanted. "Mr. Henry Sanson," said I, in a tremulous voice. This individual was one of the executioner's assistants.

Among other accredited errors regarding the executioner in France, is an idea that the office is perpetual in the same family, and the son obliged to succeed the father. No such thing. No man not under sentence of a court of justice can, at a period when the lowest citizen enjoys his civil and political rights, be forced to embrace any profession against his will. Another cause must be found to account for the son always reaping the bloody inheritance of his father.

The executioner lives in a state of exclusion from society. He can associate, out of his own family, with none but executioners ; nor can he seek alliances anywhere but among executioners. Is it his fault if you have made him a man apart from other men ? would you give him your daughter in marriage, or seek to become his son-in-law ? Would you admit him into your house ? Would not his arrival at any place where you might be, raise throughout your frame the same kind of shudder as if you were in the Jardin des Plantes when the lion had broken loose ? And yet he is a man, as well as you—equally in need of friendship and love, which he can demand only from those circumstanced like himself. He and his are like a family of Chandalas in the midst of a community of Bramins.

Do not, however, believe, that the office of executioner can ever want an occupant. When Monsieur de Versailles died without issue, some years ago, there were a hundred and eighty-seven applications for his office. Most of the candidates were old soldiers, several of them butchers. This fact leads to a horrible doubt. Can it be possible that all men are qualified for such an office, and that familiarity with blood is alone wanting ?

I return to my visit.

I was ushered into a small room, where I saw a man about sixty, with a countenance beaming with mildness and candour, amusing himself at the piano. This was the executioner !

In the same room was his son,* a young man of three or four

* The circumstance of this young man's marriage is somewhat romantic. A young and very beautiful girl, the daughter of a rich hosier at Paris, seeing him often pass her father's house, fell deeply in love with him, without know-

and thirty, with light hair and a mild, timid look. On his knees sate a girl ten or twelve years old, lovely as an angel, remarkable for the beauty and nobleness of her features, and their expression of artless vivacity. She was his daughter.

This family picture struck me forcibly ; and Sanson must have perceived it. The fact is, that, without sharing in the prejudice of the multitude, I had, nevertheless, formed an idea very different from what was now before me. That little girl, above all—she strangely bewildered me. I could have wished that nothing so beautiful had been found there ; it was like sunlight on a thunder-cloud, or a rose rising in its beauty between the stones of a sepulchre.

For several years past, M. Sanson the younger has performed the duties of his father's office. Destined for reasons which I have already explained, to succeed to that office, he is serving his apprenticeship of blood under the eye of the latter, who is obliged to be present at every execution—for the law knows no other than him, and he is personally responsible for all that passes.

M. Sanson received me like a man of the world, without embarrassment or affectation, and politely inquired the object of my visit. My story was ready prepared. I was, I said, writing a work on judicial punishments, and relying upon his obliging disposition, had taken the liberty of applying to him for information. The amiable manner in which he replied that all the information he possessed was at my service, made me feel quite at home. I did not therefore confine my questions to the avowed object ; and in a conversation of nearly two hours, I had on opportunity of observing the sound judgment and purity of mind of Monsieur de Paris.

M. Sanson does not attempt to disguise how acutely he feels the stigma attached to his situation. But he supports it, not like a scorner, but like a philosopher.

This feeling, however, never once made him forget the distance which society has placed between him and it. If you but lost sight of it an instant, M. Sanson would himself take care to recall it to your mind.

ing who he was. On discovering the dreadful secret, her parents endeavoured to combat this unhappy attachment, but so ineffectually, that she became dangerously ill, and would, no doubt, have died, had not the prejudice been overcome, the young man sent for, and the match concluded. This couple are models of conjugal affection. The office of executioner at Paris is better paid than that of the President of the Royal Court. M. Sanson the elder has two unmarried daughters, remarkable for their beauty. He has spared no expense upon their education, and is able to add handsome dowries. Yet these ill-fated and lovely girls must make up their minds to marry executioners, or pine away their lives in single blessedness.—*Athenæum*

One thing struck me particularly. He had often resorted to his snuff-box without once offering it to me. This departure from the established custom of snuff-takers surprised me. On a sudden, mechanically indeed, and without thought, and while absorbed in conversation, I offered him a pinch from my box. He raised his hand in token of refusal, with an expression of countenance impossible to describe, but which sent a chill through me. Unhappy man ! a recollection of the past brought the blood tingling to his fingers' ends.

M. Sanson delights in conversation ; probably because he has read much and with profit. He has an extensive and well-chosen library, which, in his house, is not merely ornamental. His books, indeed, are his only society ; with their aid he can escape from embarrassment and humiliation, converse with master minds, obtain relief from his horrible duties, consolation for the scorn of his fellow-men, repose for his days, and sleep for his nights

Excluded from living society, his intercourse is with the great of past ages ;—he can look on them without a shudder—they died not by his hand !

Among the books, were two which I little expected to find there ; the works of M. de Maistre, and "*Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné*."*

The library furnished me with a topic of conversation which I was glad to avail myself of. Until then the conversation had flagged ; I had felt a delicacy in pressing him with questions, and he, with the tact which characterizes him, avoided speaking on any subject not immediately connected with his office. But the moment we touched upon literature, he yielded me an entire confidence ; the constraint he had imposed upon himself disappeared. He laid down principles, and discussed opinions, like a man well acquainted with the subject ; and notwithstanding certain literary heresies, from the want of an elementary education, he gave decisions that would have done honour to a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. This conversation on literary topics drove away the cold formality which had before chilled our intercourse. We became like old acquaintances ; his heart seemed to expand, and the moral man was before me without disguise.

One would have supposed that the nature of his office, and the description of persons with whom it brings him into connexion, must have extinguished in him all humane feeling ; quite the reverse—they have developed the most acute sensibility. This man,—who coldly inspects the preparations for an execution, raises, piece by piece, the dreadful instrument of death, oils the

* "*The Last Day of a Condemned Criminal*," a work by Victor Hugo.

ropes, and tries the edge of the knife with his finger,—cannot restrain his tears when you remind him of any past execution.—He raises his voice with energy against the punishment of death, enlarges with animation on the means which might efficaciously be substituted for it; and on the day of execution he may be seen pale as death, refusing food, and overcome with feelings of disgust and horror. This fact is not known, nor should I have believed it had I not seen it. It ought likewise, to be witnessed by those who, with all the weight and authority of high talent, cast shame and obloquy upon this agent of the law, at the same time that they prostrate themselves with the deepest respect before the power which makes him act!

He related to me some curious anecdotes concerning the last moments of certain celebrated criminals. I shall not record them here. Amid facts, sometimes affecting, sometimes burlesque, such details are painful—they are like the smile of a corpse on a gibbet. I shall only mention why the scaffold and guillotine are now taken down immediately after an execution. Formerly they remained standing, the spring which put the knife into action being fastened by a padlock.

In 1797, after an execution, the executioner and his assistants had retired to the first floor of a cabaret, situated at the angle formed by the Place de Greve and the Quai Pelletier. They were talking, drinking, perhaps laughing. Some one knocked at the door. It was a workman, who came, he said, to beg that M. Sanson would lend him the key of the guillotine. A journeyman barber had just been taken in the act of staling a watch, and the people, in their love of summary justice, had hoisted him upon the scaffold, tied him to the fatal plank, slid him under the knife, and but for the precaution taken, his head would have been already off. The executioner, who himself opened the door, replied that M. Sanson was just gone out, and had taken the key with him, but would return in a couple of hours. There was no remedy but to wait. By degrees the croud began to disperse, but the man devoted to death was left lying under the knife. At last, and after a lapse of time, every minute of which must have appeared an hour, he was released. Nothing can give an adequate idea of his feelings, nor of the agony he endured during this novel species of slow torture. This circumstance occurred but a few years after the revolution. The blood which had flowed during the two years of the Reign of Terror, had not satiated the rage for executions displayed by the multitude.

Less from a motive of curiosity, than to remind M. Sanson of the professed object of my visit, I begged him to show me the room which contained the instruments formerly used in the infliction of judicial torture. The sight of this museum filled me with

horror. One thing in this conservatory of murder is worthy of mention,—it is the sword with which the Marquis de Lally was decapitated. This weapon was manufactured on purpose; and several blades were made before one was found fit for the object intended.

At that period, whenever any remarkable execution took place, the young lords of the court were in the habit of standing upon the platform of the scaffold, just as they were accustomed, in the evening, to seat themselves upon the benches which, in those days, stood upon the stage at the theatres. On the day of M. de Lally's execution, these spectators were more numerous than usual; and one of the most eager to enjoy the spectacle, accidentally struck the arm of the executioner at the moment the latter was balancing the murderous steel in the air, previously to striking the fatal blow. The shock caused the weapon to deviate from a right line, and instead of striking the nape of the neck, it fell upon the head of the victim, which it penetrated and stopped at the jaw. The sword was notched by coming in contact with a tooth, and an assistant of the executioner was obliged to terminate the tragedy with a cutlass!—I held the fatal sword in my hand, and saw that a tooth might easily have caused the notch. Another anecdote may not here be out of place.

About the year 1750, in the middle of the night, three young men belonging to that high class of the nobility which had then a monopoly for breaking windows, insulting street passengers, and beating the guard, and which would fain have revived, after too long an interval, the gay extravagant, and insolently aristocratical manners of the regency—were strolling down the faubourg St. Martin, after supper, laughing and talking under the influence of sparkling champaign.

On their arrival in the Rue St. Nicholas, they heard the sound of instruments, and the music was of so lively a character that it could not but indicate a hearty bourgeois dance. How fortunate! it would enable them to pass pleasantly the remainder of the night.

One of them knocked at the door; it was opened by a polite well-dressed man.

The young lord hastened to explain the motive of this unseasonable visit.

The gentleman, with frigid politeness, declined their company. "This is a family party," said he, "and no stranger can be admitted."

"You are wrong," said the young nobleman; "we belong

to the court, and we are doing you great honour in condescending to join your party."

"Once more, gentlemen, I must refuse your offer. Neither of you know the person you are addressing, or you would be as anxious to withdraw as you are now importunate to be admitted."

"Excellent, upon my honour!" said the most eager of the party; "and who the devil are you?"

"I am the executioner of Paris."

"Ha! ha! ha! what, is it you cut off heads, break limbs upon the wheel, make nerves crack upon the wooden horse, and torture poor devils so agreeably?"

"Softly, gentlemen. Such, indeed, are the duties of my office; but I leave these matters to my deputies. It is only when a man of quality—a young lord, like either of you, gentlemen—is subjected to the penalties of the law, that I do execution on him with my own hands."

"The individual who addressed the executioner was the Marquis de Lally, who twenty years afterwards, died by the hands of the same man upon whose office he was then exercising his powers of raillery."

When I left the executioner's house, my bosom was dreadfully oppressed. The fresh air restored my mind to its former tone. Of all the different impressions which I had received, none remained but a profound contempt for our civilization—and the predominant wish of my heart was the revision of our penal code.

On quitting Sanson, after a long visit, during which I had lost sight of his situation in his society,—prompted by that natural warmth of feeling which urges us to make advances to those who please us, I instinctively held out my hand to him. He drew back with a look of surprise and confusion.

The snuff-box occurred to my recollection, and I fully understood his thoughts. The hand which comes in daily contact with crime, dared not press that of an honest man.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LEEDS MERCURY.

GENTLEMEN,—You will greatly oblige many of your readers by giving the following a place in your valuable paper:—

On Sunday February 24th, a numerous and respectable party belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, from Brad-

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ley, attended Christ Church, Woodhouse, near Huddersfield, to perform the last sad office of humanity to one of their deceased members, (as is their practice,) when the Rev. Mr. Bywater, officiating minister of St. Paul's Church, Huddersfield, but on that occasion performing the service at the above place, after having performed the burial service, was kindly pleased to make the following unprovoked attack upon the said Society, without a word of reply having been made by any one present, to their credit. He commenced with, "Now my brethren, as you stand here, I have a few words to say to you all; you may think as I have interred this man, I have done my duty, but, as a minister of Christ, I cannot allow this occasion to pass without saying something to you. I will give you a short lecture, and then I will turn my back on you for ever. I care not for you, and I dare to tell you so. What do you mean by coming here with your badges and your music, collecting a multitude of people, breaking the Sabbath, and keeping thousands from a place of worship? Is it not abominable? I care not for your badges, for they are emblems of wickedness, and you are worse than Deists and Infidels, and unless you forsake those badges you will not only go down to the grave, as this man has done, but you will sink down to hell eternal. I dare say when I have turned my back some one of you will dare to put on a surplice, but let me tell you, your's is an abomination and mockery, but mine is an emblem of holiness, only to be worn by a minister of Christ. You are a disgrace to society, and a scandal to the country in which you live. Go to the heathen and he will teach you a better lesson. Ever since I had any knowledge of you this has been my opinion, and shall ever remain so." This was delivered in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his sincerity. Now, in the name of wonder, what could be his intentions in thus speaking contemptuously of a body of men whose end and aim is the fulfilling of the Divine Law—"Bear ye one another's burden?" He commences his attack by calling us 'brethren,' and in the same breath informs us, he will turn his back upon us for ever. In this case, were there no other spiritual adviser, we should be in a wretched dilemma, but thanks be to God, this is not our state. Truly these expressions are fraught with kind and christian minister-like feeling, but very unlike him whom he professes to serve: he says, "Come unto me, all ye that are troubled and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He never willingly turns his back upon us, but is ever ready to receive us though sinners of the deepest dye, if we confess our sins, and believe in him. And here let me say, by our secrecy we wish not to cloak our sins, but to make more durable that unity which we ought always to cherish as a blessing and a gift from heaven. He then desires to know what we come there

for, with our badges and our music. If he is really desirous to know the meaning of our badges, it will be necessary for him to pass through the ordeal of initiation. By our music, we wish it to be understood as not used for the purpose of collecting a multitude to gaze at us and break the Sabbath, as he infers, but to make more solemn the occasion on which we are assembled, to impress more deeply the mind of every individual, and cause it to operate upon us as a solemn warning to prepare for that state of being to which it has pleased God to remove one of our brethren. He next says, we are worse than Deists and Infidels.—Of what description of animals would he make us? this certainly is becoming a man of God—such a one as he is here: here is defamation with a vengeance! For I dare to tell him that the Order he thus wrongs is composed of as good Christians, that have as great a love and reverence for their God and Creator as he, and more, abundantly more feeling and practical benevolence towards their fellow creatures. He ought always to speak the truth: but in this case he has not, but committed the grossest injustice to the moral and religious feeling of thousands of an intelligent and respectable body of the community. I would here remind him of a commandment which says, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.” “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” Again, he says, if we do not forsake our badges we shall go down to hell eternal. This is a denunciation unjust and unbecoming a meek and lowly pastor of Christ, with whom is judgment and mercy—not with Mr. Bywater, but with an all-seeing, wise, and just God. If according to the above doctrine all are to be damned who die without forsaking their badges, unhappy is the state of many a worthy minister of God, for many have been, and there are still others, members of Secret Orders, not to mention the gentry and nobility, as well as thousands, yea, tens of thousands of human beings. “Judge not lest ye be judged.” He then alludes to a surplice, saying, it is an abomination and mockery, and that it is only to be worn by a minister of Christ. That it is an abomination I leave to him, but that it is intended as a mockery either of a Church minister or his religion I solemnly deny. Thus far I will say—that it is used as an emblem of purity, teaching us that all must be pure and spotless as it, before we can enter the presence of that Being who is all purity and perfection. To crown all, he says, we are a disgrace to society, and refers us to the heathen for a better lesson.

Now, Gentlemen, I defy him to prove one action performed by the body at large, that deserves such opprobrious wrong: for, if uniting together for the purpose of assisting one another in the time of sickness, distress, and death,—for the cultivating of friendship, brotherly love, and charity,—for administering the

balm of charity to those who need assistance; if making the sick comfortable, and the widow's heart to sing for joy; if making donations to charitable institutions, entitles us to the appellation of being scandalous and disgraceful to our country—then do we plead guilty.

I will here select for his consideration one circumstance out of hundreds. A person belonging to our Order died last summer, leaving a widow and five children. Subscriptions have been raised for them to the amount of £60: there are petitions at present going the round of the Order in favour of the widow of the individual interred, when the cause of those lines took place—and, no doubt, the petitions will be liberally attended to. These things we do and glory in, and untill those practices are considered a disgrace to us and our country, so long will we resist all aspersion on our characters as men and as Christians.

I shall conclude by quoting a passage or two from scripture:—"If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness:" "Condemn not until thou hast examined the truth, examine first and then rebuke. Hoping he will obey the divine injunction—"Go thy way and sin no more,"—I take my leave, and subscribe myself

AN INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOW. B. S.

[So far the *Leeds Mercury*—but we *must* have a few parting words with Mr. Bywater. If any one thing in nature be more despicable than another, it is a *Parson in a Passion*! We wish George Cruikshank had seen him—Humanity in a rage—Piety knashing her teeth—Meekness tearing the character of Innocence to pieces! We could say much to this *vain* mortal, but we feel inclined in pity to spare him. He most assuredly did not sit for the following picture

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer—
A soft, weak, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
The first true gentleman that ever breathed "

HE did not, Mr. Bywater, damn men to "hell eternal," because they were ignorant—no, Sir, it was *because they were ignorant* that he pleaded for their pardon—"Father," (hear, Mr. Bywater, and let the heavenly accents for ever tingle in your ears)—"Father, forgive them—they KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO." O, Sir, before you again call yourself a disciple of such a Master, learn to bear his cross. HE was beloved by all his followers. When will that be said of *you*, Mr. Bywater? Peter wept, because he faulted in the fearful hour of trial, and denied his master.—Even Judas, Sir, repented and ——— "go thou and do likewise."—Edit. Mag.]

A SERMON

*Preached at Illingworth Church, on Easter Monday, April 8th, 1833,
before the Society of Independent Odd Fellows,*

BY THE REVEREND J. C. BODDINGTON,
INCUMBENT OF HORTON, YORKSHIRE.

“And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee; then thou shalt relieve him: yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner, that he may live with thee.” *Levit. 25 chap. 35 v.*

This chapter contains an account of various wise, and important laws, intended for the regulation of the lives of the children of Israel, after they should become settled in the land of Canaan. There are two things which Moses seems to have had particularly in view. The first was to keep up a constant memorial of the signal interposition of God in their behalf, in effecting their liberation from the oppressive bondage of Egypt, and from the tyranny and cruelties of Pharaoh, that proud and despotic monarch. And the second was to preserve the identity of their descent from Abraham; and though the land was to be divided to them by lot according to the tribes, and each tribe was to be kept distinct; yet were they taught to consider themselves as one family—the children of one common parent, having one object in view, and travellers to the same eternal home: consequently, they were urged to cultivate an affectionate and benevolent feeling, one towards another,—to share each other's sorrows, and to bear each other's burdens: and what my brethren do we find in these excellent laws, but the very spirit of the gospel? of that gospel by which “life and immortality are brought to light,” whose essence is love! and whose earliest annunciation proclaimed its nature, bearing on its wings the mercy of God, and shedding its benign and salutary influence, among all orders, and ranks of men, teaching them to be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.”

Thus we find that the sentiment of the apostle, under the gospel dispensation, is nothing more than an echo of that of Moses; it is reiterating and enforcing a law, first promulged by the great Jewish Legislator; and which is expressed in this for-

cible, and emphatic manner. "And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him: yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner, that he may live with thee."

The text contemplates two painful and trying situations to which all mankind are liable, viz: poverty, and disease; and it lays down imperatively the duty of others, to such persons, as may be visited by these calamities.

It is evident from the language of Moses, that he was most anxious that the Israelites should consider themselves as one family,—possessing one common interest,—and bound together by the strongest ties of brotherhood. For he observes, "If thy brother be waxen poor," by which he probably means an Israelite, who should have residence, and inheritance in the same division of the land; but he does not limit and confine the stream of benevolence to such brethren merely, for he inculcates the same duties to the stranger, and to the sojourner, who might have a temporary residence among them.

It was not discretionary with the Israelites, when they saw a poor brother in distress, or fallen in decay, either to relieve him or not, they were bound to afford him assistance; it was a fundamental part of their law; and it was a wise and merciful provision; and we may observe that that legislation is essentially defective, which makes not a suitable provision for the poor, and the afflicted.

I am perfectly aware that there is great difficulty, in the true, and equitable administration of a national provision for the poor, from the conflicting interests, and passion of men; and it is probably from this circumstance, that most, if not all of the different benevolent societies which have been established in this country have arisen; and though they possess different names, and are regulated and governed by somewhat different laws, yet, they all aim at a similar end—they all seem anxious to guard against an uncertain, and arbitrary provision, in the time of poverty, in the day of affliction, and at the season of old age.

The principle by which Moses was actuated, and which he cultivated among the people, was one of the purest and of the most extensive kind; it aimed at the destruction of every species of selfishness, it laid on right principles, a solid foundation, on which the temple of benevolence might be reared—it taught every man to love his brother, and to feel for him as such—to consider God as the common parent of the universe; and to let his fear dwell in their hearts, and regulate their lives. Every degree of oppression, fraudulent dealing, or overreaching, was condemned, and had no place in the sacred code of Israel.

Moses observes—thou shalt take no usury of thy poor brother, or increase; but fear thy God, that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase.

Nothing could be more wise, or more judicious, than these admirable regulations, or better calculated to promote the general welfare and comfort of the people, to whom they were originally addressed. We scarcely know which is more to be admired, the command to assist a poor brother, in distress; or the prohibition to take any advantage of him in that state. Moses seems most accurately, and justly to have calculated the wretched consequences, which would ensue from the practice of usury; hence he prohibited it altogether. He would not allow an Israelite, when in poverty, or in affliction, to be under the necessity of pledging his scanty possessions, in order to procure the necessaries of life; but he made it binding on all, to contribute to his necessities, according to their respective abilities.

How many hundreds of our fellow-creatures have been ruined, who have had recourse to this mode of raising a temporary fund for their relief, and support; it is one of the very worst practices, to which the poor, and distressed can resort; and the honest, sober, and industrious man, ought not in any country, but more especially in a christian country to be driven to it.—Poverty if it be unavoidable, is no crime, and should never be considered, or visited as such: it is hard to bear and is extremely trying to the human mind; and those who are preserved from it, may well thank God, for his distinctive mercy to them; but let them not forget the duty which they owe to their less favoured brother; and let them also remember, that riches do not necessarily either make men wise or happy; it is only as they are used in accordance with the word of God—consecrated to the divine glory and made subservient to the general benefit of mankind, that they are of any real value. Hence we find Agar expressing in prayer the desire of his heart thus, “Two things have I requir’d of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.”

Happy would it be for the world, were all men actuated by the spirit, which this prayer so beautifully embodies, they would then have learnt the true nature of human happiness, and contentment. The great apostle St. Paul observes, I have learnt in whatever state I am in therewith to be content. We have thus, my brethren, briefly reviewed the nature and operation of that part of the law of Moses, which is found in the words of the

text ; and we have also shown, that it perfectly coincides with the letter and spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of sinful men. And as the words on which our discourse is founded, have been selected for me by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, many of whom are now before me, it is but natural that we should enquire, and examine how far they correspond, with the principles and object of those, at whose request, and for whose spiritual instruction and benefit, this sermon is chiefly intended.

I have read over your rules, my brethren, with some degree of minuteness and care ; and generally they meet with my most cordial approbation, while some of them are deserving of the highest admiration—they discourage every thing of a licentious nature and tendency ; they breathe a spirit of pure morality, and cultivate the kindest feelings of human friendship ; and I may justly add, largely partake of the true and genuine spirit of christian charity and benevolence. For they inculcate one of the first and fundamental principles of christianity, which is love to one another. “ For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.”

May God enable you to keep these rules inviolate, and may he diffuse through all your Order, the true foundation of your existence and prosperity, the spirit of unity and christian brotherhood ; and may he give you grace, to seek his mercy and salvation, that when you fail on earth, you may have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

We now proceed to enquire how far your Institution corresponds with the precepts of Moses, contained in the words of the text. It appears to me that there are several particulars in which it bears a most striking similitude. We have already observed that Moses taught the Israelites, to consider themselves as one family, bound together by the strongest ties of nature, having no separate, but possessing a community of interest ; united together for the promotion of each other's happiness, mutually agreeing to succour the needy, and to relieve and support the poor and distressed. And is not this the very first principle of your society ; the strong link in that chain, by which you are bound together. You enter into a covenant, and form a solemn compact, by which you preserve the identity, and unity of your Order, from innovation, or intrusion ; you voluntarily contribute to every poor member, should he stand in need ; he is not deserted when languishing on the bed of affliction, or when bending beneath the weight of age, he feels the natural strength of his body to decay, but in your society he finds an asylum, in every member a brother and a friend to share his griefs, and to sympathize with him in his sorrows. And if your excellent rules are ful-

filled according to their literal interpretation, and agreeably to their spirit (and I have no reason to suppose that they are not,) then there are times in your earthly pilgrimage, when the benefits conferred upon each other, are blessings indeed. We all know how extreme poverty is calculated to depress the mind, to damp the physical energies of man, and to prey upon the animal spirits; and I have no doubt, that many a noble mind, has sunk beneath its pressure, fallen a victim to its dreadful ravages, and descended unpitied, and unrelieved to the grave. But members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, like the Israelites of old, have a certain source of relief, which does not depend upon the caprice, or arbitrary will of any man: but is a fundamental law of the Institution, and which cannot be violated, but with dishonour, and which must inevitably end in the ruin, and destruction of the Order. But there is another particular, and one of no small moment, in which we may trace a resemblance to the Mosaic precept, viz:—that which refers to strangers, and sojourners. Our text, not only asserts, that those who are resident in the land, and had formerly inheritance, but had become poor and fallen into decay, should be relieved, but strangers and sojourners, should share in the general benevolence of Israel. And this is strictly the case in reference to that society, whose principles I am now endeavouring to explain; and I have great pleasure in possessing an opportunity of doing justice to a body of men, who have been much calumniated, and misrepresented. I do hope that those who have been guilty of misrepresenting the principles of the Order before me, have done it from ignorance: this is I know but a poor apology for calumny and slander, and is only one shade less abominable, than wilful misrepresentation. I have had several opportunities of meeting you in the house of God, and joining with you in public worship, consequently of addressing you, on the all important subjects of divine revelation, subjects which refer to your present, and eternal welfare, and no part of my audience appeared to listen with more devout attention, nor to be more deeply interested in the subjects addressed to them, than the members of this society. I have beheld your conduct at the grave of your departed brethren and have been struck with the solemnity and seriousness, which have been manifested on these respective occasions. And I rejoice thus publicly in the presence of God, and in the most sacred place, to testify to the excellency of your general principles, the sound morality of your Order; and to the seriousness and decorum of your demeanour, in all those opportunities which I have had, in meeting with you as a minister of religion. And I cannot but deeply regret, that you should have been held up to the public, as men of a profane and licentious character, and as destitute of moral principles.

I assure you that I anticipated the time of meeting you on this occasion, and of addressing you from this place, and simply from the seriousness, and marked attention, which you have invariably paid to the great doctrines and duties of religion, when I have been privileged to address you. And I therefore do rejoice to do you justice in the most public and in the most solemn manner, according to my most conscientious belief, of your public principles and character. But to return to the subject, viz:—that which refers to strangers and sojourners. From whatever part of the world a member of this Order may come, he meets with a cordial reception, and receives assistance according to his necessity, whether he be a stranger, or a sojourner. If by no immoral, or insubordinate act, he has lost his membership, and forfeited his claim, to relief, he will meet with kindness and sympathy, and share in the hospitality of those with whom he may associate.

He needs no other argument to plead his cause, than that of necessity. The principle of the text is the ground of his application. If he be poor, and fallen into decay, he will be sure to meet with such assistance, as his case and circumstances may require.

There was a time in the history of the Church, when this feeling was largely cultivated, when a temporary asylum was found in every christian habitation, and the stranger, and the sojourner, were permitted to share in the common civilities, and hospitalities of life. The apostle in his epistle to the Hebrews charges them thus. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unaware. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body." And let it be remembered that in proportion as we conduct ourselves towards each other, according to these scriptural commands, so in proportion shall we fulfil the will of our Father who is in heaven. Surely, my brethren, it is an important duty to lessen as much as possible those evils which we cannot altogether avoid, among which poverty and disease make a prominent part. But there is one event which must happen to all—"It is appointed unto men once to die." This is the inevitable lot of man. It is the offspring of sin, and the earliest curse of God, entailed by rebellion on the whole of an apostate race. It is the last enemy that shall fall before the all-conquering arm of Christ. Death is at all times a season of trial and distress, and whenever he enters a family, living in domestic peace and happiness, there follow in his train, mourning, lamentation, and woe. It is at this season especially that the survivors stand in need of sympathy and kindness; and I admire that provision of your Institution, which is so wisely and largely directed to this particular object—Should a

brother be taken from among you by death, you spread over the object of his earthly affections the shield of your protection, the mantle of your benevolence—"You endeavour to pour into the heart of the bereaved widow the oil of joy for gladness, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and though you cannot entirely remove her grief, nor dry up every tear, yet you very materially lessen her anguish of heart; and, by your kindness and assistance, she is enabled to show the last token of her regard by decently and respectfully conveying the object of it to his long home; and, I doubt not, in your friendly visits to the house of mourning, what was said of one of old, has also been said of you, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—That heart must indeed be hard, and insensible, and unchristian, that feels no bland emotions, no pleasurable sensations, in conveying the means of comfort, to the afflicted and distressed, in assuaging the wretchedness, and lessening the miseries of a fellow-creature. St. James tells us that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

We have thus, my brethren, taken a short view of the object of your society, and pointed out a few instances in which it appears to coincide with the object of Moses expressed in the words of the text: but there we must not conclude; you are aware that what has hitherto been said principally refers to our duty to our neighbour, and to our friendly and benevolent intercourse with each other: but this, however commendable, and important, is not the whole of religion. There is no salvation to be found, abstractedly from such conduct: man is a sinner, both by nature and by practice, and must be made a new creature in Christ Jesus, or perish for ever. And our subject may well remind us of our spiritual poverty by nature, as well as of the disease, which sin has diffused, through all the powers, and faculties of the soul. We need better riches than the treasures of earth; the soul may perish while surrounded with wealth, and every earthly comfort and indulgence. What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Be assured, my friends, there is no condition so wretched, no situation so miserable, no destitution so abandoned, as to be left without any experimental interest in Jesus Christ. The riches which he offers are not temporal and fading, like the gaudy bubbles of a corrupt and dying world—they are not the transitory toys, which soon glide from the fond

grasp of the votaries of mammon, and leave them destitute and forlorn ; without comfort, and without hope ; but they are imperishable and eternal, reserved in heaven by Christ, and held in trust by him who purchased them by his blood, and will finally be imparted to every heir of the kingdom, as he enters into that inheritance which is incorruptable, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. O seek, my brethren, the true riches, be rich in faith, then shall you be heirs of the kingdom. Seek to know more of Jesus Christ, and, him crucified, he is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He will not desert you in the time of need. He will open an unfailing source of comfort and consolation to you, as you pass through this earthly pilgrimage : he has access to your spirits, and can afford you the richest, and highest kind of enjoyment, in communion with himself ; and though you see him not, yet believing, you rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Remember he not only freely bestows upon you the riches of grace here, and glory hereafter ; but it is he who heals the diseases of the soul ; he is the only physician to whom the sin-sick soul can apply with any hope of obtaining a remedy.—His blood is the balm which cures the spiritual maladies of our infected and polluted nature : pray my brethren that it may be applied to your hearts and consciences, then “though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool”.

In conclusion—Let me exhort you to set your affections on things above and not on things of this vain and perishable world: soon every earthly compact will be dissolved, the closest ties of human friendship severed ; the purest streams of benevolence cease to flow, and all will lose their grandeur, and their glory, and be as though they never were, except as they become instrumental in leading the immortal mind to God, and teaching man to believe, that he only is the fountain of life, the true source of blessedness and bliss. Independent Order of Odd Fellows ; I cannot permit you to leave this service without expressing the high gratification I have felt to learn that you have, without any solicitation, voluntarily offered to contribute to the support of the Sunday School established in this place : such disinterestedness and benevolence, towards so good an object, cannot fail to have its due effect upon the minds of all, interested in the welfare of the rising generation : and while we thankfully acknowledge this mark of your generosity and friendship, we cannot refrain, from offering you in return our best wishes for your welfare, happiness and prosperity. And may that God who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and who turns them as it seems best to his godly wisdom, make these remarks subservient to your best and eternal interests, and incline your hearts to him, that when your

flesh and your hearts shall fail you, God may be the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. And shall close this imperfect address, with the prayer of Moses for the increase of the Israelites. "The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are, and bless you as he hath promised."

[The length of this Sermon will compel us to draw largely on the forbearance of many of our correspondents, whose favours we must postpone until our next. The circumstances under which it appears, the preacher's allusion to the *Passionate Parson*, together with the intrinsic value of the Discourse, will render any further apology unnecessary. We could neither divide nor abridge it. It is one continued blaze of Eloquence and Truth, and consequently indivisible.

We hope some of our Yorkshire friends will send a copy of this Magazine to Mr. Bywater—it may, haply, lead him to a revision, and consequent amendment, of his life; and when he has evinced the sincerity of his repentance, some persons may, perhaps, be found willing to recommend him to our friendship and protection, and he may yet gain admission among us.—“When the *vain* man turneth away from the *vanity* he hath committed, he shall” *obtain our pardon.*—*Edit. Mag.]*

ANNIVERSARY

OF

*The MOUNT SION LODGE, holden at Peat Pits, in Ovenden,
near Halifax.*

On Easter Monday last, the officers and brothers of the above lodge met to celebrate their first anniversary, and at twelve o'clock sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by host Wainhouse, which did much credit to the worthy host and hostess.

After dinner we arranged ourselves as soon as convenience would allow, and proceeded to Illingworth Church, where we heard a most excellent Discourse delivered by the Rev. J. C. Boddington, Incumbent of Horton; the insertion of which, in your Magazine, (if it come within the limits prescribed,) will be highly gratifying to all who have heard it belonging to our Order in the Huddersfield, Bradford, and Hebden Bridge districts.—On our return from the church we found the room decorated in

the most tasteful style, with evergreens, flowers, &c. The Lodge opened at six o'clock, when mirth and harmony prevailed, and brotherly love seemed to fill every breast till a late hour. The day following hostess Wainhouse, having previously invited the wives and females belonging to the members of our Lodge, generously gave tea to the number of forty-five; after which the females subscribed sixpence each, to be spent; and the members who felt disposed to go in amongst them, and subscribe the same, were kindly received.

We remain, Yours, most respectfully,

In the Bonds of F. L. & T.

JOSEPH SHAW, N. G.

JOSEPH GREENWOOD, SEC.

FRAGMENT.

"And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee."

1 SAM. xvii. 37.

There is silence in Elah, and mute with dismay
Are the warriors of Judah in battle array;
The arm of the chieftain is raised to his lance,
But valour is kindling not now in his glance;
And the host of Philistia rejoice in their fear
As the giant of Gath draws exultingly near.
He stands in the valley, and looks on the foe,
While his shadow falls darkling on thousands below;
And his helmet of brass flashes fiercely around,
Like the demon of war 's o'er his prey on the ground:
His jav'ling of might hath the giant-king grasped,
His hoarse-ringing hauberk around him is clasped,
And the children of Judah all shrink from his word,
Like thunders that roll o'er the mount of the Lord.—

"Ye warriors of Israel, why stand ye afar?
"Why rush ye not forth to the banquet of war?
"Why marshal your myriads with weapons of might?
"Why wear ye those swords and yet dare not to fight?
"Are the servants of Saul found so false to his throne
"When his deadliest foe stands before them alone?
"Let the bravest and best of your champions appear,
"Let his God war for him—I will trust to my spear;

" Let the host of the vanquished be victory's prize,
 " For your God and your armies Goliath defies."

Lo the warrior shepherd goes forth to the field,
 His breast unprotected by corslet or shield ;
 On his brow is no helm, in his hand is no sword,
 But the minstrel is clothed in the might of the Lord.
 " Proud boaster, thou com'st with the target and spear,
 " 'Gainst the armies of God with the weapons of fear,
 " But the Mighty of battles for Israel's sake
 " Will deliver thy strength to the humble and weak ;
 " And the wolves of the desert, the birds of the air,
 " Shall prey on thy carcass all headless and bear."

The sling of the Shepherd is wound o'er his head ;
 Full swiftly its charge through the valley is sped ;
 And the proud and the fierce is laid low on the plain,
 For the Giant of Gath by the Shepherd is slain.
 Through Israel's ranks down the steep mountain's side
 The war-cry is ringing, all fiercely and wide,
 And the bands of Philistia are routed afar ;
 For the soldiers of God are still mighty in war.

PITY.

Soft as the falling dews of night,
 The tear of pity flows ;
 Bright as the morn's returning light
 That gilds the opening rose.

Sweet as the fragrant breeze of May,
 Her sympathetic sigh ;
 Mild, as the dawning tint of day,
 The beam that lights her eye.

Still gentle spirit, o'er my heart,
 Preserve thy wanted sway ;
 Teach me to blunt affection's dart,
 And sooth her cares away.

Or, if thy anxious efforts fail,
 While sorrows still pursue ;
 I wish, while list'ning to the tale
 That good I cannot do !

TO THE EDITOR

OF

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I cannot resist this opportunity of addressing to you and to the order in general, through your excellent publication, a few remarks affecting the welfare of our beloved Institution : hoping, by a little well-timed and salutary advice, to remove those objections by which the calumniator and uncharitable enemy of our prosperous order are endeavouring to destroy our peace and retard our progress in the good race we have begun to run :—I have learnt with great regret that some brothers from various lodges have been connecting themselves with *politics*, by walking in their full dress robes, and with all the insignia of our order at the reform rejoicings which were general throughout the country some time back. Now I object to this on several grounds : it is contrary to the general law : I do not mean to say that there is a direct law to forbid Odd Fellows—as such—joining those processions, but the *entire spirit of our laws* is opposed to such proceedings. Again, how can we be said to live together in unity—to mind the same thing—to observe the same rule—whilst one part of the brethren, will, in direct opposition to their principles and to the wishes of the other part, take their joint property, i. e. the regalia, and walk in procession on every party and factious occasion ? I have heard with great regret, that one lodge has walked in the train of what is called the popular candidate, which, according to the modern interpretation, means the radical ; whilst another lodge has been hawking about our *sacred* emblems, to swell the pomp of the tory candidate : Sad—Sad ! if this be not making our order a *political club*—what is ? What will the world say ? Why those Odd Fellows, though they pretend not to talk about politics, are nothing better than a political union, for they come in all their regalia, at the beck of every political leader who chooses to summon them.

We have, as *an institution*, nothing to do with politics, we are purely a *benevolent and charitable order*. Upon this it is we pride ourselves—for this it is that all just men praise us. Our motto is Friendship—Love—and Truth—“ Fear God—Honour the King,” is our maxim. We ought therefore, cheerfully to conform to the government under which we live, without troubling ourselves with those dangerous and difficult subjects called politics.—I hope therefore, that all my brethren in Oddfellowship,

will amend their ways before they bring upon us a bad name. Remember we are only in our infancy : doubtless you all know the proverb of Solomon, which says "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it : " So, I trust, that by a timely turning *from* those things which are injurious, and *to* those things which are beneficial and right, our institution may grow daily in strength, and that, by the good conduct of the members, we may gain the praise and esteem of all good men, and above all, the grace and protection of God, by whose guidance our beloved order may attain to a healthy and vigorous manhood, and remain in a state of perfection while there are found men worthy to belong to it ; then, rather than that it should be defiled, I hope that it may sink into an honourable old age, and a still more honourable death.

I remain in the bonds of F. L. & T.

Your sincere Friend and Brother,

A SITTING NOBLE, in the County of Nottingham.

April 19th, 1833.

P. S.—At a future opportunity I hope to send some further remarks connected with the conduct and interest of our order.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

The members of the Building Committee, for the New Odd Fellows Hall, Kendal, met together on the 26th March, 1833, to deposit in the foundation stone of their intended building, a bottle, containing a copy of their dispensation, the rules of the order, and other documents belonging thereto, with the records of the town of Kendal, coins, &c.

Mr. E. Greenhow, V. G. in a very appropriate address, presented P. G. M. Carter with the mallet used in laying the foundation stone ; after which, Mr. Carter addressed the Committee, and offered up the following invocation—" I beseech almighty God to bestow his blessing on this work, and may He become the chief pillar thereof, in accordance with his own will and glory, and may He likewise preserve the members of this intended lodge, in health and prosperity—and strengthen and support them in all difficulties. Grant us that we may agree together in brotherly love, extending charity one to another. In all our dealings in this world, may we do justice to all men—love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, till that time arrives when He shall call us from this troublesome world to mansions of eternal rest.—Amen."

Mr. Carter having concluded, the Committee then retired.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. F.'s MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Having seen repeated remarks in your valuable Magazine, respecting the officers and brothers of the Order withholding their communications, I beg leave to add my mite, and by inserting it you will oblige,

Yours, in Friendship's Bonds,

R. H.

St. George Lodge, Hulme.

On Monday, the 1st of April, 1833, a very numerous meeting of brothers took place at the St. George Lodge, to witness the presentation of a most elegant and massive chased Silver Snuff Box, (value £7 7s. 0d.) to P. G. William Bake, and which, I am proud to say, was raised by voluntary subscription. D. G. M. White having been requested to present it, was accordingly in attendance. About half-past eight o'clock he, and P. G. Bake, entered the room—every face evincing pleasure to see them. After the business of the night was gone through, N. G. Evans rose amidst the most profound silence, and said, D. G. M. White, it is by the particular desire of every officer and brother of this Lodge you have been requested to attend here this night, to present P. G. Bake with the valuable present which I hold in my hand, therefore, I shall feel obliged if you will do so.

D. G. M. White arose, and said,—Officers and Brothers, It is with great pleasure I have to perform the task of presenting P. G. Bake with this valuable token of your esteem; more especially so, I being one of the party who recommended him to your notice when this Lodge was first opened. Allow me just to say what P. G. Bake has done to merit your esteem. In the first place, before this Lodge was opened, he took upon him such a task that I do not know another in the Order would have done, viz: to call upon one hundred and twenty-seven men; to propose every man, and likewise see them initiated into the Order. In the next place to detect, and bring forward, an act of roguery, which no other brother of the Lodge could possibly have done; to attend seven or eight Committees upon it, and expel the only black sheep you had amongst you. And lastly, to see him equally as attentive to the happiness, harmony, and welfare of the Lodge, as he was the first day it opened, causes me to say, that I do not know any man better deserving such a token

than P. G. Bake; therefore, P. G. Bake, allow me to present you with this Snuff Box; I hope you will always prize it, but more especially live long to enjoy it. After a short pause P. G. Bake rose, and spoke us follows:—

Worthy and respected Officers and Brothers,—You must be aware at this time I am rather embarrassed, in consequence of the high compliment paid me by my friend White, and the very flattering manner in which I have been treated by the officers and brothers of the St. George Lodge this night, rest assured I shall never forget it. D. G. M. White has remarked the services I have rendered this Lodge. In return I can only say, that I have but done my duty, and that barely; however, I hope to live to render the Lodge tenfold more service than I have hitherto done. I have only to remark, that so long as I adhere to the two good principles of an Odd Fellow, viz: of being honourable in disposition, and independent in sentiment, I hope and trust I shall retain the respect and good nature from you, which I have at all times received since our first acquaintance. Officers and Brothers, you may rely I shall ever prize this token of your esteem, and consider myself resting under an everlasting obligation. I sincerely thank you, and drink towards all your good healths, wives, and children—may all your proceedings in this world be prosperous, and in the world to come may you enjoy everlasting peace. After this great applause, followed and I believe nine tenths of the brothers present, went and complimented P. G. Bake, wishing him long life, &c. to enjoy his box. The evening was spent with the greatest hilarity, the glass, song, and toast went swiftly round, until eleven o'clock, when all departed home.

N. B.—You will excuse (as this is my first correspondence) any little imperfection, we all live to improve, and I hope I shall be so when I next write to you.

R. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR & BROTHER,

On the first day of May, the officers and brothers, of the different Lodges in the Stockport District, made a general display of themselves and their regalia, before the public, in a procession they had on that day.

At about one o'clock (although the day was wet and unfavourable) members began to arrive and appearances denoted that all did not intend to excuse themselves on account of the state of the weather. The Bow Garretts, Host Knowles, Brink-

sway, was the place of rendezvous, and the arrangements he had made on the Bowling Green, for accommodation of those in attendance, reflects the highest credit on him. After the two Stockport bands had arrived, the various lodges were placed by the conductors in their appointed places, and the regalia distributed to the officers and brothers in the procession, the N. G. of each lodge heading his own, supported on each side by two brothers carrying two splendid pieces of regalia; after which came the dispensation, supported by two sword bearers, then came the brothers, two and two. All being now formed and ready, at between two and three o'clock, the most numerous, respectable, and well conducted body of men, ever seen in Stockport, moved in the following order:—First, Trafalgar—2, Combermere—(Band)—3, Pilot—4, Queen Elizabeth—5, Victory—6, Traveler's Call—7, Mansion of Peace—8, Temple—(Band)—9, Unity—10, Conciliator—11, Neptune—12, Harvest Home—The Queen Adelaide, Earl of Stamford, and the Loyal Brutus Lodges, belonging to this district, being excused joining in the expence.—This procession moved, headed by 16 persons on horseback, through Brinskey, Chestergate, Underbank, Hillgate, Edward-street, and halted at the Nelson Inn, Host Preston's, on purpose to refresh themselves; and, although the rain was heavy at that time, the procession presented a grand appearance; the new line of road being well adapted for their members to expand. The procession after moved up the road, down Longshut lane, Higher Hillgate, and down Churchgate. The Bells of Saint Mary's at this time, striking up their heavy notes on the occasion, and the bands pouring forth their melodious sounds, made those present to enjoy the same with greater zest. They then moved through the Market Place, Park and Park-street, in Portwood, when the body halted at the Duke of Clarence, Host Davenport. The bands having been refreshed, the body moved back through Warren-street, over Lancashire Bridge, up the Hill to the Navigation Inn, Host Timperley, when and where this highly respectable body of men separated.

The above mentioned procession reflects the highest credit on the conductors in particular, as well as on all present, for their uniform conduct throughout the time. For conceive 500 men at the least being together, moving through the principal streets of the town, in which they reside, and are well known; on both sides, the roads being lined with thousands of spectators, among whom we could perceive scores belonging to the Order, who, from some reason, were not in attendance, and yet this great body conducted themselves with the greatest good order, which did not fail to catch the attention of many worthy and respectable inhabitants of this borough.

The Public must not be led into the error, that we want to court popularity by our numbers only, else we might have had by passing a resolution to that effect, I say we might have had 900 moving in the procession, but we left all a free will to join or not. The manner in which we wish to gain the public esteem is, by shewing that the members of this Order can conduct themselves in public with that degree of propriety the same requires.

This day will, in Stockport, be placed on record as a memorial for good, and hundreds of inhabitants may be expected to rally round the standard of our Order, who before stood aloof, saying, you have but such and such characters in your Order; I feel surprise in your having to do with them; but greatly different do many even now express themselves, and amongst them some of great religious distinction.—Allow me to say, such may we live and such may we die; and may the time not be far distant when all the true, affable and good, are found in brotherly affinity.

I remain, yours,

A FELLOW-LABOURER,

W. B.

Churchgate, May 11, 1833.

TO THE EDITOR.

Beverley, May 21st, 1833.

SIR & BROTHER,

You will greatly oblige an inexperienced correspondent, by recording in your next Magazine, the first anniversary of the Loyal Rising Star Lodge, which took place on Monday, the 8th of April; at two o'clock the procession moved through the principle streets of the town, preceded by the handsome regalia of the Hull District, and of own, with banners, &c.; during the rout, they were joined by the Rev. S. F. Ramsey, and proceeded to the Minster; when an excellent Sermon was preached by the Rev. Gentleman; after the service, we withdrew to the lodge, where an excellent dinner was prepared by our Host—after the cloth was withdrawn, the feast of reason and the flow of soul exceeded any thing ever witnessed—here G. M. Wilde, and P. G. M. Cook, of the Hull District, addressed the meeting; and the health of the G. M. of the Order and Board of Directors was given, and several other appropriate toasts and sentiments were drank with the greatest rapture. On the Rev. S. F. Ramsey rising to leave the room, he begged the worthy brothers to accept his best thanks for the pleasure they had afforded him, and that

he should always be happy to attend them on any similar occasion ; and from the motto he observed before him, of F. L. and T. he believed truly, belonged Odd Fellows ; and from the respectability of the Order in Beverley, they would soon be a flourishing and numerous body.

BIRTHS.

January 12th, the wife of Host Parker, Loyal Adelaide lodge, Galgate, of a daughter.

" 14th, the wife of Secretary Bennett, Mansion of Peace lodge, of a daughter.

" 20th, the wife of P. G. W. Cooper, of the Albion lodge, Aylesbury, of a son.

February 3rd, of a daughter, Martha, the wife of P. P. G. M. Elsom, of the Mount Gilead lodge, Nottingham district.

March 18th, the wife of brother Thomas Wilson, William Fourth, Lancaster, of a daughter.

" 25th, the wife of brother G. Woodman, of the Albion lodge, Aylesbury, of a daughter.

" 28th, the wife of P. G. Osborne, of the Earl of Lichfield lodge, Alrewas, of a daughter.

April 7th, at Bath, the wife of brother Henry Lloyd, late of the Platoff lodge, Leeds, of a son.

" 25th, the wife of P. G. Lester, of the Earl of Lichfield lodge, Alrewas, of a daughter.

" 27th, the wife of V. G. Webb, of the Saint Thomas lodge, London, of a son.

" 27th, 1833, the wife of brother John Piccup, of the Collinwood lodge, Bury, of a daughter.

May 4th, the wife of P. G. Duncley, of the same lodge, of a daughter.

" 4th, the wife of P. G. Wildman, of the Loyal Lune lodge, Caton, of a daughter.

" 8th, the wife of P. G. John Wilbee, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, of a son.

December 18th, 1832, the wife of brother Robert Wade, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkiston, of a son and daughter.

MARRIAGES.

January 13th, 1833, brother J. Allen, of the Mansion of Peace lodge, to Hannah Bradley.

" 22th, brother Richard Walker, of the same lodge, to Elizabeth Bennett.

February 3th, brother George Hardy, of the Sherwood lodge, Nottingham district, to Miss Mary Spreckley.

" 18th, brother John Burton, of the Rock of Horeb lodge, Nottingham district, to Miss Sarah Denniss.

On the 16th of April, 1833, at Saint Mary's Church, Swansea, C. S. Hinckley, to Miss Eliza Buckler, daughter of captain Buckler, of Clovelley.

April 22nd, brother William Bradshaw, of the Mansion of Peace lodge, to Sarah Albiston.

" 23rd, John Aikins, of the Earl of Lichfield lodge, Alrewas, to Miss Sarah Wilcox, of the same place.

December 27th, brother George Webb, of the Loyal Hope lodge, Gloucester, to Miss Robbins, of Ruardean.

" 31st, P. G. James of the Rose of Sharon lodge, Hyson Green, Nottingham district, to Ann, Second, daughter of Mr. Samuel Scott, Wheat Sheaf Inn, Bellers Mill.

Brother James Bakehouse, Loyal Lonsdale lodge, Kirby-lonsdale, to Miss Grundy, of the same place.

P. Sec. Daltry, of the Good Samaritan lodge, Goole, to the youngest daughter of Mr. Woodhead, of Ormine, farmer.

Brother James Shaw, of the above lodge, to Miss Mary Vickerton, of Barnby.

Brother Thomas Grice; of the Honourable George Lamb lodge, Mellbourne, to Elizabeth, daughter of N. G. Tivey.

DEATHS.

February 7, 1833, in his 22nd year, of the Typhus Fever, Thomas Lancaster, book keeper at the Air and Calder Navigation Office, Lake Lock, near Wakefield, eldest son of P. G. M. Seth Lancaster, Saint Paul lodge, Norfolk district, deeply lamented and respected by all that was personally acquainted with him. He went down to the grave in full hopes of rising with his Redeemer to eternal life, at the judgment day.

March 9th, brother Henry Mellor, of the Earl of Oxford lodge, Manchester.

" 17th, J. Dickenson of the John O'Gaunt lodge, Lancaster, aged 49.

" 13th, 1833, Benjamin Mellor, C. S. of the Baslow district, in the 67th year of his age, much respected; he has left a widow to lament his loss.

" 26, aged 2 years, the son of N. G. Norton, of the Wellington, Howden.

April 4th, the wife of P. G. Osburne, of the Earl of Lichfield lodge, Alrewas.

" 7th, brother Abraham Taylor, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester.

" 11, brother T. Thurnbeck, of the Loyal Lune lodge, Caton, aged 21.

" 17th, P. G. William Bridge, of the Duke of Lancaster lodge, Saint Helens.

" 21st, Brother Thomas Tidsley, of the Benevolent lodge, Rainford.

" 27th, brother James Leech, of the Mount Gilead lodge, Manchester.

" 28th, brother Joseph Parkinson, of the John O'Gaunt lodge, aged 38. His well tempered zeal for the prosperity of the order, his affability and unostentatious benevolence rendered him the love and admiration of all who knew him, and his loss will be long and sincerely regretted by a numerous circle of acquaintance; he has left a widow and five children to deplore his departure.

May 2nd, P. V. John Pearson, of the Rock of Horeb lodge, Manchester.

" 3rd, brother James Turner, of the Farmers' lodge, Croft's Bank.

" 8th, P. G. John Murray, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester.

" 11th, brother Edward Pemberton, of the Waterloo lodge, Salford.

" 12th, the daughter of brother Charles Cook, of the Loyal Hope lodge, Gloucester.

" 15th, brother Thomas Horne, of the Apollo lodge, Manchester.

" 17th, Richard Shaw, Tailor, of the William the Fourth lodge, and was interred on the 20th, aged 35 years.

" 18th, brother William Ashworth, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Manchester.

" 21st brother William White, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford.

" 24th, brother John Dockray, of the Nelson lodge, Manchester.

" 28th, brother John Nutter, of the Mechanic lodge, Manchester.

" 31st, brother John Hardman, of the Wellington lodge, Manchester.

June 1st, brother Joseph Wright, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester.

November 6th, 1832, brother James Atkin, of the Pilgrim's Rest lodge, Stapleford, leaving a widow and four small children to lament his loss. He was a tender husband, a kind father, and a true Odd Fellow.



THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, [PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.] 1833.

TOUR TO MONMOUTH.

(Concluded from No. 8.)

In Gloucester from the intersection of four chief or principal streets, the buildings seem to occupy an easy descent each way ; a circumstance that must contribute greatly to the health and cleanliness of its population ; it is supplied with water which rises from springs, about two miles to the south ; there are about six parish churches, besides meeting houses for other persuasions. The principal trade of Gloucester, consists in the navigation of the Severn, and the manufacture of pins. When we entered into the vale of Gloucester, two horses were taken from our coach, and we proceeded through Gloucester to Cheltenham, a distance of more than ten miles, with only two horses to the coach, though the coach was what they called full. We arrived in Cheltenham about twelve o'clock ; we dined, and spent the evening in visiting the most delightful places we ever saw before. Cheltenham consists principally of one principal or main street, called the High-street, which is considerably more than a mile long, (we thought) though there are other streets branching out from it, both to the right and left ; the walks are laid out with great taste and are very inviting ; we saw the manufactory of Cheltenham salts ; and were in the bathing rooms, which are neat and convenient ; the water is quite clear, but very salt.— We visited the Rotunda, Gardens, &c. ; to the south, and Pittville to the north, from High-street we were told, that there were walks and ground, set out for building on separate villas, amounting to no less than eight miles, walking and riding, on about one hundred acres of land, there was a fine view—a grand

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building for bathing, and a sheet of water in front clear as crystal; we spent a very agreeable night at the Lodge Room, which is at the Crown Inn, High-street, where we had our quarters, and set out early next morning for Liverpool, and arrived at Tewkesbury, noted for a battle fought May the 4th, 1471, between Edward Fourth, and the Duke of Somerset, when the Prince of Wales was inhumanly cut in pieces, by Gloucester, Clarence, and Hastings, such was the ferocity of these unhappy times.—The Abbey Church is still the Parish Church; it is a large structure, with a stately tower, &c. the interior filled up in great style of elegance, is adorned with the funeral monuments of Prince Edward, son of Henry Sixth, and the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward Fourth. The town is pretty large, handsome, and populous, and is nearly surrounded by water. Tewkesbury was remarkable for its mustard balls, which being very pungent, gave rise to the proverb, “He looks as if he lived on Tewkesbury mustard.” Shakespeare, speaking of one with a sad severe countenance, uses this simile, “as thick as Tewkesbury mustard.”—From this place we next visited in our route the city of Worcester, but only stopped to change horses, and proceeded to Kidderminster, where we breakfasted; from thence to Bridgenorth, which is a town in Shropshire, upon the banks of the Severn, and it is remarkable that from Gloucester to Shrewsbury, we were most of the road in view of the Severn, with the exception of Cheltenham; Bridgenorth, part of the town stands on a hill, called Castle Hill, where there are the remains of an ancient building; we got down from the coach, and walked up some steps to the summit of the hill, where we again met the coach, it is a pleasant place, and healthy situation, as may be imagined by a traveller. From hence our next place of note was Broseley, which we left a little to our left hand; this place is remarkable for its manufacture of tobacco pipes; we came to Colebrookdale, over the Iron Bridge to Shrewsbury, which looks a very ancient place; we made no stay only to change horses, but it is a moderate large place. Our next destination was Wem, an ancient town; from this place we proceeded to Whitchurch, and from Whitchurch to Chester; from thence to Liverpool, and stopped at the Union Inn, Sir Thomas’s Buildings; visited the Lodge of George the Fourth, not much pleasure there; retired to our quarters, and soon after went to rest, rose in the morning, came with the first train of carriages to Manchester, there we separated from each other, making the best of our way to our respective situations.

J. B., C. S.

Holthead, May, 1833.

TO THE EDITOR
OF
THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

I have, at the request of a large portion of the brothers belonging to the different Lodges in the Rochdale District, promised to write a letter, for the purpose of having it circulated by the means of your valuable Magazine, relative to honorary members being disqualified to serve the different offices in the Order, along with a few other remarks. I hope that the brothers belonging to the Order will give the case a fair hearing, and judge with their wonted impartiality, as I have no doubt but that there may be some one or other whose opinion may differ from mine on the subject. I shall proceed to state the responsibility there is attached to an honorary member, at the time of his initiation:—He takes the obligation of the Order, therefore he *must* be conformable to the rules, and is amenable to laws in which he has no voice in making. I believe the law, that prohibits them from serving any office, was made at the Monmouth Annual Moveable Committee. I was not aware, until a few days back, that such an arbitrary law was in being, and I hope, that ere long, it may be struck out; for when we take a retrospective view of the Order, we find that a very great number of our best officers were past the meridian of life; then why should not we invest a portion of that power which regulates the whole fraternity with such an exact motion that the world wonders how such an organization could be formed, and is now become a wonder, and a matter to be admired by an enlightened people, on which account we are daily gaining strength, and have risen from an obscure Society into one of the finest Orders in the world? Then this being the case, what is there to prevent our giving to honorary members a share of that power, which I do not hesitate to say, would be used with discretion by that body of members? Honorary members, in a great measure, are men that are past the meridian of life, and have seen the world; they are also men of great intuitive knowledge, and can form a fine opinion of man generally. Now such men as these are the very persons we should have as our leaders—they are men of staid habits—men that would promote our welfare in a moral point—they are men from whom would flow such a torrent of information that it is shameful we do not benefit ourselves by it. You must be well aware that the majority of honorary members are men above the common sphere—they are men adapted to

fulfil any office in the Order. I am sorry that my abilities will not allow me to explain all the benefits the Order would receive by allowing the honorary members to take office. However I will say a little more. I have held argument with several of the Order, respecting the honorary members feeling an interest in the cause of Odd Fellowship. I will give you a few of my reasons for thinking that they do actually take a very great interest in the welfare of the Order. In the first place, if these parties did not feel an interest in the cause, would they throw away foolishly the expence of initiation? Would they condescend to be bound by the same laws as a regular member is? Would they attend their respective Lodges in the manner they do? Would they pay that deference to the officers of the Lodge? Would they sit, with the patience they do, whilst the N. G. is going through the business of the Lodge? A part of Odd Fellowship they have no interest in, and is to the best of Odd Fellows, at times, *tedious*, and sometimes very *vexatious*.

Can any one of the Order think for a moment, that characters like these would undergo all that I have stated, and not have Odd Fellowship at the heart? The thing is preposterous to think upon; and I am not speaking ambiguously, when I say; that, in my humble opinion, the Order would receive (if this enlightened part of our Order were allowed to act in their various Lodges) a benefit not to be conceived—it would be like stumbling upon a mountain of information. It is galling to the feelings of honest Odd Fellows to see men sitting in their Lodges, whose advice would be esteemed as a diamond of the first water, and they have not the power to act—by that means there is a robbery committed upon the Lodge to which they may belong. Our Order is a grand Institution, and, I have no doubt, that ere long, we shall be able to compete with that most ancient Order of Free Masons; and ultimately say, without the least egotism, that *ours* truly is the finest, and best regulated Order in the world, to attain which we must be *stedfast—immoveable*—always abounding in Truth and Justice, when we shall, ere long, arrive at the goal of our wishes. Believe me, it is my most earnest wish, and the desire of my heart, that the Order may rise with all her resplendent beauties shining transcendently upon her children.

I have no other motive for writing than for the good of the Order at large, and so long as we cling to each other in adversity, as when in prosperity, we shall become, as it were, an Herculean mountain, that defies any thing human to remove or sever. To effect this, *we should be strong in our own Virtues—inseparable in our Friendship—true to our Laws—without animosity—Deceit must be cast out—Jealousy thrown aside—and unite ourselves in Friend-*

ship, Love, and Truth, then we may defy all the evils Odd Fellowship is threatened with, and become as one great family, paying all honour and respect to our superiors, whose whole minds are occupied in making wholesome laws, (in which situation, I doubt not, they would receive great assistance by allowing honorary members to join them,) for the better *governance* of this extensive Order; and, I hope, that when they retire from their labours, that they may enjoy peace of mind, which is justly their due; and when that they leave this world, for the realms of bliss, may their hard-earned honours descend with them to the grave. When every Odd Fellow will be heard to exclaim, Here lies an honest Odd Fellow, whose constant study was to do all the good, in his power, for his brethren, and that he died beloved by all.

Hoping that you will insert the above in your columns, and make allowance for any error I may have committed, I being rather young in the Order; therefore, I beg leave to conclude, remaining yours, in the Bonds of

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH,

JESSE HARGREAVES.

Star of Providence, Rochdale, May, 1833.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I have, with great pleasure, perused an able article, written by P. G. Peiser, of the Apollo Lodge, and inserted in the Magazine for March last, in furtherance of certain strictures by Fairfax, on the Manchester members, in a former number. I now beg leave, publicly, to congratulate P. G. Peiser, as the first person who appears, after a lapse of time, to have again called attention to the subject to which he alludes; I hail it as the first dawning of that spirit, which I trust will very soon soar above all prejudice and pecuniary meanness. What was my astonishment on ascertaining the extent of the business of the Order, the many and important interests it had to protect, and its multifarious duties; that the chief part of these duties, was still performed in a situation formerly hastily chosen by the Directors, and the remainder in various public houses in the District. "What!" I mentally exclaimed, "Is Oddfellowship so grovelling, is the spirit of its members so debased, as thus to be contented; while surrounding Districts, that cannot boast one

tithe of our wealth and numbers, can complete those beautiful buildings, which do credit to themselves, and are ornaments to their respective neighbourhoods?" Why not that genius which, in exciting us to boundless acts of charity and philanthropy, has raised the Order to its present standing in society, dictate the prudence of erecting for itself a temple, which would redound to our honour, and be a memento to posterity of our taste and greatness? Why not those hoary champions, who have fought the moral battles of Odd Fellowship, and rode triumphant through every storm—who have trained it up from a state of listless infancy to its present stature, and given to it that gigantic sway, which no malice can gainsay, or power subdue, have the glory of erecting the first public monument of their fame in this town, before the narrow house shall have enclosed them in its cold embrace? and ye, thousands, why shake not off the disgraceful lethargy that enshrouds you, and inspired by that generous emulation, which ought to possess the bosom of every member, come forward and convince the world, that you are worthy of the name you bear, and by your liberality snatch the Order from every evil or slanderous imputation, your enemies may attach to it, and assist in placing it on that pinnacle, where men will look up to it with wonder, respect it for its unconquerable spirit, and bless it for its charity and benevolence!

There is one point connected with my subject, which most loudly calls for prompt interference and amendment. It is the impolicy of holding the chief Meetings of the Order and District in public houses. No one who has attended any of these, will deny the great inconvenience that arises from being confined for a whole day in a small and crowded room, heated almost to suffocation, to say nothing of the expence occasioned thereby which otherwise would be saved. I confidently affirm that no man sits for a whole day in such a room, without being more or less ebriated, and his faculties both of mind and body considerably impaired; and as the coming eve is about to close a day of intense application and toil, most of the deputies assembled instead of maintaining that coolness of judgment and gentlemanly demeanor, which characterized them in the morning, become noisy and clamorous: their arguments are unconnected, and often approach to the ludicrous; and the business of the day concludes in turbulence and riot, while some of them retire to complete an intoxication, which before was only partially accomplished. Suppose a stranger should intrude during such a scene as this, and on being informed that these were Deputies from every Lodge in the District, appointed to discuss the Laws, and protect the interests of the Order, would not that stranger naturally exclaim, "poor indeed must the moral character of the

Institution be whose precepts are the emanations of heads overflowing with the fumes of drunkenness, and tuned to disorder."

To have an Odd Fellows' Hall in the town with suitable offices attached, where its chief Meetings could be held, and its daily business transacted, would possess the following among other advantages:—It would save money expended by the deputies to their respective Lodges; the business would be more ably and quickly conducted, and though last not least, it would increase its respectability, and the Order whose worth is at present neither properly appreciated nor respected by strangers, would soon be enquired into, and thousands of the most respectable and wealthy would enlist themselves under its sacred banner, and encrease its influence by their patronage. These observations are not fallacious, they are borne out by past events, and future ones will only tend to confirm them. In order to raise a fund for this purpose, I recommend first, that a private subscription be set on foot in every Lodge belonging to the Unity, and then to call upon the funds of the Lodges in shape of an Assessment, in respect of their wealth and numbers, which if found to be insufficient, let a sum of money be borrowed of the general fund of the Order to the extent required, for which something more than bank interest ought to be paid until the principal is discharged, and I entertain no doubt that in a short time, ample provision will be made for so desirable an attainment, the plan being at least feasible is worthy of trial.

I trust Mr. Editor, that you will pardon my lengthy observations for the sake of their object, and the same accorded by your numerous readers, will oblige yours,

Cumberland Lodge, August, 1833.

TAYGETUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

As I unquestionably think our Quarterly Magazine an article most essential to the whole of our community, for their general information and edification, I certainly wonder and regret that I do not, in the course of my very extensive visits to various towns and Lodges therein, find it more universally taken by the brethren, especially as the charge is of so trifling a consideration. At all events, I beg to submit for your insertion (should it be deemed worthy of a page) some few particulars of the reception I met with, amongst our Order, in the little town of Rochdale, who were determined to vie, as far as possible, with the brethren of the Manchester District, and of whom

I speak with the sincerest feelings of gratitude and respect. Having made a professional visit to the above-mentioned town, (Rochdale,) I was, by dint of chance, introduced to brother Host Haynes, of the Humanity Lodge, Reed and Commercial Inn, by several past officers of that District, where I was received with that warmth, and brotherly treatment, which characterize the feelings of a true Odd Fellow. Good deeds, they say, reward themselves—so, indeed, they do—but good deeds should be made known to the world, that the workers of them may be appreciated by their fellow-men, according to their distinguished merits; and, as I know that it is gratifying to the members of our fraternity, to hear of their brethren acting up strictly to the grand object for which we have united and cemented together, that of doing good, I cannot help acknowledging the kind attention observed towards me by Host Haynes, his family, and indeed the whole of his establishment. During my stay in that town his house was my Welcome Home, and he (Host Haynes) used every effort, also, to further my professional views, together with the officers and brethren of the following Lodges, under whose auspices I have held Concerts, viz :—**KING EDWARD THE III, TRANQUILITY, and BRITON'S PRIDE.** These, respected Sir and Brother, are deeds worthy of record in the annals of Odd Fellowship. What can afford greater pleasure to man, if he has one spark of philanthropy in his composition, than that of ministering to the necessities of those worthy objects, whose fate it may be to require assistance? To raise the drooping widow—to light the lamp of gladness in the cherubic face of the destitute orphan—to approach the couch of sickness with the balm of comfort and consolation—to refresh and renovate the traveller on his pergrination; and if I quote, I may further observe, that there is a kindly interchange of thought, a beseeching goodness, that betwixt Odd Fellows savor strong attachment—that unite the ligaments of broken intercourse—that strengthen the bonds of social life, and propagate the nobler feelings of the heart; that add a relish to the joys of mutual intercourse, and heighten all the bliss of undivided love; there is a pure and lasting friendship, an unalterable and fixed principle of firmness, that swerves not from its devotedness, but unchanging proceeds onward, accomplishing its great and sacred purpose. In short, our noble Institution, governed, as it is by a conscious sense of rectitude, disregards the poisonous breath of slanderous malignity, and heeds not the contaminated voice of calumny.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, in the bonds of

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH,

J. ALFORD, M. M.

PRESENTATION

OF A

SILVER MEDAL TO P. PROV. G. M. ANELEY.

SIR,

You will oblige the brothers generally of the Prince Regent Lodge, Royal Oak, Glossop, by inserting the annexed account of our presentation in the next number of your interesting Magazine.

I am, Sir,

Yours, in the bonds of

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH,

DAVID WINTERBOTTOM, Sec.

On Saturday Evening, March 2nd, 1833, the Members of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, after having concluded the business of the night, presented P. G. M. Mr. Aneley, with a handsome SILVER MEDAL, as a mark of their approbation of his unremitting zeal in the cause of Odd Fellowship; Mr. Peter Foster, Prov. G. M. for that District, was desired by N. G. Shepley, of the Prince Regent Lodge, to present the Medal, which he did in a very neat and appropriate speech, in which he adverted to the valuable services conferred by Mr. Aneley on that District, since he became a brother. Mr. Aneley addressed the brethren as follows :—

WORTHY OFFICERS AND BROTHERS, I stand before you on the present occasion, with feelings of more than common satisfaction, and with gratitude, accept your present; yet, at the same time, reflecting on past services, and the good that might have been effected, by a strict adherence to the rules of our honourable Order, it stimulates me to exert myself more than ever, in, and for the cause of Odd Fellowship, having seen some errors in myself, and I feel it my duty to guard you my brethren, against such errors as far as lies in my power, being well assured that we cannot study a brother's interest, without benefiting our own.

To you, Officers and Brothers of the Lodge of which I have the honour of being a member, I would make a few observations,—The first is respecting our attendance at lectures, they having been greatly neglected, it is by our attendance to, and improvement in the lectures, that we become faithful Odd Fellows; in them is laid down the track which we ought to pursue

through life, and by a strict adherence to them and the rules of our Order, we shall become useful members of society, and live respected by all who know us ; it will exalt our character amongst all good men, and give to our conduct the serenity resulting from a clear conscience ; and not only that, Officers and Brothers, but point out to us the bright beams of hope and happiness, in another and a better world ; and as we are all candidates for another world, let us use every means in our power, to obtain a better ; and to such of my officers and brothers, as are thus striving, which I have no doubt but some of you are ; for your encouragement to be faithful unto death, I have to tell you there is a gift, but not of silver or gold, (pointing with his finger to the Medal) no my brethren, but an inheritance which is undefiled, and that fadeth not away, not only that incorruptible but a crown of life, which the Lord the righteous judge, will give unto all them that love his appearing. The next remark is respecting giving toasts or sentiments, in our regular meetings, instead of any thing vain or foolish, let us each endeavour to give such toasts or sentiments, as will convey to the mind something that will be conducive to our present or future welfare.—The third remark is respecting our appearances in public company, by always showing our love, friendship, and regard for each other, that such as do not belong to our society, may be led by seeing our affection for one another to respect and esteem us.

I shall now conclude, by giving a toast :—May all the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows become worthy patterns of piety.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. Fs'. MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

May our endeavours to please be crowned with success, I have often heard responded ; a sentiment I think, applicable to those who openly espouse the interest of that Society, of which they might have the honour to be a member. The rise, spread, and progress of Odd Fellowship, has often engaged my thoughts, and no part of our writings, more than the introduction to our General Laws ; be the compiler who he may, it certainly redounds to his credit ; the uninitiated would do well to read it, and read it attentively ; the already initiated would do well to make it their line of conduct ; doubtless there are some who do, and many there are who never think of it ; to those I would say, read it again and notice as you read, the principles

it inculcates, and the advice given ; its merits alone would fill volumes, a task, I readily confess, far beyond my reach. There are just reasons why we are actuated by one common call, viz:—Benevolence, Friendship, and Justice, to which we are bound by our laws and lectures too, to add Temperance.

If the leaders of Temperance Societies were to read our laws, and join the Order, so as they could participate in our lectures, they would find, that we have accomplished, as nearly as it is possible, perhaps, what they are endeavouring to obtain ; but they are not aware, that such a Society is in existence or ever was. The fact is we are too quiet. Odd Fellowship ought to spread more than it does ; the fault is ours ; our brother Fairfax is accused of treading the corns of our Manchester brothers ; I wish he would tread all our corns, and arouse us from that seeming state of somnolency under which we are labouring, he would only be doing the duty of a brother, and in not making further attempts he is not doing his duty ; and in return, I should like to tread his corns ; I would remind him that in this world, he is a tenant at will, and we demand a share in his life interest. I also, Mr. Editor, crave a space in your next Magazine, thanking you kindly for your last favour ; my views are for the furtherance of the Society to which I belong, and those who criticise my endeavours, will, I doubt not, do more credit to your pages, than is in the power of yours fraternally,

J. NEWMAN, P. G. & C. S.

Loyal Brunswick Lodge, Brighton.

BEVERLEY, MAY 21st, 1833.

SIR AND BROTHER,

You will greatly oblige an inexperienced correspondent by recording, in your next Magazine, the first Anniversary of the Loyal Rising Star Lodge, which took place on Monday, the 8th of April. At two o'clock the procession moved through the principal streets of the town, preceded by the handsome regalia of the Hull district, and of our own, with banners, &c. During the rout they were joined by the Rev. S. F. Ramsey, and proceeded to the Minster, when an excellent Sermon was preached by the reverend gentleman. After the service we withdrew to the Lodge, where an excellent dinner was prepared by our Host. After the cloth was drawn, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul, exceeded any thing ever

witnessed here. G. M. Wilde, and P. G. M. Cooke, of the Hull District, addressed the meeting, and the health of the G. M., and Board of Directors, was given, with several other appropriate toasts and sentiments, which were drank with the greatest rapture. On the Rev. Mr. Ramsey rising to leave the room, he begged the worthy brothers to accept his best thanks for the pleasure they had afforded him, and that he should always be happy to attend them on any similar occasion, and from the motto he observed before him of Friendship, Love, and Truth, he believed truly belonged Odd Fellows, and from the respectability of the Order in Beverley, they would soon be a flourishing and numerous body.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON,

PREACHED

*Before the Society of ODD FELLOWS, in the Beverley Minster,
April 8th, 1833,*

BY THE REV. SEPTIMUS F. RAMSEY, B. A., CURATE OF
ST. JOHN'S, BEVERLEY,

(Late Scholar of Catharine Hall, Cambridge.)

“And this commandment have we from him, that he, who loveth God, love his brother also.”—*4th chap. 1st ep. of St. John, 21st v.*

One of the principal designs of the gospel of Christ, is, we find, to shew, that he who loveth his neighbour hath fulfilled the Law, for all the commandments are comprehended in this saying,—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; and whosoever is without this excellent attainment, all his other pretences to piety and zeal for the service of God are declared to be vain. If a man say he loves God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, and the truth is not in him. And Paul also, in like manner,—“Tho’ I speak with the tongues of men, and angels, and have not charity, I am as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal; and tho’ I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and tho’ I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.” The reason why so particular a stress is laid upon the practice of this great duty of brotherly love, is, because such a temper, and disposition of mind, is the highest improvement and perfection of human nature, when it is *regenerated* by the Holy Spirit; ‘tis that renewing of the mind, which makes

our souls like unto God, who is goodness itself, and is the foundation of our present happiness and future glory. This is the plain reason why love and friendship, meekness and charity, are constantly enjoined, and are themselves necessary ingredients of the joys of heaven; almost all other acquirements, and gifts, and excellencies, are but as the *means* to this *end*, and to be done away when that which is perfect is come; "for whether they be prophecy, they shall fail; whether they be tongues, they shall cease; whether they be knowledge, it shall vanish away; but charity never faileth." These are dispositions of the mind which are commenced in the duties of this life, and completed in the glories of the next. These are holy virtues and principles, upon which, I trust, and fully believe, my brethren, your Society is founded; for it appears to me to have, for its *chief object*, the *cause of humanity*, and the exercise of *brotherly love*; and will, I hope, grow up, with the improvement of your knowledge and piety here, to a perfect and unspeakable happiness, in the enjoyment of a future world, in the presence of God and the Lamb.

My christian friends, this is the first time that I have addressed some of you, and, perhaps, it may be the last; but on your quitting this, the temple of the Lord, bear in mind that you will have to answer for this day's warning, at the great and terrible day of the Lord: but, though some of us may meet no more in the House of God, yet remember we shall all meet when we shall have to appear before the judgment seat of Christ: and, my brethren, are we preparing for that dread tribunal? Have some of us ever given one serious thought upon the subject? It is possible that some of you have not; and, if you have not, what am I to do? Am I to shrink from my duty for fear of displeasing man, whose breath is in his nostrils? Most assuredly not: I ever will, as far as I know, boldly proclaim the truth, whatever description of persons I may happen to address; whether they be high or low, rich or poor; in matters of such high import I will neither crouch, or succumb, to any human being, in that which pertains to the salvation of the immortal soul of man; I will call no man Rabbi upon earth, for one is my Master, who is in Heaven, the Lord Jesus Christ. My brethren, no longer hesitate, but without further delay fall down as suppliants at the feet of Jesus; prostrate yourselves before the Cross of Christ; be not content with present attainments, but be ever striving to make further progress in the way to Sion; never halt; be ever on the march; and let the command of God to Moses be inscribed upon your banner: "Speak unto the people of Israel that they go forward."

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED

AT THE WELLINGTON LECTURE,

May, 1833,

By P. G. M. MARK WARDLE.

If we take a view of mankind, in all ages, in all countries, and under all circumstances, we find that, in order to render themselves happy, it was essentially necessary, that they should contribute to the happiness of others—Happiness, the poet says, was born a twin. From this principle, wisely and humanely bestowed upon us by the great God of Nature, flow all those sources of benevolence and charity which bind man to man, harmonize his mind to happiness here, and lead him into that path which is most likely to ensure it for him hereafter.

Acting upon this divine, this universal, this eternal law, planted in us by Nature, the best and the wisest of men, have, in all ages and seasons, used their earnest endeavours to render the plant fruitful, and many of them, have, happily, succeeded.

Man, from the cradle to the grave, is, doubtless, the most dependant animal in existence. Without the greatest possible care and attention—without the greatest love and affection—the new-born Infant could not exist one hour! What so feeble—what so helpless—what so impotent;—yet what so lovely—what so innocent, as a child in its swaddling clothes? How many years of anxiety, of hope and fear—of joy and sorrow—have the parents to endure, as they mark the opening mind of the future man! and, be it observed, that this is a feeling peculiar to man—all other animals desert, nay, appear anxious to desert, their offspring, so soon as instinct tells them, that they can provide for themselves.—Not so with man, his is a feeling

That still increases
Until the existence of its object ceases!

Yes, my friends, it is also wisely and humanely implanted in our nature, for the preservation of the species, that affection should invariably *descend*. We revere and reverence our Parents—we love and delight in our children, even unto the third and fourth generation.

But, if infancy be impotent so, alas, is old age, or second childishness ;

When age and want (Oh, ill-match'd pair,
Shew man was made to mourn.

The tottering limb—the faded eye—the wrinkled brow—the hoary head—proclaim, in language not to be misunderstood—this mortal must put on immortality—this corruption must put on incorruption !—Yes, my friends,

The flower must fade—the leaf must fall,
Death is the common lot of all !

Yet we are told—

There is a land where tears ne'er fall,
Where ne'er is heard the voice of sorrow ;
Where the night of death can ne'er appal,
For it is of life always a joyous morrow ;
But the way to that blissful world of bloom,
Is through the portals of the tomb !

It is, then, with our passage to this “world of bloom”—with our conduct as men, previously to reaching these “portals,” that requires our most serious and solemn consideration. It has been already said, that we cannot enjoy happiness alone—hence all the endearing and connecting links of consanguinity, love, and friendship ; and he who best supports these blessings gives and receives the greatest possible quantity of happiness, which seems to be the end and aim of our being.

But, my friends, the road to this desired haven.—In my mind, it is impossible to reach it, unless we make Truth our guide. The immortal Locke tells us, that he who makes use of the light and faculties God has given him, and seeks sincerely to discover Truth, by those lights and abilities he has, may have this satisfaction in doing his duty as a rational creature, that tho' he should miss Truth—he will not miss the reward of it.

This is to us, my friends, a great and important fact. The wisely-chosen motto of our Order is Friendship, Love, and Truth—and Truth, tho' here placed last, ought to be the first object which we should sincerely endeavour to discover and practice, and it is certainly consoling to believe—(whatever the fanatics may say to the contrary) that if we do so, we shall not go unrewarded.

It may not be improper to remark here, that Love and Friendship cannot exist, unless based on Truth. Every conceivable virtue must emanate from Truth. Sincerity, fidelity, integrity, honour, honesty, fortitude, prudence, justice, happi-

ness, are but other names for Truth. It is the centre of a circle from which you cannot recede without a violation of some of the social virtues.

Our Institution has been censured by some, because all our meetings are held in taverns, or public houses, and that numbers of poor men are thereby induced to spend their time and their money, which they would otherwise not have done. To those who know us, this needs no answer; and I can confidently appeal to the *experience* of thousands for its refutation—but as it may have some weight with the uninitiated, I wish to inform them, through the medium of this Discourse (which will hereafter be published) that the habitual drunkard is never admitted amongst us, and that any brother *daring* to approach the door of a Lodge, in a state of intoxication, is not suffered to enter—that the vice of drunkenness is severely reprobated in our regular Lectures, and that our laws not only forbid it, but punish those who are guilty of it. There are others who say, we cannot do much good, however numerous we may be, because we are nothing but a set of *poor men*! How little, my friends, do such calculators know of Odd Fellowship! But, while we admit, with complacency, the charge of Poverty—which is not with us, at least, a crime—we can confidently and triumphantly declare—(and we have a *right* to do so)—that there is no other set of men in the world, WHO DO SO MUCH GOOD! Set of poor men, indeed; have such calculators—(I will not call them calumniators, because “they know not what they do”)—but, have such calculators yet to learn, that

Virtue and Vice from no conditions rise;
Act well your part—there ALL the merit lies!

I have observed, recently, that our bishops have been making speeches to, and others have been petitioning, the Lords, to pass a law for *enforcing* a better observance of the Sabbath. How little do these men know the human heart.—Pious by act of parliament—religious on compulsion!—whoever heard of coercion making converts, or instilling into the mind of any man one particle of piety? but who has not heard, on the contrary, of its thousands of hypocrites?—Learned but deluded mortals!—could they, bending from their high estate, look down upon the numerous members of our Institution, at this moment assembled and met together, for the purpose of giving and receiving instruction in the paths of Friendship, Love, and Truth, they would find a better method than an act of parliament for the observance of the Sabbath. Would my lords, the bishops, believe, if they were told, that there are *hundreds* of respectable individuals at this moment *gratuitously* employed in using those faculties God

has given him for the information and advantage of others, and that *thousands* are thereby rendered wiser and better men? No, my friends, this fact can only be fully known to those who have the happiness of belonging to an Institution which is destined, I firmly believe, to become the wonder and admiration, not only of our country, but of the universe!

This belief will not be considered so very extravagant, when we take a view of the universality of the Institution, the facilities which it affords to people of all nations and denominations to join its ranks, and the manifest advantages derivable therefrom. There is no other society in the world, which so happily combines rational pleasure and conviviality, with real and extensive charity and benevolence. What, let me ask, do the *duties* of the Order call upon us to perform?—They call upon us to teach men to respect themselves—to love the Brotherhood—to cultivate their social virtues, for self-love and social are the same—to teach them to feel the pleasure of doing good to others—to taste the sweet reward resulting from the performance of acts of kindness and humanity—to raise the drooping head of poverty—to lighten the burthens of the weary and the way-worn—to console and comfort the afflicted—in a word, to relieve and succour *all* those whose distress call for their aid and support. Yes, my brethren, these are some of the delightful duties which we are called upon to perform—and he best fulfils the ends of his creation, and secures the approbation of his Creator, in whatever state of life he may be placed, who performs them best.

Actuated by such motives, who or what can stay the extension of the Order? Already (to use the language of a Poet of our own) “already has it won its widening way across the great Atlantic.” There is not a good man in existence, who would not instantly and cheerfully join it, if he were acquainted with the principles which it inculcates, and the real and substantial blessings which are, both mentally and physically, enjoyed by those who act in conformity with its laws and usages. Circumstanced as this country, at least, at present, is, I hold it impossible to frame another Institution equal to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The old and the young mingled together, and emulous only who shall be the first to spread the benign principles of benevolence and charity—and that species of charity, too, which wearieth not. Experience, with Youth in his hand, leading him on to the temple of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice, evidently enjoying the internal gratification that he is sure to succeed, is a spectacle with which even Angels would be pleased, and all good men must view with admiration and delight.

How grand in age, how sweet in youth,
Are holy friendship, love and truth!

VOL. 2—No. 10—K.

Finally, my brethen, when the venerable Patriarch Jacob stood before Pharoah, the monarch put that question to him, which we have all so often heard—"How old art thou?"—The expressive and impressive answer was—"Few and full of sorrow have the days of the years of my pilgrimage been." May you, my friends, after a lapse of many, many years, be individually enabled to reverse this answer, and to exclaim, with joy and thankfulness, many and full of hope and happiness have the days of the years of *my* pilgrimage been. And when, at last, the immortal soul is sent (to use an Oriental phrase)—to "wander among the immortals," may we all find ourselves in the blessed company of good men made perfect.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR AND BROTHER,

As an account of the opening of the Loyal Victory Lodge will give great satisfaction to the officers, past officers, and brothers of this district, I must beg you to indulge us with a nook in your valuable Magazine, for the insertion of the following short sketch, and you will oblige,

Yours, faithfully,

JOHN BAMPFIELD, C. S.

Kidderminster, August, 1833.

Tuesday, the 2nd day of July, was the day appointed for the interesting scene, and the request made by our worthy Prov. G. M. Warman, to the officers, past officers, and brothers of the Loyal Wellington Lodge, was promptly attended to. At seven o'clock in the evening, the necessary arrangements being complete, Charles Warman, the G. M., took the chair; the other situations being filled by past officers of the Wellington Lodge, P. Prov. D. G. M. Boulter acting as N. G., P. G. Johnson acting as V. G., and C. S. Bampfield as Secretary; Joseph Arnold, the Prov. D. G. M., having kindly condescended to take the part of Inside Conductor, which part he filled with great satisfaction to the Lodge. The Lodge-room was fitted up in such style as to reflect great credit on the worthy host, and the brothers of the Loyal Victory Lodge. After the G. M. had presented the Dispensation, the Lodge was closed, to partake of an excellent supper, provided by our worthy host, Mr. Joseph Barber, of the Angel Inn, Load-street, Bewdley, where the Loyal Victory Lodge is opened. After supper the Lodge was again opened.

when five respectable young men were admitted, and after closing the Lodge, the song, toast, and sentiment, was continued till rosy morn appeared. I conclude with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Order in general.

JOHN BAMPFIELD.

TO THE EDITOR.

WORTHY & RESPECTED BROTHER,

As we have never before given you the trouble to insert an account of an Anniversary of the Wellington Lodge, we hope you will allow us space for a few lines on the present occasion, although I confess my inability to do justice to the task, and you will much oblige,

Yours, faithfully,

JOSEPH ARNOLD, P. D. G. M.

On the 18th day of June, the Loyal Wellington Lodge, No. 124, of the Manchester Unity, and in the Kidderminster district, held their tenth Anniversary, at their Lodge-room, host Edward Harper's, Bell Inn, Kidderminster. Dinner was served up at three o'clock, and if a bountiful supply of the good things of this world can make a man happy, the officers and brothers of this Lodge must have been truly happy, for the worthy host and hostess had provided every delicacy which the season could afford, which was served up with their wonted ability. G. M. Charles Warman presided on the occasion, and our worthy host Harper filled the Vice President's situation. After the cloth was drawn, the President gave, "The King and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity," with the honours of the Order—Song, "A system more pure ne'er was modell'd by man," by G. M. Warman.—Toast, our worthy host and hostess, with the honours of the Order—The health of our worthy G. M., with the honours of the Order, who made a suitable reply. Songs, toasts, and sentiments, went round the jocund board to a late hour. Host Harper, our worthy Secretary, George Phipps, brother Charles Atwood, N. G. Johnson, and P. Prov. D. G. M. Boulter contributed much to the harmony of the evening.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONMOUTHSIRE MERLIN.

SIR,

I beg to hand you a translation of some invidious remarks made upon those benevolent institutions in the *Greal*, a Welsh Baptists' Magazine, for the present month; and if you will be kind enough to insert it in the columns of your valuable paper, so that the members of that philanthropic and highly respected fraternity may have an opportunity to prepare a reply to the un-called-for insinuations, you will greatly oblige,

Yours, &c.

REAL ODD FELLOW.

Glan Sorwy, Gorph. 10ed, 1833.

"SIR,

Numerous are the Institutions which have been established among the human race, differing widely in principles and in their designs. Some formed for the encouragement of morals and civilization, others for the purpose of fostering the arts and sciences. The system called ODD FELLOWSHIP, whose growing branches have now extended to the borders of *Gwentland* and *Glamorganshire*, has caused much excitement and uneasiness in the minds of the different denominations of Dissenters throughout that part of the country, on account of some of their religious brethren becoming members of the societies of Odd Fellows; the greatest objection against which is the concealment of their tenets and their secret signs, or symbols, which, in my opinion, is not in accordance with the golden rules of the christian faith. Our blessed Saviour, in his sermon on the mount, said, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works;' but such are the established rites and ceremonies of Odd Fellowship, as to render it altogether like a candle hid under a tub, benefiting no one. And why, unless the system is bad, are the tenets and regulations not promulgated to the world, when they would be appreciated according to their merits? True religion requires an open profession of its doctrines, and a clear explanation of its principles and ordinances, without which, how could the beneficial effects resulting from it be applied to our needy souls? But, becoming a member of the fraternity of Odd Fellows, is a random step, by which no knowledge of the benefits to be received, or rules to be observed, can be acquired until first bound by a rigorous obligation, in consequence of which a most pious christian may be corrupted, by being led, from mere curiosity, to join an Order in which, on account of his previous ignorance of the peculiar rules, he cannot foresee the danger to which he

may be hastening. If their regulations are good, and of any benefit to mankind, how is it that those religious characters, who have joined the Institution, do not come forward and vindicate it through the medium of some of our papers or magazines. Truth and justice ought not to be ashamed, or to lurk in the dark like hypocrisy and deceit. I shall henceforward look out for some light or explanation upon the subject."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONMOUTHSHIRE MERLIN.

SIR,

In accordance with the views of "*A Real Odd Fellow*," as inserted in the *Merlin*, of the 13th instant, I hand you a few brief remarks on Odd Fellowship; not to gratify the idle curiosity, and overweening silliness of some one who seems almost to persuade himself that he is a christian, but to "let our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works."

"The greatest objection against Odd Fellowship, (the writer in the Baptist Magazine says,) is the concealment of our tenets and regulations, which are not promulgated to the world."—Now, Sir, if I remove this "greatest objection," the lesser ones necessarily fall to the ground. First, then, our "tenets and regulations" ARE PROMULGATED, and there are *hundreds of thousands* of them, at this moment, circulating throughout the country, not one of which is "hid under a tub"! but shewn with cheerfulness to any one making the application, and every necessary explanation given, so that no "pious christian" can be "corrupted on account of his previous ignorance," if he be possessed of common prudence, and will be at the trouble of looking before he leaps. *The Order does so, and perhaps the writer knows it.*

"How is it, (he asks) that those religious characters, who have joined the Institution, do not come forward and vindicate it." We will shew him how that is done, by and by.

Again, he says, "no knowledge of the benefits to be received, or rules to be observed, can be acquired, until first bound by a rigorous obligation."—What a mass of gratuitous bungling and falsehood is contained in this short sentence! How does he know, in the midst of our "concealment," that we are "bound by a rigorous obligation?" The knowledge of the fact, if true, must have convinced any one, not determined to "open his mouth and shut his eyes," that the obligation (if any) could not be very "rigorous." The other assertions, about *benefits*,

and rules, are downright LIES, more than sufficient to damnify the assumptions and speculations of a thousand such champions as this man of the Baptists' Magazine.

"I shall henceforward look out for some light or explanation upon this subject." This is the last and only sensible remark of this pious scribbler.—So, then, the booby is determined to do at last what he should have done at first,—“examine first, and then rebuke.” Well, no matter—better late than never—but as it is not likely that he can, without assistance, find the “candle hid under a tub,” and as information, and improvement, may yet be instilled into his dull brain, I will here furnish him with such helps and lights as may tend to mend him—remove from him that species of Pagan persecution with which he seems to be imbued, and induce him, perhaps, to exclaim,—“*See how these (ODD FELLOWS) love one another.*”

In the performance of this certainly not anti-christian task, Mr. Editor, I shall have to draw largely upon the patience of you, and your readers; but as the objects I have in view are praiseworthy, I hope you will bear with me.—To rescue the character of our Institution, comprising many thousands of worthy men, from the aspersions thrown upon it by one professedly ignorant of its principles—and to reclaim and make a convert of the asperser himself—are duties which every Odd Fellow is “bound” to perform, and to perform cheerfully. In this spirit I shall proceed to shew our antagonist, for the purposes above-mentioned, how some “religious characters” have already “vindicated” the MANCHESTER UNITY OF INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS :—

“Let it no longer be supposed that ours is a brotherhood bound together for the purposes of running on more undisturbed and secretly into every, or any, excess of riot or immorality,—let it not be supposed that, in the private retirement of our Lodges, we meet together not for the better, but for the worse. Let our neighbours know we are drawn together by the cords of love, for high and noble purposes. Let them learn, that according to the symbols of the Order, under the all-seeing *Eye* of the Almighty, when the *Sun* shineth by Day, or the *Moon* and *Stars* govern the Night,—*Friendship*, *Love*, and *Truth*, are the seals and bond of our covenant. Let us teach them, that the innocence and simplicity of the *Lamb*, and the persevering diligence of the *Bee*, are the tempers and habits we labour to cultivate; and that, whilst we imitate the *Dove* for its harmlessness, and the *Owl* for its wisdom, our *Hearts* and our *Hands* go together in the relief of every brother in distress, to whatever portion of the *Globe* he may belong, whether he be a stranger, or

one born in the land. * * * * Let the world then see, and seeing let them admire the objects and purposes of our honourable Order; and let us each by our own well-doing, "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." The increased and increasing happiness of our fellow-men is the avowed and real object of our Order:—it is to make them happier, because it makes them better, and to bind together more strongly the ties and obligations of civil society. * * * Benevolent in its purposes, diffusive in its exertions, it strives to gladden the heart of man. Its light is spreading itself to far distant climes. Its beams, like the beams of yon glorious Sun, are advancing to illumine every land. It is a City set upon a hill, and the language which it addresses to all its children is that which I address to you this day, my brethren—let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works. * * * If we strive continually to live up to our obligations as Odd Fellows and as Christians, our light will then shine forth, and our good works become manifest before all. The tongue of slander will then become silent, and the finger of reproach be no longer lifted up against us. Odd Fellowship will be desired from the peaceful fruits of righteousness which flow from it, and from those increased and increasing blessings, which, I hesitate not to say, it will be the means of shedding not only on individuals—on families—on parishes—but also on our country. * * * Then, my brethren, by a uniform consistency of conduct, and a steady perseverance in our Order, we shall preserve its dignity unsullied. Each man will then study to know and respect himself as nature's first law, convinced that he who violates it must so far degrade his character, as to forfeit all confidence that he will act fairly to another. Each man will be found, not contenting himself with a bare knowledge of a sound system of morality, but he will strive daily to become a living example of it to others. His practice will then tend not only to his own advantage here and for ever, but it will contribute also to the benefit of the brotherhood at large. Then will the Lord look down upon us from above, with the eye of mercy and of blessing; then shall our "light break forth as the morning, and our health shall spring forth speedily;—our righteousness shall go before us, and the glory of the Lord shall be our reward." *Extract from a Sermon, preached in the parish of Oxton, Notts, on the 21st of May, 1832, by the Rev. JOHN POWNALL, M. A. Curate of Blidworth-cum-Oxton, and published in the Odd Fellows' Magazine for June.*

"I have read your rules my brethren, with some degree of minuteness and care.—They discourage every thing of a licentious nature and tendency; they breathe a spirit of pure morality, and cultivate the kindest feelings of human friendship; and I may

justly add, largely partake of the true genuine spirit of christian charity and benevolence. For they inculcate one of the first and fundamental principles of Christianity, which is to love one another.—You enter into a covenant, and form a solemn compact, by which you *preserve the identity and unity of your Order from innovation or intrusion*; you voluntarily contribute to every poor member, should he stand in need; he is not deserted when languishing on the bed of affliction, or when bending beneath the weight of age, he feels the natural strength of his body to decay, but in your unity he finds an asylum, in every member a brother and a friend to share his griefs, and to sympathize with him in his sorrows. * * * I have great pleasure in possessing an opportunity of doing justice to a body of men, who have been much calumniated and misrepresented. I do hope that those who have been guilty of misrepresenting the principles of the Order before me, have done it from *ignorance*:—this is, I know, but a poor apology for calumny and slander, and is only one shade less abominable than wilful misrepresentation. * * * I rejoice thus publicly, in the presence of God, and in the most sacred place, to testify to the excellency of your general principles, the sound morality of your Order, and to the seriousness of your decorum and of your demeanor, in all those opportunities which I have had in meeting with you as a minister of religion. And I cannot but deeply regret, that you should have been held up as men of a profane and licentious character, and as destitute of moral principles; and I therefore do rejoice to do you justice in the most public and in the most solemn manner, according to my most conscientious belief of your public principles and character. * * * Should a brother be taken from among you by death, you spread over the object of his earthly affections the shield of your protection, the mantle of your benevolence; and I doubt not, in your friendly visits to the house of mourning, what was said of old, has also been said of you—"When the ear heard me then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." * * * And now brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified; and shall close this imperfect address with the prayer of Moses for the increase of the Israelites—"The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times as many more as ye are, and bless you as he hath promised."—*From a Sermon preached by the Rev. J. C. Boddington, Incumbent of Horton, Yorkshire, on Easter Monday last.*

I shall not trouble you, Mr. Editor, with any further *Extracts*, though I have as many before me as would fill the columns of the *Merlin*; nor will I stop now to particularize the *thousands* of *pounds* we bestow in gifts to the deserving—but shall conclude by hoping that no “pious Christian” will consider himself “corrupted” by joining an institution thus “vindicated.”

Your's, most truly,

MARK WARDLE.

Manchester, July, 1833.

G. A. M. C. BURY, MAY, 1833.

Resolved,

66. That the Officers of the Order, and Board of Directors, write to the presiding Officers of America, requesting information on the subject of the method of governing the Order in that country.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

The above resolution sufficiently explains itself, and precludes the necessity on my part, of adding any thing to it officially, further than to express a hope that we shall hear from you immediately.

I have to charge you, Sir, (but I trust it will be found unjustly) with a want of brotherly confidence and attention. Two or three letters, written to you by P. G. M. Wardle, under the directions of the Board, have long remained unanswered, at which the Directors have frequently expressed their surprise and sorrow.

Let me beg of you, Sir, to remove this stumbling block.—We know not whether our beloved Order is progressing or otherwise, with you. We are completely in the dark. At sea without either compass or rudder. When a worthy brother, on leaving this for the land of liberty, calls upon us for advice, we know not whither to direct his wanderings, nor where to point out a resting place for the soles of his feet. This is not Odd Fellowship.—Put a speedy termination to such a state of things, we beseech thee, O Wildey!

It is my pleasing task to inform you, Sir, that the “finger of providence” is most miraculously pointing us “onward” here. We do, indeed, increase with more than rail-road velocity.

VOL. 2—No. 10—L.

This "little nook of earth," as Shakespeare calls it, is studded o'er with Lodges. When I look back at what we were, and now at what we are; when I look on *this* picture and on *THIS*, the contemplation almost turns me giddy—I seem as a dreamer of dreams, and feel as if afraid to believe the pleasing reality!

This sketch, Sir, is not over strained. We have upwards of seven hundred Lodges working together as unanimously as could be expected or wished for the general good. We have, Sir, no more discord among us than is necessary, in my opinion, to uphold and preserve the harmony of the whole!—In this world, at least, we know, one cannot exist without the other.

In conclusion, Sir, the G. M., the Directors, and many who had the pleasure of your acquaintance when here, desire you to accept their best wishes for your happiness and welfare, to which allow me to add those of, dear Sir and Brother,

Yours, sincerely,

THOMAS ARMITT.

To G. S. Wildey, Baltimore.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CUMBERLAND LODGE.

On the 29th July, 1833, the Cumberland Lodge of the Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, celebrated their 19th Anniversary. The members and their friends assembled at the lodge house at five o'clock in the evening, and partook of an excellent dinner, provided by Mr. Rothwell, with his usual taste and neatness. After non nobis Domini had been sung by Messrs. Cartledge, Buck, Cooper, Stonier, and Bardsley, Mr. Beattie, a past officer of the Lodge, was called to the chair, and opened the proceedings of the evening, by stating that he was proud of the opportunity which then presented itself to him, of publicly congratulating the Cumberland Lodge on the celebration of its 19th Anniversary. It had, from its earliest infancy, been growing in numbers, wealth, and respectability; the labours of its members had indeed been unremitting, but they possessed the inward satisfaction of knowing that those labours had been crowned with entire success; they had relieved the sorrows of the widow—dried the tears of the orphan—and administered the balm of consolation to the afflicted, and glad was he of being a member of an Institution, whose chief objects were charity and philanthropy, and that dealt out its blessings with an unsparing hand, and he hoped that the Independent Order would continue by its moral precepts and unbounded benevolence, to keep removed from it those evil aspersions, its enemies would

gladly attach to it. He concluded a most feeling address by proposing as the first toast,

His Majesty the King, Duke of Lancaster, and his illustrious Consort, and may they live long to be the pride and glory of their subjects—4 times 4—Song "God save the King." The other branches of the Royal Family—Glee, "Hail star of Brunswick."

His Majesty's Ministers, and may they ever continue to promote the interest and preserve the tranquility of the empire—Glee, "Hail smiling morn."

The Chairman on rising to give the next toast, observed that from the earliest period of time, the British Nation had been signalized for its warriors, and royalty had not forsaken the battle field when honour called, or the interests of the country demanded its aid. Our beloved Sovereign had always been seen in the foremost ranks of glory, winning renown by his dauntless bravery, while thousands of gallant tars were thronging round the British standard, encouraged by his valour and rendered fearless by example; he would give the navy and army of Great Britain, and may they command for it the respect of the world, and always be solicitous of promoting its internal happiness—Song, "Death of Nelson."

The Boroughreeve and Constables of Manchester and Salford—Glee, "Our Willey brewed."

The Towns and Trade of Manchester and Salford—Glee, "Fill high the glasses."

The Chairman said that he would then toast the ladies, for they were the mothers of our children and friends of our bosoms, to them we owed our domestic comforts; for the toils of life, and corroding care were chased away by their consolations and fond endearments; he would give the Lancashire Witches—Glee, "Here's a health to all good lasses."

After some suitable observations, the Chairman gave "The Independent Order, and may it blossom as the rose, and its sweetness be disseminated throughout the world"—4 times 4.

The sea, the open sea.

The Grand Master and Board of Directors, and may they merit the confidence of those whom they serve; to which P. G. M. Barnett, made a suitable reply.

The past Officers of the Order.

P. G. M. Wardle acknowledged this toast in a very eloquent and impressive manner, and at the conclusion was loudly cheered.

The Officers of the District, and may they continue to use their best exertions to promote its interests and respectability.

The Cumberland Lodge, and may it by its internal government preserve its interests and maintain its respectability in the Order—4 times 4.

A many other toasts and sentiments followed which did credit to the hearts of those who gave them. The company separated about eleven o'clock in the evening, highly delighted with this "feast of reason, and the flow of soul." Mr. Bardsley's performance on the piano forte gave great satisfaction.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.

C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. FS.' MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

For the information of those of your readers, who may not have an opportunity of perusing the Balance Sheet of the Treasurers of the Order, I take the liberty of forwarding you the following brief account of the profits of the Order, from the 7th of May, 1832, to the 1st of May, 1833.

And am, Sir and Brother,

Yours,

W. P.

Salford, August, 1833.

GENERAL FUND.

	£.	s.	D.
Balance, May 7th, 1832, (see page 144 of the Mag.)	849	19	10
Cash received as per Balance Sheet, £388 0 4			
Do. paid as per resolutions of A. M. C., 67 16 0	320	4	4
Leaving the General Fund balance.	£1170	4	2

INTEREST.

Balance, May 7th, 1832. £25 7 5	£.	s.	D.
Received as per Balance Sheet 13 16 5	39	3	5

Profits upon Goods Sold after all expences paid.

Balance, May 7th, 1832. £1032 7 9½	£.	s.	D.
Net profits from 1832, to 1833 189 8 0½	1221	15	10

Worth of the Fund, May 1st, 1833.	£2431	3	5
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ANNIVERSARY OF THE TRIUMPHANT LODGE.

On Easter Monday, April 8th, 1833, the Anniversary and Procession of the Loyal Triumphant Lodge, held at the house of

host Whittle, the Red Lion, Ashton in the Willows, took place. At eight o'clock they formed the procession consisting of about 100 persons, and proceeded to church at nine, when a good Sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Sibson, from the 133rd psalm, verse 1st, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." After service, the procession again formed and preceded by their band, traversed the neighbourhood, and at three o'clock sat down to a plentiful dinner, provided by their worthy host and hostess, and afterwards retired to the Lodge-room, and there spent the evening with the greatest harmony and conviviality.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEEDWOOD PHILANTHROPIC LODGE, UTTOXETER.

On Monday the first of July last, the members of this Lodge celebrated their 16th Anniversary, and in the early part of the day, many of the brethren assembled together in the Lodge-room, for the purpose of initiating a gentleman into the Society, who had come a great distance, and for arranging and placing in order the necessary regalia, &c. And although the morning was unfavourable, yet notwithstanding, parties from neighbouring Lodges began to assemble at an early hour, whose cheerful countenances, when the friendly grip was interchanged, gave a pleasing animation to the scene, and to the anticipated pleasures of the day; and ere the hour arrived for the procession to move, there was a most respectable muster. About the hour of noon, the procession was formed in accordance with the successive degrees, by P. G. M. Udale, and perambulated the principal streets of the town, headed by a splendid scarlet banner, bearing the arms of the Order, together with the Uttoxeter newly established brass band, the members of which rendered their assistance on the occasion in the most gentlemanly manner, and displayed their musical abilities to the great satisfaction of the parties; and to add to the gaiety, pageantry, and effect of the procession, the sun which had for some hours previously been obscured by opaque clouds, then shone forth in his meridian splendour, as if approving of the brotherly spectacle. It may be remarked with satisfaction, that notwithstanding the multitude of spectators who had assembled to witness this promenade, the strictest order prevailed, and not one instance of indecorum was evinced; each one appeared to survey the exhilarating sight with pleasure, and a beam of innate gratification conspicuously shone on the countenances of every brother. After the procession, about 100

sat down to a good substantial dinner in the Lodge-room, provided by the worthy host and hostess of the White Horse Inn, in their usual ample style, which reflected upon them great credit; their conception of a well ordered dinner, savours much, it may be construed, to Thomson's idea of beauty; that substantial fare,

“ ——— ——— ——— needs not the aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most; ”

and their general attention to the comfort of all present, elicited universal commendation.

The chair was taken by brother George Alsop Bainbrigg, Esq. and the zeal, talent, and urbanity with which he discharged the duties of his office, tended much to the happiness of the day. He was supported on his right, by P. G. M. Alsop, Esq. (who in the course of the afternoon, delivered many able speeches pertaining to Odd Fellowship, which for energy of style, true point and conciseness, deservedly won that meed of applause bestowed upon him, and which he so justly merited; he used the unconstrained language of a veteran of the Order, zealous for its honour, and evinced an ardent desire, and a laudable anxiety, not only for the welfare and prosperity of his own Lodge, but of all others in the Unity;) and on the left by brother Henry Mountford, Esq. who also most eloquently expatiated on the admirable principles of the Institution.

After the cloth was removed, Odd Fellows' holiday commenced in earnest, and was continued until the close with great spirit. The worthy chairman proposed the usual loyal, patriotic, and appropriate toasts and sentiments, which were most enthusiastically drunk by the party with the accustomed honours.—The song, duett, glee, and recitation, in succession passed friendly around, enlivened occasionally by the able performance of the band, which played many select and national airs, and throughout the day, the spirit of good order reigned triumphantly in every breast, each appearing anxious to see his friend and brother equally as happy as himself, and in the most convivial manner,

“ Were pledging friendship in the gen'rous glass; ”

and that true spirit of loyalty which was manifested on this occasion, was highly praiseworthy and gratifying to the feelings of every true Odd Fellow.

The company separated at an early hour, well pleased with the brotherly feeling which had been evinced towards each other, some no doubt sought to realize,

“ A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear than friendship,”

with the pleasing ideas, "that the evening's diversions would bear the morning's coolest reflection."

Thus passed the 16th Anniversary of the Needwood Philanthropic Lodge, a day the recollection of which will be associated with feelings of pleasure; there was no jarring discord to disturb the good humour and brotherly love which swelled every breast, and was depicted in every countenance; but the motto of our Order, "Amicitia, Amor et Veritas," was the predominant order of the day, which like its fifteen predecessors was "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul;" and that every succeeding festival may be as highly distinguished for unity, for pleasure, and for talent, is the cordial wish of

GULIELMUS, COR. SEC.

REMARKS ON ODD FELLOWS' HALLS.

MR. EDITOR,

Any thing that may be brought before you and the Order having for its object the ameliorating the condition of its members, or in any way to improve it, will have, I know, a candid investigation as to its merits or demerits. From this conviction I wish to make a few remarks on Odd Fellows' Halls, being induced to make them from the report, that in America, Odd Fellowship prospers and increases almost unprecedented, they transacting their lodge business in private rooms, having no connexions with public houses. I cannot say their amazing increase is to be entirely attributed to their holding their lodges in such places, neither can I infer that it would have this effect in England, but it is more than probable, that some good would result from it; if we consider that there are many men in the Order, who are anxious for their adoption, and others who are out of it, would gladly join us if there were Odd Fellows' Halls; but who are so scrupulous as to decline it on the ground of them being held where they are. Another cogent reason is economy in expence, and this ought to be of primary consideration to the labouring man; when we take into account the difficulty of getting at labour and money; I am of opinion, there would be a considerable curtailing in the brothers' expences, if we had an Odd Fellow's Hall; and by adopting something like the following plan it would come into operation gradually:—

For lodge or lodges not to agitate the question among them before the trial had been made, lest it should confuse them, but that the sums requisite to erect a Building, be raised from individuals who are favourable to such an undertaking, and that it be levied in £1. shares and donations, which pound be paid by instalments if requisite. The Building be three stories high, occupy-

ing the attic as a lodge, those under as dwelling houses, the rents of which would pay ground rent, interest of debt, if any was required, and a few shares off every year; if it answered, other lodges might want to hold their business in it, which would either pay a rent for the use of it, or a sum to become shareholders; by this means the original shareholders could be paid off, and in time the Building become clear, which could be handed down to posterity for the use of Odd Fellows, in perpetuity. Worthy Editor, with what facility might this be acted upon, more particularly in Manchester, and other places, where lodges are numerous, by five or six joining to raise a fund in £1. shares, donations, and small grants from their lodge funds, which Building would serve them all. I may overrate the generosity and liberality of the Manchester brothers, when I say, if they were put to the test, they would build one entirely for a lodge by voluntary subscription, but I dont think I do, when I reflect what large sums of money are collected in Manchester, by religious and other bodies of men, to erect Buildings for devotion and amusement; also large sums are collected to send abroad to build places of worship for people we never saw. Clarity should always begin at home, and if the Manchester brothers were put to the test they would not be found wanting; if the members were to pay twopence per week, for 12 weeks, this would realize a sum of £600. or £700. which would raise a Building sufficiently large for a trial.

The Independent Order stands pre-eminent to any other society of the kind; then let it be made manifest, they are foremost in devising plans, and means to improve and better the condition of their fellow-creatures. Odd Fellowship had its birth in Manchester, it was nourished and fostered here under the care of men of real sterling merit, who have devoted their time, talent, and property, to support it through all its various stages of improvements, have matured it to its perfection, and is still the central place of all its movements, as such let it be seen it is in no way relaxed in its exertions for its welfare, and I think it would in no way shine more conspicuous then in building Odd Fellows' Halls. A small effort would accomplish it when united, and when finished what a source of gratification and pleasure will it be to you as years roll away, and old age comes on you apace, for to reflect that you was one who assisted to erect a Building where you could dispense your God-like deeds, and as it is handed down to posterity, they seeing the good effects that are likely to occur from it, will hold the founders of it in the highest veneration, your children will lisp your praises; and when it should please God to call you to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, they filling your places, will reverence the wisdom of their parents, in having erected an edifice for so laudable a purpose.

I am, yours, in the sacred ties of our Order,

DANIEL HADFIELD, N. G.

Victory Lodge, Manchester, July, 1333.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I copied the enclosed lines out of a Manchester newspaper, some years ago, and being of opinion that they are not devoid either of beauty or talent, you will oblige me, by inserting them in the Magazine, at your convenience—(who the author is of course I am not informed) and you will oblige, yours,

Most obediently,

TAYGETUS.

Cumberland Lodge, July, 1833.

THE BROKEN HEART.

He seemed to love her ; and her youthful cheek
 Wore, for a while, the transcient bloom of joy ;
 And her heart beat with hopes she could not speak,
 New to delight, and mute in extacy,
 He won that heart in its simplicity,
 All undisguised in its young tenderness,
 And smiling saw, that he and only he,
 Had power at once to wound it or to bless.
 She gave to him her innocent affection,
 And the warm feelings of her guileless breast ;
 And from the storms of life she sought protection
 In his dear love—her home of earthly rest !
 In this sweet trust her opening days were blest,
 And joyously she hail'd her coming years ;
 For well she knew, that, even if distress'd,
 There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.
 He left her—and in trouble she awoke
 From her brief dream of bliss, but murmured not
 Over her cruel sufferings ; nor spoke
 To any one upon her painful lot.

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You would have thought that he had been forgot,
 Or deemed her bosom callous to the stroke ;
 But on her cheek there was one hectic spot,
 'Twas little—but it told her heart was broke !
 And deeper, and more deep the hectic flush
 Daily became—yet all distress seemed o'er,
 " Save when the life blood gave a sudden rush,
 Then trembled into silence as before !"
 At once too proud, too humble, to deplore,
 She bowed her head in quietness :—she knew
 Her blighted prospects could revive no more ;
 Yet she was calm—for she had Heaven in view ;
 She lov'd—and she forgave him ! and in dying
 She ask'd a blessing on his future years ;
 And thus she sunk to rest, meekly relying
 Upon that Power who can efface all tears.
 Her grave the earliest spring flowret wears,
 And the pale primrose grows upon her tomb ;
 And when the wintry storm its blossom tears,
 It bows its head—an emblem of her doom !

BIRTHS.

December 25th, 1832, the wife of p. g. Dodd, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, of a daughter.—January 5th 1833, the wife of p. s. Clay, of the Hope lodge, Gloucester, of a son.—March 17th, the wife of p. g. m. Barnett, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester, of a son.—April 9th, the wife of p. g. Wilkinson, of the Wallace lodge, Selby, of a son.—May 12th, the wife of brother John Oatley, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, of a daughter.—May 16th, the wife of brother Thomas Litherlands, of the Triumphant lodge, Ashton in the Willows.—June 23rd, the wife of p. g. John Howson Burns, of the Faithful lodge, and c. s. of the Middleton district, of two sons.—June 25th, the wife of p. g. Shaw, of the Philanthropic lodge, Uttoxeter, of a daughter.—June 26th; the wife of p. g. William Holmes, of the Philanthropic lodge, Uttoxeter, of two sons.—June 26th, 1833, the wife of v. g. Partington, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester, of a son and heir.—July 8th, the wife of p. g. Vallas, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, of a son.—July 12th, the wife of p. g. John Walker, of the Cumberland lodge, of a son.—May 23rd, the wife of p. g. George Beard, of the Loyal Hope lodge, Gloucester, of a son.—August 2nd, the wife of brother Charles Cook, of the same lodge, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

December 23rd, 1832, at Knarebro, brother Andrew Hogden, of the Harmony lodge, to Miss Susanna Walker, daughter of Mr. James Walker, of Carlton, near Snaith.—May 25th, 1833, at Saint Paul's Church, Bristol, by the Rev. J. Broome, brother Alfred Ball, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, to Miss Mulcock, eldest daughter of Mrs. Mulcock, of the Crown Inn, Devizes.—June 27th, 1833, at the Old Church, Leeds, p. g. John Mollison, late of the Harmony, but at present belonging to the Platoff lodge, to Miss Mary Smith, Milliner and Dress-maker, Duke-street, Leeds.—June 27th, brother Powel, Cotton Merchant, of the St. John Lodge, Salford, to Miss Elizabeth Foulks.—July 13th, brother William Battle, Esq. sol. to Miss E. Adams, second daughter of Mr. J. Adams, Spirit Merchant, all of Selby.—July 17th, brother John Parkin, of the Strangers' Refuge lodge, Sheffield, to Miss Ann Corn Nelson, of Ecclesfield. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy couple left town in a carriage and pair, for the country residence on the banks of the Don, where the day was passed with all the gaities imaginable. Brother W. H. Jessop, of the same lodge, had the honour of giving the fair lady away.—July 21st, brother John Higginson, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester, to Miss Massey, sister to p. g. Massey, of the same lodge.—July 28th, at Uttoxeter, p. v. James Miller, Tailor, of the Philanthropic lodge, Uttoxeter, to Miss Edensor, of the same place.—August 11th, brother James Harberd, of the Clarence lodge, Lewis, to Miss Mary Ann, the youngest daughter of Mr. James Butland, of Lewis, Bookseller.—August 18th, p. g. James May, of the Wellington lodge, Huddersfield, to Miss Sarah Gibbons, of Paddock, near Huddersfield.—July 9th, brother Richard Williams, of the Loyal Hope lodge, Gloucester, to Geradine Rickards, widow of the late brother Rickards.—July 9th, P. P. Heane, Esq. of the same lodge, to Miss Drinkwater, of Huntley.—February 25th, at St. Michael's Church, Gloucester, brother p. v. Wintle, of the Colchester lodge, to Miss Sophia Harris, of the same place.—Also at the same Church, brother John Mc Laren, of the same lodge, to Miss Mary Ann Haines, of Gloucester.

DEATHS.

March 6th, 1833, the wife of p. g. Storry, of the Loyal Hope lodge, Gloucester.—March 15, Hannah, daughter of brother Hugh Sleigh, of the same lodge.—March 30th, Mary, daughter of p. g. Meller, of the Queen Elizabeth lodge, Stockport.—April 15th, aged nine years, Fanny, the daughter of p. prov. g. m. Robert Hodgson Sewell, of the Wellington lodge, Huddersfield; and on the Thursday following, about half-past two, Mary Ann, another daughter, aged two years; and in about half an hour, the father, much and deservedly respected as a past officer of the Huddersfield district. Their remains were followed to the grave on the Sunday following, by nearly 600 persons, 518 composed of the Order, together with the trade, (Printers) and relations and friends; the procession being conducted by c. s. Mills, who likewise read the funeral oration. One singular circumstance is, that after the death of the first daughter, brother Sewell most earnestly requested the woman who came to make the shroud, to measure him and the youngest daughter at the same time, as they would all be interred on the Sunday following, for as soon as the other departed this life, he should immediately give up the ghost, which he did in less than half an hour, having retained his faculties until

about two hours before.—May 23rd, the wife of brother Edward Harrison, of the Triumphant lodge, Ashton in the Willows, aged 24 years.—May 30th, brother Robert Birchinall, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford.—June 13th, brother Thomas Loyd, of the Rock of Hope lodge, Manchester.—June 14th, brother Charles Smith, of the Poor Man's Protection lodge, Booths Town, Worsley.—June 22nd, brother Thomas Salisbury, of the Waterloo lodge, Salford.—June 24th, William and Thomas, the infant twin sons of p. g. Burns, c. s. of the Middleton District.—June 25th, brother William Hodson, of the King George the Fourth lodge, Newton Heath.—June 26th brother Walter Millett, of the Friendship lodge, Salford.—July 8th, brother William Smith's wife, of the Amphibious lodge, Huddersfield district.—July 20th, brother George Mortimer, of the Britannics' Glory, do.—July 21st, p. g. Richard Hepwood, of the Peace, do.—August 3rd, brother Simeon Lister, of the Wellington, do.—August 5th, brother John Grange, of the Amphibious, do.—August 7th, Emma, daughter of host Kelsey, of the Duchess of Devonshire lodge, Salford, aged 7 weeks.—August 12th, p. g. John Stanley, of the Victory, do.—July 12th, brother Peter Acton, of the Mount Gilead lodge, Manchester.—July 14th, brother Joshua Lindley, of the Friendship lodge, Salford.—July 20th, brother Allen Lever, of the Social Design lodge, Manchester.—July 29th, brother James Smethurst, of the Duchess of Devonshire lodge, Salford.—August 2nd, brother James Wood, of the Mercury lodge, Pendleton.—August 7th, brother Edward Bailey, of the Triumphant lodge, Ashton in the Willows.—August 8th, brother Richard Shenton, of the Saint Andrew lodge, Manchester.—August 29th, brother George Ogden, of the Rock of Horeb lodge, Manchester.—August 31st, brother Thomas Taylor, of the Saint John lodge, Salford.—September 1st, brother Richard Crewdson, of the Phoenix lodge, Manchester.—July 27th, at Oxford, the mother of brother John Roberts, of the Loyal Hope lodge, aged 80; she had been bed-ridden upwards of 22 years.—The wife of brother George Wilson, of the Wallace lodge, Selby, aged 35.—August 31st, suddenly, brother William Lowe, host of the Nelson lodge, Manchester.

Manchester :

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THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, [PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.] 1833.

THE ODD FELLOWS' USEFUL INSTRUCTOR.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE name which the general voice of mankind has placed first on the list of those men in England, in whose glory the humblest as well as the highest of their countrymen may feel an honest pride, is Alfred. History, with peculiar truth, has stiled this Prince the Great. His right to this title, and his claim to the gratitude of every English heart, even after an interval of nine hundred years, are best proved by the following mention of his actions :—He freed his country from a foreign invader, who had long plundered and harassed his people ;—he overcame the universal vice which had arisen out of those disorders and miseries ;—he rendered the administration of justice certain and impartial instead of confused and corrupt ;—he laid the foundations of Trial by Jury, and of many other Institutions which are our most valued inheritance at this day ;—he discerned and shewed the worth of that Naval force, which has ever since been Briton's best bulwark ;—he endeavoured to correct the ignorance of his subjects, by encouraging useful learning of every kind ;—and last of all, he made his great victories instruments of the noblest good, by winning over his enemies to embrace Christianity as the price of his friendship ; whilst by exhibiting to his subjects the fruits of that religion in his diligent example, he completed the perfection, by manifesting the sincerity of his character ; all these things this great prince did, at a period when the natives of

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England were universally dwelling in ignorance, of which we in these times have no adequate conception.

Alfred was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in the year 849. He was the youngest son of Etherwolf, a king of the Anglo-Saxons. In his childhood he was distinguished for the vivacity of his temper. His mother amidst the dearth of knowledge which marked that time, gave the first impulse to the noble and patriotic spirit of her son, by reciting to him the heroic songs of his native bards; and his mind was still further expanded by two visits to Rome, where the magnificent temples and palaces of the people who had once governed the world, might have contributed to fix his attention on the comparative barbarism of his own nation, and to stimulate his desire for its advancement in the arts and conveniences of life. Upon the death of his parents his education was neglected; and most of his acquirements in learning were derived from the labour of his advanced years. He married at the age of twenty.

Alfred ascended the throne in the year 871, at the age of twenty-two. A fierce and remorseless enemy, the Danes, held possession of part of the kingdom. The first duty of the young king was to give them battle. His entrance into the contest was unfortunate, and he was compelled to purchase a peace of his invaders. The terms of accommodation were not respected by his perfidious opponents, and he was again and again exposed to the attacks of new swarms of adventurers, that poured from the north of Europe, to seize upon the fertile soil of Britain. After a variety of good and evil fortune, which he bore with an unchangeable mind; he was at length driven from the throne, by a sudden attack of his enemy; he laid aside the outward marks of royalty, and in mean attire, fled to a place of security.

This was the most adventurous and romantic period of the monarch's fortune. He entered into the service of a cowherd, and submitted to the most menial offices. History has painted this great founder of the English Constitution, as patiently bearing the ill-humour of the peasant's wife, who was ignorant of his quality; and a highly interesting story has been told us of his humility and nobleness of mind. Alfred the Great, at this period of calamity, was set by his mistress to roast cakes, and received something worse than hard words for suffering them to burn. How true is it, that adversity is one of the best means by which the Divine Ruler conducts his creatures to excellence, by subduing our passions, strengthening our reason, and confirming our piety.

But if Alfred was thus externally occupied with humble duties, his thoughts were constantly directed to the perilous task of

freeing his country. He had collected around him some few trusty friends, who communicated with many faithful adherents in various parts of the kingdom. His retreat was in the fens of Somerset, in a place since called of Athelney. During the period of his seclusion, a fresh band of invaders assaulted the western provinces, and appeared to shut out all hopes of deliverance. Alfred was still full of trust and watchfulness, and in the disguise of a harper gained admittance into the Danish camp; and while charming these barbarians by his music, obtained the secrets of their designs by his sagacity. At this period a chieftain of the Saxons gained a great triumph over the invaders, and every British heart was filled with fresh courage by the victory. Alfred seized upon the opportunity, and dispatched trusty messengers to his friends in Selwood Forest. On the appointed day the men of Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Somerset gathered round the king, and the monarch again appeared as the leader and avenger of his people. The two armies met, and Alfred in the end completely triumphed, the terms which the conquerer imposed were as wise as they were noble; it was, that the invaders, upon leaving his dominions, should embrace Christianity. Their leader became a sincere convert; and with the outward forms of the Gospel he put on its spirit. He preserved that peace which enabled Alfred to retain his throne in safety and to establish those Institutions which were to become the blessings of his own generation, and the foundation of that system of laws, to which England owes her greatness, in deriving from them her freedom. This great event happened in the year 897.

Alfred's first object, after the deliverance of his country, was to repair and rebuild the ruined cities; the second to establish a military and naval force, to preserve the kingdom from future attacks; his third was to perfect the administration of justice with impartiality; his fourth, to diffuse the principles of sound religion and useful instruction, thus rendering the punishment of laws less necessary. He was, in the latter part of his reign again disturbed by piratical parties of Danes, who were successfully resisted, and finally his throne was established in perfect security.

We have in this brief view of Alfred's history, displayed principally his character as a warrior. During this eventful period, he fought fifty-six battles; but even in this career of danger and hardship, he was steadily engaged in the cultivation of his mind, and was never seen without a book in his bosom.—Upon his restoration to a peaceful throne, the milder graces of his character were unfolded, as a legislator, an encourager, a diligent student, and a devout christian. His life was not extended to a great length, and his health was extremely delicate;

yet he accomplished the performance of his manifold duties, and made himself master of the learning of his time, with a success that would be truly astonishing, had not the secret been transmitted to us by historians. He was strictly exact in the arrangement of his business. He usually divided his time into three equal portions : one was employed in sleep, and the refreshment of his body in diet and exercise ; another in the despatch of business ; and a third in study and devotion. Clocks were then unknown, and Alfred, therefore, regulated his time by burning tapers of an equal length. To his care for preserving these tapers from the effects of the wind, we owe the invention of lanterns. His private studies were directed for the benefit of his subjects, in the translation of many valuable works from the Latin into the English tongue.

This great Monarch was fully sensible that the happiness of a state is best preserved by diffusing Christian knowledge amongst the people. He therefore rebuilt, or restored, all the religious places of worship that had been destroyed, or injured, by the invaders; and he encouraged wise and pious instructors by every liberality. As a proof of his zeal for Christianity, as well as his adventurous spirit, in those days when there was little intercourse between nations, it is related, that by means of a correspondence, in which he engaged with a patriarch of Jerusalem, having heard of a sect of Christians who lived in great poverty on the south-eastern coast of Asia, he dispatched an active priest with sumptuous gifts for the benefit of this distant colony; his agent returned with tokens of their gratitude.

The following account of the Civil Institutions for which his country was indebted to Alfred is abridged from a description in Hume's History of England :—

That he might render the execution of justice strict and regular, he divided all England into counties ; these counties he subdivided into hundreds, and the hundreds into tithings. Every householder was answerable for the behaviour of his family and slaves, and even of his guests if they lived above three days in his house. Ten neighbouring householders were formed into one corporation, who, under the name of a tithing were answerable for each others conduct, and over whom one person called a tithingman, was appointed to preside. Every man was punished as an outlaw who did not register himself in some tithing, and no man could change his habitation, without a warrant or certificate from the tithing to which he formerly belonged. When any person in a tithing was guilty of a crime, the tithingman was summoned to answer for him : and if he were not willing to be surety for his appearance, and his clearing himself, the criminal

was committed to prison, and there detained till his trial. If he fled, either before or after finding sureties, the tithing and tithingman became liable to inquiry, and were exposed to the penalties of the law. By this institution, every man was obliged for his own interest to keep a watchful eye over the conduct of his neighbours, and was in a manner surety for the behaviour of those who were placed under the division to which he belonged.

Such a regular distribution of the people, with such a strict confinement in their habitations, may not be necessary in times when men are more innured to obedience and justice, and it might perhaps be regarded as destructive of liberty and commerce in a polished state; but it was well calculated to reduce that fierce and licentious people, under the salutary restraint of law and government. But Alfred took care to temper these rigours by other institutions, favourable to the freedom of the citizens, and nothing could be more popular and liberal than his plan for the administration of justice. The tithingman summoned together his whole tithing to assist him in deciding any lesser difference which occurred among the members of this small community. In affairs of greater moment, the cause was brought before the hundred, which consisted of a hundred families of freemen, and which was regularly assembled once in four weeks for the deciding of causes. Their method of decision deserves to be noted, as being the origin of juries; an institution, admirable in itself, and the best calculated for the preservation of liberty, and the administration of justice that ever was devised by the wit of man. Twelve freeholders were chosen, who having been sworn, together with the hundreder, or presiding magistrate of that division, to administer impartial justice, proceeded to the examination of that cause which was submitted to their jurisdiction. And besides these monthly meetings of the hundred, there was an annual meeting, appointed for a more general inspection of the police of the district.

The next superior court to that of the hundred was the county-court, which met twice a year, after Michaelmas and Easter, and consisted of the freeholders of the county, who possessed an equal vote in the decision of the causes. The bishop presided in this court, together with the alderman; and the proper object of the court was the receiving of appeals from the hundreds and tithings, and deciding such controversies as arose between men of different hundreds. Formerly the alderman possessed both the civil and military authority; but Alfred, sensible that this conjunction of powers rendered the nobility dangerous and independent, appointed also a sheriff in each county, who enjoyed an equal authority with the power in the judicial

function. His office also empowered him to guard the rights of the crown in the county, and to levy the fines imposed, which in that age formed no contemptable part of the public revenue.

There lay an appeal in default of justice, from all those courts, to the king himself in council ; and as the people, sensible of the great talents of Alfred, placed their chief confidence in him, he was soon overwhelmed with appeals from all parts of England. He was indefatigable in the dispatch of these causes ; but finding that his time must be entirely engrossed by this branch of duty, he resolved to obviate the inconvenience, by correcting the ignorance or corruption of the inferior magistrates, from which it arose.

The better to guide the magistrates in the administration of justice, Alfred framed a body of laws ; which, though now lost, served long as a basis of English jurisprudence, and is generally deemed the origin of what is denominated the COMMON LAW.—He appointed regular meetings of the states of England twice a year in London ; a city which he himself had repaired and beautified, and which he thus rendered the capital of his kingdom.—The similarity of these institutions to the customs of the ancient Germans, to the practice of the other northern conquerors, and to some ancient laws which prevailed in England, prevents us from regarding Alfred as the sole author of this plan of government ; and leads us rather to think, that like a wise man, he contented himself with reforming, extending, and executing the institutions which he found previously established. But on the whole, such success attended his legislation, that every thing bore suddenly a new face in England ; robberies and iniquities of all kinds were repressed by the punishment or reformation of the criminals, and so exact was the general police, that Alfred, it is said, hung up, by way of bravado, golden bracelets, near the highways, and no man dared to touch them. Yet amidst all these rigours of justice, this great prince preserved the most sacred regard to the liberty of his people ; and it is a memorable sentiment preserved in his will, that it was just that the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts.

This great monarch died in the year 901, after a glorious reign of twenty-nine years and a half ; leaving a reputation which will never decay, while there is an English heart to feel, or tongue to speak his worth.

J. H.

Lewes, August, 1833.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. F's' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

The accompanying lines are the production of my friend, brother Edward Chew, of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester. If you think, with me, that they are worthy of a niche in your useful and valuable Magazine, I beg as a personal favour, that you will insert them.

I remain, yours, very truly,

JOHN BEATTIE, P. G.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

WHEN the young world by the Almighty's hand
 Was usher'd into life, and man was made
 Creation's lord, and ever fruitful nature
 Rob'd in her varied charms, resplendent shone,
 Brought forth her produce to enrich the scene,
 And spangled meads proclaimed her handy work.
 Their roseate flowers did decorate the vales,
 Which intersected by the tall wooded hills
 And giant mountains ; whose proud crests arose
 Above this home of rest, this earthly paradise ;
 And sure protection gave from every blast,
 Likely to injure or chill this sweet serene.
 'Twas here that Innocence had unbounded sway,
 And held with Peace conjointly sovereign power ;
 Here too Odd Fellowship raised his humble Temple
 Faith, Hope, and Charity, were its chief supports,
 And thus became the pillars of the Order—
 The foundation was by father Adam laid,
 And friendship rear'd the fabric, which now stands
 The lasting monument of Odd Fellows' pride ;
 Love crown'd the whole, and bright-mirror'd truth
 Approved the virtues in which it was attir'd,

Justice then wrote this motto on its front :
 Friendship, Love, and Truth, which now is untarnish'd,
 And so will be, until this world's engulph'd
 In that great abyss—undefined eternity !
 Its genius first was little, but soon it grew
 With mighty growth, and bounded through the world
 Like the quick lightning by the godhead hurled.
 Its attributes are great, as they are diversified ;
 It relieves distress, and dries the widow's tear,
 And chases off care's furrows from her brow ;
 It gives protection to the orphan child,
 And blest contentment hovers where it rests.—
 No little malice can its power assay,
 And envy quails beneath its radiant wing:
 The Noble is the Minister of this Temple ;
 Who like a shepherd watches o'er his flock,
 And keeps it safely guarded in the fold,
 From the attacks of slander, fraud and folly :
 Who with envenom'd fangs and fiendish clutch,
 Would tear its beauties and its worth away,
 And leave it open to the tongue of scorn.
 But Friendship shields it from their unhallowed touch,
 And Love protects it from their glaring eyes,
 And as sweet Truth doth hold his mirror up,
 They crouch beneath it with a frenzied scowl.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHEFFIELD DISTRICT.

SIR AND BROTHER,

On Monday the 16th day of July, the several Lodges of Odd Fellows, under the Manchester Unity, (within the police boundary of Sheffield) held their annual festival. The morning broke forth the most splendid we had almost witnessed during the summer, and although it was the Anniversary of "St. Swithen," when according to the bigotry of past times, we might

almost have expected an inundation with rain; yet that "Saint" gladly gave up his claim, in order that sol might add his splendour to the scene. As early as five o'clock in the morning, some of the Lodges began to assemble, and by seven o'clock, all had met, and the Lodges were opened, and a great number of friends were initiated at that hour, such was the anxiety to have an opportunity of joining in the procession. At eight o'clock, a general movement took place from the different Lodges towards the New Market, where all were to meet, and from thence parade the town, and afterwards attend divine service at St. Philip's Church. At ten o'clock, the procession moved off, under the conductorship of the G. M. of the District, assisted by past officers, and attended by two most excellent bands of music. The sight on the ground at this time was truly imposing; the waving of flags, the brothers in full dress, according to their degrees, and attended by full regalia, together with the fineness of the morning, added much to the general effect. Hundreds of spectators had assembled to witness the sight, amongst whom were great numbers of the fair sex. After parading through most of the principal streets in the town, (the windows of many of the houses being crowded with spectators) the procession halted at host Outram's, where refreshment was provided for those who choose to avail themselves of it; here the street was crowded with people, for numbers had accompanied the procession through its whole course. In about half an hour it again moved forward, through most of the principal streets, amidst the admiration of the assembled crowd, and arrived at St. Philip's Church exactly at 12 o'clock, (the time appointed) where a most impressive and excellent Sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Livesay, Minister of the Church; and here we cannot but remark the great kindness which this gentleman has before evinced towards the Order, in not only offering his Church, but his services on a former occasion last year, and also in stating the pleasure it would afford him at a future time. This may be truly saying to be doing good, and endeavouring to live in charity and good will with all mankind—The service concluded about 2 o'clock; when the procession again moved towards the New Market, and then dispersed to the respective Lodges—It is a source of very high gratification to the Sheffield District, that they have to state the delight which was evinced by their townsmen, and the strong praises of approbation which were offered, at seeing so very numerous and respectable a body of men assembled together and conducting themselves with so much propriety. Most excellent dinners were provided which reflected the highest praise on the worthy hosts and hostesses where the different Lodges were held;

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the greatest good humour prevailed, numbers of appropriate and excellent toasts were given, and the festivities of the day kept up until a very late hour, happy in each others company, when all separated to their respective homes, fully proving that

Where friendship, love, and truth abound,
Amongst a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.

The happiness of the day, had rendered all good natured, and it was suggested immediately afterwards, that a festival should be provided for all "odd Ribs," which has accordingly taken place at the different Lodges, at different times; being too good a thing to have all on one and the same day; and however late the enjoyment of the first festival was kept up; the odd Ribs prolonged theirs much more so, indeed, it appeared as though they had met to part no more; for such was the talismanic effect of dancing, in combination with good harmony, that they said and sung truly, that "they would not go home till morning, till day light did appear;" and sure enough they kept their words, for the gas lights had taken themselves to bed, and consequently they were obliged to wait the return of sol; and if we are any judges of physiognomy in the female sex, from the apparent delight which beamed in every face, we may truly say, that

Happy they had met,
And happy they had been.

X.

Sheffield, August, 1833.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As the oldest P. G. of the Cave of Adullam Lodge, of the Nottingham District, I trust you will excuse my being proud of encouraging the rising talent, in what I may almost call my own Lodge. If you think the following speech, delivered by N. G. Robinson, of the above Lodge, on proposing as a toast, "The Officers and Brothers of M. U. of I. O. F." on the Anniversary in July, calculated to increase that friendly feeling, so predominant a feature among us, or in any way to serve the interests of the Order, by giving it a place in your Miscellany you will greatly oblige

Yours, &c. truly,

Blooms Grove, August, 1833.

ROBERT GREGORY.

GENTLEMEN—Previously to drinking the toast, which I rise for the purpose of proposing, I consider it to be my duty, to offer a few observations, and in doing so, I feel no little embarrassment, knowing I must address an audience, many of whom are greatly my superiors, and able to be my instructors. But I know you, gentlemen, I know the kindness of your hearts, I know you will excuse my errors—forgive my presumption—and approve my endeavours.

The origin of institutions like ours may be traced to the natural dispositions of man; man is a social, not a solitary being, his desires, his passions, his interests bind him to society—his wants are best supplied by co-operation; all his pleasures are heightened—all his griefs are softened, by communion with his fellow-creatures. In early life, we are too apt to adopt as friends, all who chance to come in contact with us; but as we advance towards manhood, we begin to select our companions—then it is that the considerate man looks around, for those whose sentiments are congenial with his own—avoiding the thoughtless—the dissipated—and the dissolute; he seeks for those whose honesty he can confide in, whose morals are untainted, and in whose company he can pass the little time allotted to recreation with comfort and satisfaction. In short, he seeks that society, which the rules of Odd Fellowship enjoin the selection of. But not only do these rules enjoin a selection of good men, they are so calculated to improve the best of us—to make good men better—to unite us more closely in the bonds of friendship—to nourish and foster the growth of all our kindly feelings—and make us all that the best society, under the best regulations can make us—These advantages enjoyed by Odd Fellows, are not to be lightly esteemed, they go far towards making up the sum of that happiness, which an All-bounteous Bestower of it has allotted to human nature. My reason, gentlemen, for making these observations, is that I know many persons, who are not unfavourable to our Order, but ignorant of our regulations, and ignorant of the social pleasures, and substantial advantages we derive from them; fancy all that is really useful belonging to us, is to be found in our Sick and Funeral Fund, and therefore think [that by joining a common Sick Society, they place themselves on a par with us. Now nobody is more willing than I am, to acknowledge the utility of a fund for the relief of the sick; I consider it an inestimable blessing; a person even while in health derives a benefit from it; the assurance that should sickness overtake him, and render him unable to follow his employment, still he will not be destitute of the means of support; but a very slight examination into the constitution of our Order, and that of Sick Clubs, as they

are called, will shew the great superiority we possess, even if restricted to the benefits to be derived from our Funds. According to the last returns, the number of Lodges belonging to our Order, amounted to 729, extending over a great portion of England and Wales. Now though each Lodge may have its separate and distinct Sick Fund, yet are they all governed by one body of general laws, and capable of acting together, in order to provide for many contingencies to which man is subject, and which contingencies could not be provided for, except by this union of action. For instance, a Brother may be thrown out of work, must leave his place of residence to seek fresh employment; he has only to draw his card, and wherever he finds an Odd Fellow's Lodge, he not only finds pecuniary assistance, but he finds every one ready, as far as he is able, to give that information as to procuring employment, which is often of the utmost importance; besides the possession of his card by a travelling brother is proof of his being an honest and orderly character. A Sick Club could afford no relief in a case of this sort; I will mention another, a person may belong to a Sick Society, he may have remained in it a great length of time, circumstances may then occur, that make it necessary for him to change his residence 50 or 100 miles—should he fall sick, he would then find the expence of procuring it, nearly equal to the relief he will receive—in our Order, a brother would only have to draw his card, throw it into the nearest Lodge, and he is entitled to all the benefits of the Order on the spot. Again, how frequently does it happen, that a member of one of these societies, becomes the object of unfair prejudice, occasioned perhaps by some petty quarrel, or other trifling circumstance; a majority is against him, and he is expelled—and this may happen at a time of life, when he would find it a great difficulty, from his advanced age, of obtaining admission into any other, and probably, 19 parts out of 20 of the fault he stands charged with, exist only in the minds of the prejudiced majority, who are his judges as well as his jury. Now how admirably our laws provide against an occurrence of this sort—an expelled officer or brother can appeal to a District Committee, a body composed of Past Officers from every Lodge in the District, and consequently free from those prejudices, which they of his own Lodge may be subject to; these can investigate his case impartially, and if they find him innocent, can reinstate him again in his own Lodge. Should this decision fail in giving satisfaction, a further appeal might be made after this to the Annual Committee of the Order. But all these cases are trifling to that I shall now mention, and unfortunately for them, it is one of not very rare occurrence, I mean the dissolution of the Society,

Independent of and unconnected with any other, relying wholly upon its own resources, how commonly does it happen that an extraordinary demand upon its Funds produces this result; now we are prepared against a calamity of this sort—we possess a Fund for the general purposes of the Order, to which distressed Lodges may look with confidence, by referring to the Minutes of the A. M. C. for 1833, you may observe that several Lodges have had relief to the amount of nearly £100. ordered. Again, a case may occur of individual distress, under such peculiar circumstances, and of so afflicting a description, that no provision yet mentioned, seems calculated to meet, what shall we do in such a case? we can appeal to the benevolent hearts of 38,000 Odd Fellows—need I ask if it would be in vain?

Gentlemen, I must trespass a short time longer on your patience, while I make a few observations respecting our Funeral Fund. Every one present, I believe, feels the importance of this Fund, and the necessity of keeping it as far as possible from accidental destruction. If a Sick Fund can be the means of alleviating our sufferings in illness—A Funeral Fund may even soften the bed of death, may throw a gleam of consolation over the departing spirit, and surely whatever can have a tendency to calm and comfort us in our last moments must be of the utmost import. The contemplation of death is a most serious consideration—And what can we suppose would most interest the mind of a virtuous man at such a time? Would it not be as far as regards earthly objects the situation in which he would leave his wife, his children, or his friend? For their sakes he would thank God that he was entitled to the benefit of such a Fund. But what means do we possess superior to other Societies for placing this fund beyond the reach of accident? chiefly these, from the harmony which exists amongst us, we can, with the utmost facility, unite in smaller or larger bodies for the purpose of meeting all the difficulties of any case that may arise.—Here 20, 30, 40 Lodges, each having its separate Sick Fund may join to maintain one Funeral Fund; thus making the number of members very considerable, and we know that the greater the number of members, the greater is the probability that the deaths may be more nearly proportional to that number, and consequently the demand upon the Fund more steady, and it is the steadiness of demand which more than anything must contribute to the stability of the Fund. Gentlemen, possessing these advantages well may we be proud of the Order. With respect to our own Lodge I see much cause for congratulation—The good feeling which exists among you—the mutual forbearance uniformly exercised toward each other—the alacrity with which assistance is tendered whenever

required—the calmness, the temper, and the moderation with which every topic is discussed—the cheerfulness with which every order is complied—and the good humour which always prevails, are to me sources of the highest gratification. And truly can I say, happy as is our present state, no less cheering are our future prospects.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the attention you have paid to me, and with feelings of pleasure I give—"The well being of the Officers and Brothers of the M. U. of the I. O. of O. F."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

I feel glad to avail myself of the opportunity which the publication of our Magazine affords us, for introducing to your notice the Anniversary of the Loyal Wellington Lodge, No. 15, of the M. U. of I. O. F., by inserting which you will very much oblige,

Yours, truly,

IN FRIENDSHIP'S BONDS,

Huddersfield, Aug. 1833.

JOHN LAND, P. S.

On Monday, July 29th, the Officers and Brothers of the above Lodge, met to celebrate their 18th Anniversary, at the house of their worthy Host, Higginbottom. At two o'clock the brothers—together with several respectable visitors—sat down to an excellent dinner, after which they retired into the Lodge-room, which was most tastefully decorated with laurel and flowers, by a few of their young brothers. The Lodge having been opened, and N. G. Steward in the chair, the greatest harmony prevailed, until about eight o'clock, when Prov. G. M. Best announced, that there was a pleasing duty to perform that evening, viz :—The presentation of a splendid MEDAL to C. S. Mills, by the TRAVELLERS' REST LODGE, Dewsbury.

Order having been obtained, P. G. M. Best entered the room, followed by P. G. Denton, and P. G. Auty, supporting C. S. Mills, when brothers Milner and Haigh sung the visiting song; after which, being placed in the G. M's. chair, P. G. Denton arose, and addressed the Lodge to the following purport :—Most worthy and respected Officers and Brothers, I feel a peculiar pleasure,

intermingled with grief, in having the honour of presenting this token of our esteem and gratitude, to such a worthy and disinterested brother, as P. Prov. G. M., and C. S. Sidney Mills, but the task having so unexpectedly fallen to my lot, through the indisposition of P. G. M. Barker, who had been appointed to fulfil the same; I feel regret, as I have before stated, that it has not fallen into abler hands, that would have done more justice to the task; therefore I hope, that you will excuse any errors that I may make, as I am confident they will be of the head, and not of the heart. Here Prov. G. M. Best, read the inscription ou the Medal, which is as follows :—

The breast wherein lieth impartiality, there is the root of Odd Fellowship. Presented by the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Dewsbury, to P. Prov. G. M. Sidney Mills, Cor. Sec. of the Huddersfield District, as a deserved and respectful token of their esteem and gratitude.

July 29th, 1833.

P. G. Denton, having received the Medal, resumed as follows :—Most worthy P. Prov. G. M. Mills, permit me to lay on that impartial breast of yours this Medal, hoping, that after receiving it, you will not forget your duty as an Odd Fellow. I can assure you, that the Travellers' Rest Lodge, consider, for your kind and brotherly assistance to them when in their infancy, that your labours will not be sufficiently rewarded, hoping, therefore, that you will accept the same; that you may enjoy good health to wear it, and at your life's end, it may be said, that you died the death of the righteous, leaving the token pure and unspotted.

The cheering having subsided, Cor. Sec. Mills rose, and spoke to the following effect :—I stand before you at this present moment, with feelings of the greatest satisfaction; but to do justice to those feelings, would require an eloquent spokesman to convey unto you the gratification and pleasure I enjoy, in having the honour of belonging to an institution, founded upon such principles as the honourable and I. O. of O. Fs.; and I can conscientiously say, that I regret I did not earlier in life, procure my initiation into that Institution; for,

A system more pure ne'er was modelled by man,
Than that which we boast of the Odd Fellow's plan.

It brings together those who are most distant from each other, and unites in one grand focus the greatest of all earthly blessings,

It grasps the whole world of reason and sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
The height of bliss is height of clarity,
And knows where friendship, love, and truth began,
All ends in love of God, and love of man.

For it is in our delightful Lodges, that we forget one half of our sorrows, being cheered and gratified with the thoughts of having relieved those, whose distress called for aid and support; for how great is the pleasure of doing good to our fellow creatures, and what delight can exceed that of relieving the distress of each other? pointing out to them, likewise, the benefits arising from such institutions, and hoping, that they would never be weary in well doing, for in due seasons ye reap, if ye faint not; nothing is more pleasing to the feelings of a faithful Odd Fellow, than to know that he has done his duty, as a man and a brother; for where the root of Odd Fellowship is, there is impartiality and disinterestedness. It is, therefore, the duty of all those who acknowledge themselves Odd Fellows, (and particularly those who are, and may be placed at the head of a District) whatever may come before them, whether for friend or foe, that they never suffer persuasion, any feeling of friendship of enmity, or self-interest, to get the better of their reason, so as to betray their trust; but steadily and honestly discharge their duty, to the ends and love of justice—they will prove that this will not only gain them credit in the Order, but be a gratification to their own conscience.

Worthy brothers of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, when in your infancy as a Lodge, you called upon me for aid and support, and, as an Odd Fellow, and according to its precepts, I willingly came forward and assisted you, with my best, though humble abilities; and though I consider, I did nothing but my duty, you have liberally, and I believe conscientiously, come forward this day to crown those merits with a high reward, which I willingly accept; and whilst memory holds a seat in this breast, this evening with me will never be forgot. I therefore return you my humble though sincere thanks for the same, hoping, as you have surmounted your difficulties, that you may go on and prosper; and if I can render you any other assistance, I will gladly avail myself of the opportunity, and when I forget your liberality, may you forget me. P. Prov. G. M. and C. S. Mills then sat down, amidst general applause. After which Prov. G. M. Best returned thanks, in a brief but energetic address, for the behaviour and kind attention which they had manifested, as nothing could exceed it on the above occasion; hoping, that it might be an encouragement to the younger brothers to pursue the same path.

P. G. Denton returned thanks for the gratification they had manifested on that day, and that when they got home, they would endeavour to do likewise.

OPENING OF THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL, KENDAL.

(From the Kendal Chronicle of Saturday, Oct. 26, 1833.)

We have frequently alluded to the splendid building which has been erected by the Society of Odd Fellows on the east-side of Highgate, upon the site of the Unicorn Inn, in this town.—The Society purchased the ground for £925, and we cannot suppose that the elegant building which they have erected will cost much less than £2,000. The objects of this association are, we believe well known; they are entirely confined to acts of benevolence and charity. A large fund is now at the disposal of the Society, applicable to the relief of the distressed artizan, whenever it is clear that his distress has *not* been occasioned by excesses, such as intemperance, debauchery, or other irregularities, or by his own act, such as deserting his employers at a strike or turnout. This fund has accumulated by small weekly contributions of the members of the Society, amongst whom, or such of them as may need and deserve it, it will again be distributed.—Thus, men during their youth are induced to provide for their necessities when old age and infirmities overtake them. There is also a fund for the relief of widows and orphans of members of the Society, which has been found most advantageous. The highly respectable and beneficial character of this Society has interested in its behalf and caused to become members, men of the highest character throughout the kingdom, and in this town men of great respectability. On this account and by a strict adherence to the laws of the Order the Nelson Lodge has attained an eminence which cannot be boasted of by any other Society in the kingdom.

The 21st day of October being the Anniversary of the original opening of this Lodge in Kendal, and singular to relate, it was opened at the Unicorn, now the Odd Fellows' Hall, then kept by Mr. William Chipchase, the present tenant. This day being also the Anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, at which the immortal Nelson (who was an Odd Fellow) lost his life, will at once account for the name of the Lodge being the "Nelson Lodge;" and it will also account for the opening of this building being kept on the 21st instant. At seven o'clock in the morning the bells were heard, and many a merry peal was rung throughout the day; every Odd Fellow's heart was made to throb with joy, whilst each was lending a helping hand to make the day pass off as cheerily as possible. But the morning was most unfavourable, the rain fell in torrents, and the greatest anxiety prevailed throughout the town, the Order began to despair of

walking in procession, and sad countenances were then visible. The regalia was most valuable, and would be spoiled with wet, it was then determined that the members should walk without regalia from the old Lodge to the new one; when all at once a change took place, the day brightened, and at a quarter before one, the time fixed for the procession starting, it was perfectly fair, the procession was arranged, and the sun occasionally gleamed through the clouds, as if to show that providence was smiling over this constitutional and patriotic band.

The procession, which was most splendid, consisted of the Contractors for the building, and about 500 members of the Order, wearing sashes and aprons, and some of them badges of honour, and carrying some of the most superb banners which we ever saw. There were two bands of music, the Kendal Military band in their cavalry dress, at the head of the procession, and the Independent band about the middle before the members of the "Orphans' Protector Lodge."

We observed many strangers in the procession, we understand they were from the following places:—Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leicester, Preston, Blackburn, Lancaster, Kirby Lonsdale, and other distant towns. The procession walked down Stricklandgate, along the Burneside Road, up Cross-street, through the Union Buildings, out at the end of Caroline-street, up Stricklandgate, down Highgate, down New-street, along the New Road, up Stramongate, Finkle-street, down Highgate again to Netherbridge, where they turned round and came up to the Odd Fellows' Hall, and at half-past two, 261 persons sat down to a most sumptuous dinner; for the management of which too great a compliment cannot be paid to Mrs. Chipchase and her friends; and a large party of the Order dined at Mr. Brownrigg's with the Orphans' Protector Lodge. It should be remarked to the credit of the Society that they had given orders for the bands to stop opposite the Mayor's house, in Highgate, and play "God save the King," which was done with great effect, the whole of the procession being uncovered. This was showing a mark of respect to the Authorities, which is highly creditable to the Order, and it would no doubt be pleasing to them to see the Mayor at the window noticing the procession.

DINNER.

The three tables in the Hall being filled, and the company all seated, Mr. Richard Wilson, the President, addressed them as follows:—

My friends around this festive board
Unite with me and bless the Lord,

For these and all his mercies here,
 Let us his sacred name revere ;
 May all our actions in this place
 Be worthy an Odd Fellow's race,
 And our main object be to prove
 That an Odd Fellow's life is love ;
 Then, we may certainly depend
 Upon that God, who is the friend
 Of widows, and the fatherless—
 And God—our God,—will surely bless
 The comforts which are here before you,
 Through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory.
 A moment longer, yet my friends,
 Although your patience may be tir'd,
 Perhaps the moral ere it ends,
 May find and leave you satisfied.
 'Tis better thus to dine in love,
 Though our repast but humble prove,
 Where fellowship of purest order
 Pervades the heart of every brother,
 Than mix with those whose selfish life :
 And feelings harbour nought but strife
 So says the scripture, mark the words—
 You'd better dine on nature's herbs,
 If love hold any place among
 The company in which you throng,
 Than have an ox serv'd up to eat
 Where men of angry passions meet.
 Here then, my friends, would I conclude,
 By hoping every thing that's good
 Will meet us when we here assemble,
 Whate're our meetings may resemble,—
 Whether a brother in distress,
 The widow, or the fatherless,
 Call us together in this place,
 May we deliberate on each case
 As 'twere our own, and recollect,
 That we from others must expect
 The dispensation which we give,
 And all of us may need relief.
 Amongst the laws vouchsafed to man,
 From which Odd Fellows form'd their plan,
 One I will notice on this day
 Which here must ever bear the sway,
 So long as you to others do,
 As you would they should do to you ;

You cannot err, for one and all
By this great rule must stand or fall.

Upon the cloth being drawn Mr. Wilson rose and repeated the following address :—

Gracious dispenser of all earthly good,
'Tis thine to give, thine 'tis to take away ;
We bless thy providence for this our food,
We bless thee for the comforts of this day.
Omniscient and omnipotent thou art,
The merest creature which was made by thee
And which of thy creation forms a part,
In passing life will not unnoticed be ;
Then if the works of this our social band
Are pleasing in thy sight, most gracious Lord,
Receive our heartfelt thanks whilst in this land,
Through Jesus Christ, according to thy word.

Mr. Wilson then stated, that as the object of the meeting was one which he might rather call public than otherwise, and at any rate that it was, so far as it had improved the appearance of the town a public improvement, perhaps the meeting would agree with him in thinking that the most agreeable way of passing the evening would be by toasting public characters and feasting the soul in rational harmony. He therefore proposed the "King and the Independent Order," and may he always study to preserve the people committed to his charge in wealth, peace, and godliness—3 times 3. after the manner of the Order.

New Song, God save the King, composed by Mr. Thomas Greenhow, and sung by him and his friends.

Great God, now deign to bless,
O ! grant us great success,
In this good cause ;
O, may thy Providence
Foster, in every sense,
Plans of benevolence,
Such as our Laws !

Now, each Odd Fellow's voice
Loudly reveals his joys,
On this great day ;
Unity, Love, and Peace,
Within those walls increase,
Nor may they ever cease
Here to bear sway !

Then let us loudly sing
 God save our noble King,
 Long live the King ;
 Firm may his throne be found,
 Begirt with truth around ;
 Blessings on him abound ;
 God save the King.

The Queen, and those who never can be Odd Fellows, but without whom Odd Fellows never would have been—3 times 3.

Tune from the band—Life let us cherish.

Glee—Here's a health to all good lasses.

The Duke of Sussex, and the rest of the Royal Family—3 times 3.

A Song of the Order, to the tune of Tom Bowling.

Lord Grey and his Majesty's Ministers, and may they all be Odd Fellows in principle, having no other object in view than that of promoting the happiness and prosperity of their fellow-countrymen—3 times 3.

Air from the band.

Song. "The Girl that I love;" by Mr. J. Lister,

Chairman.—Having gone through some of our national toasts, and feeling that there are many individuals and Institutions deserving our notice, immediately connected with the Order, I will, with your permission, turn to those forthwith; and first, let me notice those gentlemen from a distance who have honoured us with their presence here to-day, one of whom I have on each side of me, I shall propose to you

The health of G. M. White, Esq. from Manchester, with 4 times 4. Immense cheering.

Mr. White rose and said, that amongst the many agreeable and delightful scenes which he had witnessed in the Order, he never yet saw one equal to the present. It appeared to him like a dream, when he looked around and saw a collection of persons, so numerous, and so respectable, and so zealous for the welfare of the Order. What must be his feelings to know, that he was blessed to preside over such men? Feelings he entertained, but they were so overcome with the contemplation of this most glorious occasion, that it was utterly impossible for him to give vent to them; he was sorry that he had not strength of nerve to overcome his feelings, so far as to enable him to perform his duty on this day, but he had felt very unwell since morning, and nothing but this meeting could have induced him to leave his room, (he

evidently was ill.) Mr. White stated that he had no doubt from the progress which the Order was making, that it would shortly become a national object, and when so it would be a national blessing. He thanked the meeting for the manner in which they had drunk his health, and the Society generally for the kind attention which he had received since his arrival here, and after making many other remarks relative to the Society's prospects and prosperity, he concluded by assuring the Order, that if any of them should ever need his advice or assistance, he would give it with the greatest pleasure, and he gave

The health of the Officers of the Kendal District, 3 times 3.

Mr. Daniel Carter returned thanks.

Tune—Odd Fellows' holiday.

Mr. Chairman rose and stated that there were other strangers yet whom he should notice, and although many had come from a very great distance, yet he had no doubt from their countenances they considered themselves repaid for the trouble. It was his desire, and he had no doubt the feeling prevailed throughout the meeting, that these gentlemen should be able to make a favourable report of us, not only as to the improving state of the Society, but also as to the good and orderly conduct of its members. It was proverbial in Kendal, that the three mysterious knocks, commanded profound silence amongst Odd Fellows, let them meet in ever such large numbers, and when strangers visit them, it appeared a complete mystery, how the rough uncultivated mechanic could on his initiation become all at once so civilized and respectable. The Chairman hoped the usual regularity would be observed throughout the day, and then they might depend on a favourable report being made by the strangers, he concluded by giving

The health of Mr. Bradgate, of Liverpool, and the other strangers present, 4 times 4.

Mr. Bradgate rose and said, our worthy G. M. has said he did not possess strength of nerve sufficient to address so respectable a company as this, how then could that be expected of him, which was too much for the G. M. He had in his mind's eye the time when the Nelson Lodge was first opened, and when he reflected on that time and surveyed the present meeting, he doubted the reality of the scene before him, it appeared as a dream, but he was gratified, he was proud, he was entirely overcome with this grand and ever to be remembered event. The Order was vastly increasing both in numbers and respectability throughout the kingdom, 700 Lodges have been opened since this was, but Kendal has surpassed every other one. He then enumerated the

many advantages and benefits derived from the Order; he had made a calculation, and found the Order distributed amongst the poor and sick brethren upwards of 80,000 annually. He could assure them that he would make a faithful report of the scenes which he had here witnessed, and in conclusion, he proposed "The Town and Trade of Kendal."

Air—Speed the plough.

The chairman rose to propose the health of a nobleman who by merit alone had raised himself to the highest judicial situation in this realm, and to whom England was indebted for some of the richest blessings which its people at this moment enjoyed, one and not the least of which was education. Lord Brougham's comprehensive mind has grappled with the subject of this nation's difficulties, and embarrassments in such a way as no other man ever had courage to do, his system is to civilize and enlighten the people, to make them competent judges of right and wrong, to enable them to detect and expose fraud and deception, vice and corruption, and to duly appreciate the advantages of good government. The people are now (said the chairman) in a great measure enlightened, they have been educated, they have detected some of the most flagrant abuses, they are now crying aloud for the redress of their grievances, some of which have been already attended to, and we all have heard of a commission which is preparing the way for remedying others. The people being educated, are now worthy of being trusted with power.—They will shortly be clothed with that power, they will choose the heads of all the establishments under which we live, who being subject to a popular election will study more and more to give satisfaction. "Knowledge is power," Gentlemen, and that power has been conferred on this nation by the Lord High Chancellor of England, the greatest man in Europe, whose health I propose to you with 3 times 3, and 4 times 4 for Lord Brougham as an Odd Fellow.—Tremendous cheering.

Tune—See the conquering hero comes.

The Chairman then rose and said, Gentlemen, I rise to propose a toast, which I am sure needs no preface to recommend it to your most cordial approbation, I now therefore propose the health of the Board of Directors, and may their gratuitous services be always duly appreciated by the Society, with 4 times 4.

Air by the band—Hearts of Oak.

G. M. White, Esq., returned thanks on behalf of himself and directors, over which body he is president, and stated that tho' the directors were not all present that day, yet, he assured the company their best wishes and kindest feelings were with

their brethren in Kendal, in short, they were there in spirit altogether, and after an excellent address, concluded by proposing the health of the chairman, 4 times 4.

Air by the band—Auld Lang Syne.

The Chairman rose and said, Gentlemen, for this additional mark of your esteem and approbation, I beg you will accept my best thanks. If anything is calculated to convince me that I have merited the applause of this Society, of which I am proud at all times, and in all places to proclaim myself a humble but zealous supporter and friend, it is the various and unremitting expressions of affectionate kindness and regard, which I am constantly receiving at your hands; the Society was small and inconsiderable when I first joined it about three years ago, but upon my initiation, I was immediately convinced of that which I have repeatedly stated in the presence of many present, viz:—that owing to the praiseworthy objects of this Institution, by a strict adherence to its rules and discipline, we should soon increase to such an extent, that the largest room in Kendal would not contain us. Mr. Wilson proceeded in a most agreeable manner, to disclose the motives which induced him to become an Odd Fellow, the prominent part which he had taken to advance the Order, the reason for originating that building which then contained the Society, and that it was the intention of the building committee, to continue their exertions, until they had erected an hospital for the reception of the aged and infirm of the Order. Mr. Wilson also entered into a long explanation, showing most conclusively that the Society as constituted was calculated to diffuse the greatest blessing, and that no power but that of Providence could disorganize or destroy it. He spoke nearly half an hour, during all which time he commanded the greatest attention, and in conclusion proposed the health of Mr. Thomas Greenhow, the vice president, of whom he spoke in the highest terms, enumerating some of the many advantages which the Society had derived from him as a member, 4 times 4.

The Vice President returned thanks for the marked tokens of approbation with which his health had been received from the chair, saying he was at a loss for words to express the feelings that pervaded his mind at that moment, but though he had not a tongue that could so fluently convey the sentiments of his heart, yet he could assure them that that heart beat quick as any in that assembly to the call of the distressed of the Order, and so long as that heart continued to throb within his bosom, so long should his heart, his hands, and his head be at the service of this noble and truly excellent Institution. He sat down wishing prosperity to the Order.—(Applause.)

Song by Mr. Singleton—Glasses sparkle on the board.

The Chairman, after an allusion to Widow and Orphans' Fund, proposed the health of Mr. D. Carter, and may the Widow and Orphan continue to find a husband and a father in the benevolence of our fraternity.—(Applause.)

Mr. D. Carter returned thanks for the handsome manner in which his name had been mentioned in connexion with the Widow and Orphans' Fund, and begged to assure the company that so long as he was spared to walk the stage of life, it should ever be his happiness to promote the interests of that Institution, which would dry up the Orphan's tear, and cause the heart of the Widow to sing for joy—(applause.) He mentioned a case that came beneath his own eye, where the boon bestowed from that Fund, had dispelled the tears of sorrow from the dwelling of a departed member, and introduced in their stead the smiles of contentment and gratitude; he concluded by proposing the health of all Odd Fellows—(applause.)

Air by the band—Fairly's Dance.

The usual annual collection for the Widow and Orphans' Fund being made,

The Chairman rose and said—Gentlemen, I have now the most agreeable part of this evening's recreation to lay before you, I have now before me the sum of £5. 9s. 10½d. the amount which you have so generously subscribed for the Widows and Orphans' belonging our Order; this is truly calculated to gladden the heart, when we see a body of men come forward thus to chase away the tear of sorrow from the Orphan's eye, to dispel the heart-rending sigh from the Widow's breast, it must be highly gratifying to us all. (Cheers.) I rejoice in it as much as you can do; and I have not the least hesitation in saying, that all who have contributed to this fund for the best of purposes, and from the purest of motives, will find their reward in the deed whilst here, and be more amply rewarded hereafter. (Applause.)

Glee by Messrs. Ruthven's & Co.—The Boatie Rows.

The Chairman in a neat speech proposed the health of Mr. Harrison, and the other strangers from Lancaster, with 4 times 4.

Song by J. Frith—This is our opening day, (Tune, "There is nae luck") composed for the occasion,

Mr. Harrison returned thanks, and expressed the high gratification he felt on seeing so splendid an edifice erected chiefly by the humble endeavours of mechanics, and he should ever hold it up as a bright example of what might be done by united exertion. (Applause.)

VOL. 2—No. 11—P.

Glee by Messrs. Houghton & Co,

Toast from the Chair, (Lord Hill and the Army,) but if the world were populated by Odd Fellows, the army would be useless.

A Tyrolese Melody, by Messrs. Ruthven's & Co.

The Chairman then proposed the health of the Officers and Brothers of Lonsdale and Ray.

Mr. Harrison returned thanks on their behalf.

Song by G. M. White, Esq.—Our Country's our Ship.

The Chairman in high terms of commendation and praise proposed the health of Mr. Maskew, from Liverpool, who, in an excellent speech, returned thanks, and assured the assembly that if they stood by Odd Fellowship as Nelson stood by his country, they would have nothing to fear, and concluded by drinking to the prosperity of the Nelson Lodge, Kendal. (Applause.)

Trio by Messrs. Houghton and Co.—Death of Nelson.—(Applause.)

Mr. Bradgate proposed the health of P. G. M. Mark Wardle, passing high encomiums upon him as one to whom the Order is greatly indebted

G. M. White, Esq. returned thanks for P. G. M. Wardle in his absence in a neat and concise speech. (Applause.)

Toast—Health of the brothers from Sedbergh, 3 times 3.

Trio—Sound the loud Timbrel, by Messrs. Ruthven, &c.

The Chairman proposed the health of C. S. Armitt, 4 times 4.

G. M. White, Esq. returned thanks for him in his absence, and assured the company that his friend Armitt was a stirring John Bull sort of a man.

Health of P. G. J. Scott, 3 times 3

Air by the band—Odd Fellows' Holiday.

Song, by J. Hetherington, The bonny Hawthorn. (Applause.)

Mr. Scott in a neat speech returned thanks.

Mr. Maskew rose to propose the health of James Brougham, Esq., which was drank with 3 times 3.

Air by the band, New Brooms.

The Chairman then proposed prosperity to the Orphan's Protection Lodge, 4 times 4

Song by Mr. Story Yealand, Brave Nelson (Applause.)

The Chairman proposed the health of P. G. Millers, from Man chester. 3 times 3

Mr. Lamb rose, and in a neat manner spoke in praise of P G. Millers, and said it was mainly attributable to Mr. M. that the Nelson Lodge, Kendal, was now in existence.

Mr. Bradgate said that Mr. M. had been equally serviceable to a Liverpool Lodge.

G. M. White, Esq. also passed some encomiums on him.

P. G. Millers returned thanks for the honour conferred upon him.

Amusing Recitations by Mr. Maskew.

Air, band, Auld Lang Syne.

National Hymn, Hagius, Messrs. Ruthven and Co.

Health of Contractors. 3 times 3.

Song of the Order, by P. G. J. Taylor.

Mr. Gibson returned thanks for himself and brother Contractors, and concluded an excellent speech by proposing the prosperity of the Nelson Lodge, watch word,—wood, stone, mortar, 3 times 3

Song, Jack's Making, by P. G. Farquaharson.

Air, band.

Mr. Gibson begged leave of the Chairman to propose the health of the Architect, Mr. T. Taylor, 3 times 3

Watch word, Pen, Ink, Paper.

Glee, Over hills and plains, Messrs. Ruthvens, and Co.—(Applause.)

Mr. T. Taylor returned thanks and in a neat manner proposed the health of Mr. E. Greenhow, (tremendous cheering,) 4 times 4.

The Vice President in returning thanks on behalf of his brother stated his regret that he was not present to see the sight he now beheld, but he could assure this assembly that though his brother was absent in body yet he was with us in spirit, and it was a great disappointment to him that he was obliged to be from home on this occasion; and he assured the company that his brother's sentiments coincided with his own that all the exertions he is capable of for the weal of the Order are at the command of the Society.

The Chairman paid a handsome compliment to, and proposed the health of our late Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hartly, of the Wool Pack Inn, 4 times 4. (Applause.)

Air Band----Scots wha hae.

Song Berkley and Perkins' Dray Man, by the President.—
(Applause.)

Mr. Maskew proposed the health of the brethren in America, and stated that they were greatly on the increase, and wished they might be as assiduous in promoting the interests of Odd Fellowship there, as the brethren were in Kendal. (Cheers.)

Song Comic, by G. M. White, Esq. (Applause.)

Glee, Canadian Boat Song, by Messrs. Ruthven and Co.

Health of Lord Lieutenant of the County.

Health of J. Vipond, and the other gentlemen who were prevented walking in the procession with us, in consequence of their appointment to offices in the building.

Mr. J. Rigg returned thanks.

The Vice President proposed the health of our worthy host and hostess, to whose exertions the company were mainly indebted for the good cheer they had that day partaken of.

Mr. Chipchase returned thanks.

Johnny Cope, by G. Brown from Preston.

After toasting the Sheriff, and various other songs and toasts being given, the company dissolved at a late hour, each expressing himself highly gratified with the proceedings of the day, all of which will be deeply impressed on the minds of the participators.

[The length of the preceding article necessarily precludes the insertion of many documents, some of which were even promised in our last, and we trust that, on such an occasion, our readers will cheerfully excuse us. When we look at the list, and see the number of members in the Kendal District, we are filled with amazement and delight! Why, in Manchester we have more than twice as many *thousands* as they have *hundreds*; and yet we have not a place (as a district) to put our foot in, nor a mark by which we can be distinguished! Surely this is not as it should be. The most populous District in the Order, and the seat of government too, without a room large enough to hold a quarterly lecture in! while a small band of brothers in Kendal, have built themselves a Hall, which is confessedly an ornament to the town, and which will hand down their names with honour to the latest posterity. We do not yet despair. This example will surely put them on their metal, and long before this time next year, we hope to see a building of the I. O. the admiration of the surrounding country.—ED. MAG.]

BROTHER'S LOVE.

Is there on earth a love more pure,
 Than that which warms a brother's heart?
 Which will from youth to age endure,
 And every year new joy impart?
 Can ev'n an anxious parent's ardent love,
 More pure, more lasting, than a brother's prove?

A father's love *each* child must share,
 Each with a mother's smile is blessed;
 Yet look we not for friendship there,
 'Tis "love protecting" fills the breast.
 Our parents guide us through the path of youth,
 And lead us early to the God of Truth.

Sweet is the joy a sister feels,
 When first she knows a sister's love;
 But oft a later year reveals,
 That rival charms have power to move
 The fears and jealousies that ill combine,
 To light the sacred flame at Friendship's shrine.

There is a feeling warmer still,
 That fires the soul with strong desire,
 Inflames the heart, subdues the will,
 But soon is fated to expire.
 And they who hope may truly fear,
 The smile of Love is clouded with a tear.

If there's a friendship more sincere
 Than parents, sisters, lovers know,
 Which checks the sigh, and dries the tear,
 That tells of gentle woman's woe—
 It is that deep toned feeling not express'd,
 Which warms a generous brother's breast.

BIRTHS.

On Sunday the 14th instant, the wife of p. g. Spear, of the Philanthropic lodge, Uttoxeter, of a son and daughter.

October 31st, the wife of N. G. Davis, of the Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester, of a son.

August 10th, the wife of p. prov. c. s. John Raven, of the Faith lodge, Bradford, of a son.

October 26th, the wife of p. g. John Beanland, of the Globe lodge, Bradford, of a son.

November 4th, the wife of v. g. Thomas Kay, of the Earl of Oxford lodge, Manchester, of a daughter.

On Sunday, September 10th, 1833, the wife of p. g. Thomas Jackson, of the St. John lodge, Burslem, of a daughter.

November 10th, 1833, the wife of p. g. William Oldroyd, of the Amphibious, Huddersfield District, of a daughter.

September 12th, the wife of brother Batty, of the Countess of Oxford lodge, of a daughter.

August 29th, 1833, the wife of brother James Jones, of the Lord John Russell lodge, Merthyr, of a daughter.

July 21st, the wife of p. g. Heald, of the John o' Gaunt lodge, Lancaster, of a son.

August 4th, 1833, the wife of p. g. Silvester Sykes, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester, of a son.

May 12th, Ann, the wife of brother John Llallman, of the Good Intent lodge, Northampton, of a son.

May 27th, Mary, the wife of brother Thomas Brookes, of the same lodge, of a daughter.

July 10th, Fanny, the wife of brother Josiah Agar, of the same lodge, of a son.

July 17th, the wife of p. g. John Mandly. of the Defiance lodge, Chow-bent, of a son and heir.

July 17th, the wife of p. v. Thomas Croft, of the Defiance lodge, Chow-bent, of a son.

September 8th, the wife of host Jonson, of the St. Peter's Glory lodge, Leigh, of a daughter, but only survived about one hour.

May 9th. 1833, the wife of p. g. Richards, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkinston, of a daughter.

June 19th, the wife of host Attenbrough, of the same lodge, of a son.

July 8th, the wife of p. v. J. Walker, of the Wallace lodge, Selby, of a son.

September 1st, the wife of brother Blewitt, of the same lodge, of a daughter.

October 24th, the wife of brother Alexander J. Graham, of the same lodge, of a son.

August 27th, 1833, the wife of brother Cornelius Oatley, of the Devizes Independent lodge, Devizes, of a daughter.

August 27th, 1833, the wife of p. g. Thomas Bromley, of the Albion lodge, Aylesbury, of a son.

August 1st, 1833, the wife of p. g. Hudson, of the Mansion of Peace lodge, Stockport, of a son.

September 28th, the wife of brother Roger Clayton, of the same lodge, of a son

September 30th, the wife of n. g. Wild, of the same lodge, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

August last, at the Collegiate Church, brother Thomas Wormald, of the Clarence lodge, Salford, to Miss Suggett, sister to brother Matthew Suggett, of the same lodge.

November 19th, at Glossop, brother Henry Anderson, of the Good Samaritan lodge, Marple Bridge, to Miss Mary Staney, of Hollywood Inn, Mellor.

Lately at Glossop, brother Ralph Shaw, of the above lodge, to Mrs. Hannah Bennet, of Mellor.

September 1st, 1833, brother Frank Smith, to Miss Hannah Jackson Herron, both of Hull.

October 2nd, brother William Padget, to Miss Sarah Pwoel, both of Howden.

September 16th, brother James Wood, of the Wallace lodge, Selby, to Miss Laverack.

October 7th, brother Robert Gray, of the same lodge, to Miss Wright.

October 16th, brother John Pilkinton, of the same lodge, to Miss Huby.

May 29th, brother James Wofsten, of the Duke of Rutland lodge, Ilkiston, to Miss Buss, youngest daughter of Mr. John Buss, of the same place.

June 17th, p. s. Joseph Smith, of the Earl Grey lodge, Ilkiston, to Miss Hunt, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Hunt, of Allsworth.

June 25th, brother William Malars, of, the Pilgrims' Rest lodge, Stapleford, to Miss Mary Aspysbaw, of the same place.

Monday, August 5th, by the Rev. Thomas Becher, after a long and tedious courtship, p. g. Thomas Greasley, of the Pilgrims' Rest lodge, Stapleford, to Elizabeth Kiddey, only daughter of Mr. Kiddey, of Morton, near Southwell.

August 25th, at Leigh, brother Wright Edwards, of the Defiance lodge, Chowbent, to Miss Elizabeth Heys, of the same place.

September 2nd, at Leigh, John Pemberton, g. m. of the Chowbent District, to Jane, the fourth daughter of Mr. John Lee, and was conducted to the hymenial altar by our worthy c. s. Richard Heaton, all of Chowbent.

September 7th, p. prov. d. g. m. E. Jackson, of the William the Fourth, Lancaster, to Miss Mary Waters, of the same place.

August 10th, n. g. David Evans, of the Lord John Russell lodge, to Miss Mary Isaac, of Merthyr Town.

November 30th, 1833, at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, Samuel Turner, of the Countess of Oxford lodge, to Amelia Dearden.

October 27th, at Eccles Church, p. g. Jacob Parkes, of the Hill's Glory lodge, Manchester, to Miss Maria Mather.

DEATHS.

On Sunday the 13th of October, aged 59, G. M. James Johnson. His remains were followed to the home of all flesh by his relations, and nearly 50 officers and brothers belonging to the Order, who, after having paid the last tribute of respect to the remains of our respected brother, returned in procession to the Lodge Room, and soon after separated. As an individual he was respected by all that knew him; as an Odd Fellow, it will be long ere the Order has a stricter officer, or a brother more devoted to the cause; he had risen step by step to the highest office we could confer upon him, long before we became a District Lodge, and when we were allowed that privilege, one sole wish of his heart remained to be satisfied, to be made G. M., that wish he obtained by a ballot of 4 to 3, his ambition was satisfied; all that he had ever aimed at was accomplished; he beheld himself seated in that chair, from whence he could look down with conscious pride, repeat and give from memory alone, every charge, every pass-word, sign, token, and grip belonging to the Order.

On Tuesday 27th of August, aged nine weeks, Edward, the oldest of the twin sons of p. g. Holmes, of the Philanthropic, Uttoxeter.

October 9th, brother Joseph Vickers, of the Britannica Glory, Birstal.

October 19th, the wife of Isaac Flint, of the Redemption, Marsden.

October 30th, Harriett, daughter of brother Batty, of the Countess of Oxford, Manchester.

April, 1833, p. g. Thing, of the St. Olaves lodge, London.

August, p. c. s. Henry Green, of the St. Olaves lodge, and p. g. Nesbitt, of the St. Thomas's lodge, London.

On Wednesday, September 8th, in London, brother Curtis, of Nottingham.
September 2nd, Ester, the wife of brother Charles Warton, of the Defiance lodge, Chowbent.

October 27th, Thomas, son of prov. g. m. James Thompson, aged 1 year and 10 months.

Brother William Milner, of the Wallace lodge, Selby, who was lost with the sloop Wharfinger, during the tremendous gale on the 31st day of August last, on a passage from Shields to London.

July, 1833, the infant son of brother Thomas Woodman, of the Albion lodge, Aylesbury.

August 21st, Mary, daughter of James Lord, n. g. of the Social Design lodge, Manchester.

September 1st, brother Richard Crewdson, of the Phoenix lodge, Manchester.

September 2nd, brother William Hudson, host of the Farmers' lodge, Crofts Bank.

September 8th, brother John Hodgkinson, of the True Benevolent lodge, Manchester.

September 10th, brother James Morgan, of the Britannia lodge, Eccles.

September 11th, brother John Walker, of the Phoenix lodge, Manchester.

October 10th, Sarah, the wife of p. prov. c. s. John Riven, of the Faith lodge, Bradford, 31 years.

November 24th, the infant son of p. prov. c. s. John Raven, aged 15 weeks.

September 12th, p. prov. d. g. m. Thomas Howard, of the Nelson lodge, Manchester.

September 14th, brother William Henry Calvert, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford.

September 17th, p. g. m. Thomas Derbyshire, of the Apollo lodge, Manchester. Much esteemed by all who knew him.

September 19th, brother Benjamin Ogden, of the Waterloo lodge, Salford.

September 20th, brother John Rontledge, of the Rock of Hope lodge, Manchester.

September 24th, brother Thomas Philips, of the British Fleet lodge, Manchester.

September 25th, brother Richard Yates, surgeon of the Good Samaritan lodge, Worcester, aged 34.

September 29th, brother Thomas Openshaw, of the Britannia lodge, Eccles.

October 7th, brother Thomas Wooley, of the Earl of Oxford lodge, Manchester.

October 28th, of pulmonary consumption, p. prov. g. m. Beaty, an old respected member of the Brunswick lodge, Brighton.

November 9th, brother John Clayton, of the Friendship lodge, Salford.

November 12th, brother Robert Tomlinson, of the Duke of Bridgewater lodge, Irlam 'oth Heights.

November 12th, brother John Gregory, of the Duke of Bridgewater lodge, Irlam 'oth Heights.

November 23rd, brother William Evans, formerly of the Ancient Britons' lodge, Wrexham, but late of the Britons' Pride lodge, Birmingham, aged 31.

November 25th, brother George Gregory, of the Duke of Devonshire lodge, Salford.

November 29th, brother James Charlton, of the Duchess of Devonshire lodge, Salford.

November 30th, brother Edward Farbuck, of the Duke of Lancaster lodge, Saint Helens.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

MARCH,

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY]

1834.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE GOVERNMENT

OF

THE I. O. OF O. F.

And particularly from the Annual Moveable Committee of Nottingham, in the Year 1827—Humbly submitted to the consideration of the Order in general; and especially to those who attend to the business of Annual Moveable Committees.

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS,

Previous to the A. M. C., held at Nottingham, the Order was principally governed by *one*, and that one was the *Grand Master* of the Order, for the time being—when the G. M. happened to be a person of sense and feeling, of course his conduct would correspond nearly with his disposition—and those of a contrary temper would be swayed in the same way. Without any further comments on the wisdom of those who have swayed the *sceptre* in the Order of O. F., it was considered that the government was rather tyrannical or despotic, and that something should be done to take part of the power out of the hands of the G. M. of the Order.—This being the case, and knowing how power might be abused, a Board was projected by the leading friends of the Order in Manchester; brought forward at, and approved of by, the Nottingham A. M. C.

VOL. 2—No. 12—Q.

The following A. M. C. was held at Dudley, and a proposition sent in for the abolition of the offices of G. M., D. G. M., and C. S. of the Order—which proposition could not be entertained by that Committee—“but that those officers, in future, should act in *strict conjunction* with the Board of Directors.” It appears by this that the G. M., at that time, was one of those despots who should never be in power—but this Committee restrained that power. Many resolutions, for the good of the Order, were brought under consideration at this A. M. C., and some passed which are still working well; and “the thanks of that Committee were justly due to the Board of Directors for their past services.” It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that at this period the Board owed the sum of £80. to the Manchester and Salford Funeral Fund, and that at this Committee, the late lamented P. Prov. G. M. John Renie proposed lending the Directors £100., which they declined; determined, as was stated at the time, to weather the storm themselves—they did; and have MERITED the thanks of every Odd Fellow in the Unity, especially of such as know what they have had to contend with. See the Cash Account at the A. M. C. of Sheffield, 1829, where the amount of stock is upwards of £500—but we will come next to the A. M. C., held at Leeds, June, 1830; we find in the cash account of that meeting, that the sum of cash received for fourpences and initiation shillings amounted to £501 0s. 2d., and that the net profits of the Order were £508 15s. 10½d., so that the total amount of the then worth of the Fund, was £1009 16s. 0½d.: and that in resolution first of the sub-committee, appointed to examine the books and accounts, it was there stated, “that the Officers of the Order, and Board of Directors, are entitled to the *thanks of the Unity*.” Also, resolution 7th, “That this Committee are highly gratified with the improvements made in the mode of keeping the accounts, and are hereby enabled to congratulate the Order on the prosperous state of their affairs, and the general advancement of the interests of Odd Fellowship.”

At the A. M. C. of Liverpool, there was a great number of delegates, and some hardly knew what they wanted—the hotness of the season, and the hot disposition of some of them, made this rather a tumultuous meeting. About the sum of £70. was granted to distressed Lodges, &c. at this meeting, but it was at Leeds the first gift was made. Now the effects of having a general fund were duly appreciated, and if all had been served double the sum might have been given.

The next A. M. C. was Monmouth, and too much praise cannot be given to the delegates who composed that Committee—

they were at a great distance from home—business must be done, and they went with a determination to do it—and, if we may express our opinion, it was done well, and disinterestedly, for the benefit and good of the Order generally. See the Auditors' Report at this Committee, which says, "we beg leave to inform you, that after a very laborious, minute, and zealous investigation, of the various documents and accounts of the Order, we are happy to state, that (notwithstanding the very great increase of our respectable society, within the last two years, and consequently a tantamount increase of business on the worthy C. S. of the Order,) *the regularity and accuracy of the books were strikingly evident, so much so as to meet with your Auditors' most heartfelt satisfaction*—In going through their arduous duties, your Auditors have the pleasure also to state, that, during the progress of examination, *every attention was paid to our enquiries to elucidate certain queries that occurred*, by C. S. Armitt, and his assistant P. G. Peyton, *who are worthy, along with the G. M., and Board of Directors, of the GRATITUDE and THANKS of the WHOLE of the I. O., for the very satisfactory manner in which EVERYTHING is conducted, through such a large and complicated machine.*"—This announcement was received, by one of the most respectable Committees ever assembled, with acclamation, and yet these very men, thus declared "worthy of the gratitude and thanks of the Order," were, at the next A. M. C., declared *unworthy*, and not competent to the safe keeping of that cash which they themselves had accumulated, and for the proper management of which they had received the unanimous thanks of six successive Annual Committees! There is something radically bad in this,—it can only emanate from a debased and vulgar mind—"suspicion haunts the guilty"—but, by whatever spirit dictated, if not eradicated, it will speedily deprive the Order of some of its most independent, upright, and talented members, and thus throw the Institution half a century back.—I hope our friends at Hull will look to it next A. M. C., if not, the Sun of Odd Fellowship will, I fear me, soon set.

We shall next proceed to notice the proceedings of the A. M. C., held at Bury, in May, 1833 :—

That this Committee would be attended by a great many Delegates had been long anticipated, as business of importance was likely to be brought before that meeting, viz :—the revision of the Laws and Minutes belonging to the Order, and considering the time allotted to complete that business, it must be acknowledged that the New Minute Book in its present form is a good compilation.

If Districts, Lodges, and those attending A. M. C.s were not biassed in some degree or other, against those who are at the head of affairs; if they really understood the interest of the Order, and the time foolishly wasted in frivolous unmeaning reasoning, when, perhaps, the very sentiments in sense had been spoken by some one before; yet, because 'I have never spoke on this subject before, I hope I must be heard,' said a worthy delegate, therefore hear him five minutes. Now, suppose every delegate speak upon a subject *two minutes*, and there be 90 delegates, this will occupy three hours of time and an expence of about £5. But how often have we heard men who are the very life and soul of the Order, treated almost with disdain, but seldom with respect. Where could we find a number of such men as compose the Board in any other District? they lose their time, neglect their business, incur expence, and no prospect of any gain. What! have we heard them treated with disrespect; have we heard them treated almost as swindlers? we have!!—Shame on those who can with their tongues "out-venom all the worms of Nile." This viperous slander! Could Pope be speaking in a prophetic manner of such delegated orators as these, when he says in his Dunciad

"Nonsense precipitate like running lead,
Slit through the cracks and zigzags of his head."

If the Board were put into the power of some other Districts, we should soon be without stock, and the cash would be divided; an example we had at the last A. M. C; but some of the very men who had been at the head of the Board from its commencement, are there yet, guarding what they have accumulated, as a joint stock of the whole Order, and no body of men can be deserving of more praise; for they have no sinecures, but care, attention, diligence, &c., without reward; therefore we hope they will in future be treated as their merits deserve, as it may happen that want of information may lead the best into error.

That the duties of the Board are arduous, and faithfully executed by those individuals, who are members, and the office of C. S. a very attentive and laborious duty, (for the time at the Board is not all) there is going about ordering goods that are to be forwarded to their destinations, so as to have things ready in time, that the care and protection of the whole Order rests in part with those filling these offices, and too much praise cannot be given to them for their diligence and attention; also hoping that the remarks above alluded to may not be in vain, but that A. M. Cs. may meet in love and part the same, without that rancour and bad feeling which cannot but be felt severely by

those who are taxed without any thought whatever of anything being acted "behind the curtain," in order to deprive the Unity of anything, no not of a single farthing. With these remarks I submit the whole to the consideration of the Order, and remain in the best of bonds their friend and well-wisher,

J. B***** , C. S,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE'

SIR AND BROTHER,

I here send enclosed a copy of an address' which was delivered at our Lodge, on Saturday, the 2nd of November, 1833, by brother Thomas Smith Rowlandson, of our Lodge, if you think it worthy of a place in you valuable Magazine, it is entirely at your service, its insertion will please a great number in this country.

You will perceive that it was composed expressly for the admonition of some of the members of the Honesty Lodge, and I am happy to say, it has been productive of a change in the conduct of some of our brethren, and for that reason I have taken the liberty of sending it to you, for if it is published in the Odd Fellows' Magazine, it may perhaps be productive of good in other quarters.

The subject of drunkenness cannot be too often spoken against among Odd Fellows ; I am, Mr. Editor, of opinion, that the evil can never be brought within bounds, so long as we are obliged to hold our meetings at public houses ; Odd Fellowship can never attain the respectability which its principles teach, until we have Odd Fellows' Halls ; the last number of your Magazine contains two or more articles on the subject, and I can assure you, that in this country the address has made a favourable impression on the minds of some of our members ; it is almost useless to recommend sobriety in public houses.

I remain yours, respectfully,

In the bonds of F. L. & T.

CHARLES MAKINSON, Sec.

*Honesty Lodge, No. 549, }
Ripponden, Yorkshire. }*

ADDRESS.**OFFICERS AND BROTHERS,**

I find, upon looking over the preface to our rules, that it constitutes a part of our harmony for any member to endeavour to instruct with advice his brethren assembled. I confess it is with considerable diffidence that I rise to offer my humble endeavours, seeing so many before me so much my seniors, both in age, experience, and ability; but I hope the subject will have its due weight, though in young and inexperienced hands.

We are here assembled as a body of Odd Fellows, and being united under the banner of Odd Fellowship, will not degrade our character, if we behave as is the duty of Odd Fellows; but, on the contrary, it is calculated to raise us in the estimation of all good and wise men. But, on the other hand, if we swerve from our rules—neglect to practice our precepts, and run headlong into error—it will not only bring the individual, but the Society itself, into disgrace.

It is the crime of drunkenness that I particularly allude to. Drunkenness is a disgrace to the human form—it is the pest of society—it reduces a man below the standard of the brute creation—it is calculated to destroy his health and constitution, and ruin his family and character for ever. Yes, my brethren, drunkenness expels reason—drowns the memory—distempers the body—diminishes strength—inflames the blood—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds—is a witch to the senses; a devil to the soul; a thief to the purse; the beggar's companion; a wife's woe; childrens' sorrow; the picture of a beast, and self-murderer, who drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own.

Were we to estimate the value of time lost; the amount of property wasted; of disease produced, and of crime committed; where drunkenness is the immediate cause, it would exceed our conceptions, and the imagination would be lost in contemplation. How many thousands are lost to all that is good, in consequence of this vice? Yet some say, they feel better by drinking. Let us examine this excuse—examine the effect—the immediate effect of ardent spirits upon a man:—

One glass will not have much effect; he takes another; and, if he loves spirits, he feels better; another—better yet; by this time he has got to feel pretty well—quite happy; he has no fear of shame; he can curse or swear, and destroy, and fear no consequences; and this is all that intoxication does to make a man

feel better. If his wife and children are starving, he feels it not—he feels better: if his affairs are going into ruin, or are already plunged into ruin, he is not sensible to his condition: if his house is on fire, he regards it not—he feels better. Let him who likes this better feeling enjoy it: enjoy it did I say,—No! reclaim him, if possible; convince him that he labours under a delusion; restore him to his senses, and to reason; banish the cup from his mouth: let him feel that he has a soul, and suffer not the man to sink below the brute.

After this picture, what good man would be a drunkard? What intelligent man would be a drunkard? What man that has the welfare of his family and intellect at heart would be a drunkard? and, yet, I am sorry, extremely sorry to say, that there are among the Independent Order of Odd Fellows men of this character. I do not wish to offend any member here, but it has hurt the feelings of many worthy brothers, as well as myself! I could mention that the Honesty itself is not quite exempt from this error; and an error it is, and a very palpable one too; and such I am convinced, every drunken man, sooner or later, will have the misfortune to find it. By a drunkard, I do not mean to infer, (nor you to misunderstand me,) that every man who goes to the alehouse, and gets a pint of beer is one!—No; far from that! The man is justified, in my opinion, (after toiling and labouring hard, oppressed with corroding cares and anxiety, for nearly six days,) when Saturday night arrives, and every working man is released and at rest; he is justified, I say, in having a little lively company and conversation, to cheer up his spirits, to refresh, renovate, and revive him, for the labour of the coming week,

And thus his anxious cares beguile,
Imbibe new strength, and soften daily toil.

But for men (particularly men with families) to sit sotting and drinking after the Lodge is closed till morning, and then to return like the dog to his vomit, on the Sunday, and spend the day of rest at the alehouse; I flatter myself, if I was to put the question, the unanimous answer would be, such men are highly to blame!!

I shall now conclude with my best wishes to you all, and apologize for the length of time I have taken up, and hope that I have not given offence to any member here, as I have not at all transgressed our rules, but hope you will receive it as the kind admonition and advice of a brother

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married."—SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

When I stated, in my second letter, that the treatment I had received at the Lodge-house, had "removed from me the mania of authorism," I did not think I should ever be induced again to address you. But I find, Sir, that I am a hasty and a passionate man, and that my *pride* was more hurt than what it ought to have been—more especially as my *arguments* have remained unanswered. Actuated by this feeling, I am again willing to subject myself to a little personal mortification, under the hope of rendering essential service to others—even to some of those who have, or may, perhaps, despitefully use me. This, I take it, is at least acting in the true spirit of Odd Fellowship; and though I should fail in my endeavours to do good, I shall not fail to receive the approbation of all those whose good opinion is desirable, and who are capable of appreciate a generous or disinterested action.

Every Institution formed by the skill and cunning of man, with man himself, must fade away, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind;" nay, Sir, we know not how *soon* the best and the wisest of them may be swept into oblivion, and be but things that were. It ought, therefore, to be the constant study of every zealous friend to Odd Fellowship, to guard and fence the Order by such measures as seem calculated to secure for it the esteem and regard of the good and the virtuous, and thereby endeavour, at least, to deserve the approbation and protection of that BEING, in whose hands are the issues of life and death.—He who feeds the young raven, and providentially caters for the sparrow!

Acting under this feeling, and guided, I trust, by the spirit of truth and disinterestedness, I shall *onward* with my work.—Not, Sir, as your correspondent PEISER has it, to "tread upon the corns," even of my enemies, if I have any, but rather, Sir, to cure them. I would beg leave to observe here, *en passant*, that I have frequently heard some very offensive sentiments given in our Lodges. A few weeks ago, I had an opportunity of visiting one of the most respectable Lodges in Manchester, and you were there too, Sir, when the following were given, almost in

succession—"Champaigne to our real friends, and *real pain* to our enemies."—"May our enemies be lathered with *aquafortis*, and shaved with a handsaw"!!! Heavens, thought I to myself, what folly, what inconsiderateness!—Is this, I said, acting upon the "principles laid down for us in the unerring standard of divine Truth"?—In what part of our laws, lectures, or obligations, are such fiendish sentiments inculcated? of what must the head and heart of that man be formed, who could *seriously* express such a wish? A *brother* surely he cannot be. But, Sir, our *enemies*—who and what are they?—where will these toast givers find them?—Alas, Sir, *among ourselves only*. Those who do *not know* us, cannot be fairly called enemies—or if so, they are pardonable—for "they know not what they do;" but, Sir, what shall be done unto those men who do know us, and so far forget to honour themselves and the Order, by giving utterance, in an Odd Fellows' Lodge, to such abominable feelings as the above detestable sentiments convey?—Your friend Peiser will probably call this "treading upon their corns" again; but, Sir, it is not—it is an endeavour, and a friendly one, too, on my part, to enlarge their shoes, and thereby make their *understanding* sounder and consequently more comfortable. There are some other "abominations," which ought to be reformed, and which I shall notice in a subsequent epistle, if you favour me by inserting this. I shall now proceed to the object I had first in view, when I commenced this letter.

In the midst of all our good intentions and good actions, Mr. Editor, we are guilty of one enormous omission. We have no permanent provision for the widow and the fatherless! We secure to ourselves, while here, all the necessities, at least, of life, but with an unaccountable thoughtlessness take no heed of those we leave behind us? This is a just reproach upon us, and *must* be removed. It is un-English and injurious to the Institution. Much of that dislike which females are generally known to feel towards societies like ours, would be removed were they to know that we legislate for them as well as ourselves, and that they and their little ones have nothing to fear, whatever may be our fate, for their future sustenance. If this were done, it would soon add thousands to our ranks, and allow me to say, considerably increase our domestic comfort.

I shall not now, Sir, enter into the particulars of my plan, I shall, however, endeavour to get them laid before the A. M. C. at Hull, when I have no fear of success. Indeed, it would be unmanly to doubt it. This object once accomplished to my satisfaction, I shall have a tin case made (I cannot afford silver)

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for the stump of my pen, in which it shall be deposited, with a record of its glorious achievements; and I will retire, Sir, conscious of having done some good in my day, and that my name will be gratefully remembered by millions, when that of the "Macedonian madman" is forgotten.

FAIRFAX.

Pontypool, January 28th, 1834.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

Feeling fully convinced of your readiness, at all times, to give insertion to intelligence, relative to the I. O. of O. F., I am persuaded that an account of the *first* Anniversary of the Loyal Hanbury Lodge will prove interesting to your numerous readers, as such a pageant has not before been witnessed in the flourishing and happy town of Pontypool, and although the weather proved, upon their return from church, rather inauspicious, still it did not damp the ardour of the numerous brethren forming the procession. I give you the particulars extracted from the *Monmouthshire Merlin* of October 26, 1833.

I am, Dear Sir and Brother,

Yours, in the Bonds of F. L. & T.

JAMES STEEL, Secretary.

Pontypool, October 17th, 1833.

The first Anniversary of the Loyal Hanbury Lodge, of Independent Odd Fellows, was celebrated here yesterday, with all the magnificence and regularity usual upon such occasions. The commodious and elegant Lodge-room, with lobby attached, and the chairs of the N. G., P. G., &c. were tastefully decorated with evergreens, and rare and beautiful flowers, forming altogether a very splendid scene. At half-past eleven the brethren, in procession, moved off from the Lodge-room, and proceeded to Trevechin Church, headed by the very efficient band from Llanethly Iron-works, and accompanied by handsome banners, and the regalia of the Order, belonging to the Lord John Russell Lodge, at Monmouth; to whom the brethren feel much indebted.

ed—as well as to Benjamin Hall, Esq., M. P. who with his usual respect and good feeling towards the Order, kindly permitted the use of his banners for the day. The streets were lined with spectators, who appeared much gratified with the novel and gorgeous sight. An excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. D. Jones, which was listened to with edifying and devout attention. After divine service, the procession, accompanied by their very worthy minister, returned to their Lodge-room, where upwards of seventy genuine Odd Fellows sat down to a capital dinner. Afterwards P. G. M. Sloper was unanimously voted as President; and G. M. of the District, J. Harper, as Vice; with efficient supporters to each. The health of the President was proposed by brother Harper, in the most handsome and flattering manner, which drew from the chairman a neat and appropriate reply, which was enthusiastically received by all present. Brother P. G. M. Sloper concluded his address with the following sentiment, which was rapturously responded to, and drunk in a bumper:—"As the stately oak affords protection to the encircling and tender ivy, so may the philanthropic principles of Odd Fellowship be disseminated over the globe, and its benefits be felt by the widow, the orphan, and the distressed, whether they be strangers, or those born in the land." The Vice President's health was then drunk, and he acknowledged the compliment in an able speech, explanatory of the rules of the Order, and the great advantages of belonging to it. The health of the officers and brothers of the surrounding Lodges were afterwards drunk with enthusiasm, as were all the preceding toasts, with three times three—Lodge honours being conferred upon those relating to the Order, and cheers to the others. The band, in the interval of the toasts, played many national and other airs, in a masterly style; the songs were appropriate and good; concluding with "God save the King," sung by all present in the most respectful manner, accompanied with the music; and upon breaking up at ten p. m., the band closed with "sweet" home, and the brethren departed, highly gratified with the proceedings of the day.

Manchester, October 19th, 1833.

SIR AND BROTHER,

Having been requested to write you a brief account of our *first* Anniversary, I have endeavoured to do so, though I am sorry it has not been done by some one more

competent for the task than I am ; I hope you will excuse a regular list of toasts, &c. as I only write from mere recollection, and this being my first attempt at correspondence, you will please excuse any irregularities there may be in it, but should you think it worthy "with all its imperfections," of a corner in your valuable and interesting Magazine, by giving it insertion in your next, you will very much oblige, yours,

In the bonds of F. L. and T.,

ISAAC GLEAVE, Sec.

On Monday, the 7th of October, the officers and brothers of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, No. 642, assembled to celebrate their first Anniversary in the Lodge-room, host Isaac Bailey's, the Bird in Hand, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester. Soon after four o'clock about 70 brothers sat down to a most excellent dinner, which did great credit to our worthy host and hostess, and gained for them much praise. Soon after the cloth was drawn, and order restored, Prov. G. M. James Mansfield, was unanimously elected to the President's chair, and Prov. D. G. M. Joseph Cooper to the Vice President's chair ; soon after which females and strangers were admitted, and the evening was spent in a very comfortable and convivial manner ; songs, duetts, recitations, toasts, and sentiments, followed each other so quickly, that hoary headed time passed on unnoticed and neglected. In the course of the evening, among the various toasts given and duly honoured, the health of our worthy President was, in a neat speech by P. S. Harrison, proposed, and drank by the company, upstanding with musical honours, 3 times 3, and 1 more.—After which our worthy President, in a very neat speech, returned thanks for the honour conferred on him, and took occasion to remark, that the Lily of the Valley Lodge, though a new one, having only been opened twelve months, was proceeding onward in the path of Odd Fellowship, in a manner which did credit to the Order. He was glad to find that the Lodge, through the exertions of two or three individuals, was steadily increasing in numbers, funds and influence, and he hoped the brothers would join the officers in their exertions, to promote the welfare and prosperity of the Lodge ; he concluded a very able speech, by drinking the healths of the members of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, and sat down amidst great applause. Thus the evening passed on till near midnight, when the chairs were vacated after the national anthem, God save the King, had been sung in a very tasteful style by our worthy chairman, the company joining in

full chorus. After which the company separated, part going to their homes, but part remained, and kept up the hilarity of the meeting, to an early hour of the morning.

AN HUMBLE LILY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

If these lines, copied from a work, meet your approbation, please insert them, when convenient, in your Magazine.

CONSCIENCE.

Where is the king, with all his purple pomp—
Where is the warrior plumed, the ermined judge,
With all his insolent pleaders—Where the sage—
Where all wise, powerful, fearful, frowning things
That can, for all their frowning, send an eye
An inch within my bosom ?

There's my rock,
My castle, my sealed fountain, sacred court,
That shuts out man. There holy conscience sits,
Judging more keenly than the ermined judge,
Smiting more deeply than the warrior's sword—
More mighty than the sceptre. There my deeds,
My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shames,
Are all arraign'd. So Heaven be merciful !

The man acquitted at that fearful bar
Holds the first prize this round world has to give ;
'Tis like Heav'n's sunnshine—pierceless. For all else
The praise of others is as virgin gold,
Earth's richest offering, to be sought with pain,
Yet not be fined for ; worthy of all search,
But not of sorrow—as the inferior prize ;
Not as our breath of breath, or life of life,
'The flowing river of our inward peace,
The noble confidence, that bids man look
His fellow men i' the face, and be the thing,
Fearless and upward eyed, that God has made him.

HUMILITY.

Humility ! the sweetest, loveliest flower
 That bloomed in Paradise ; the first that died,
 Has rarely blossomed since on mortal soil,
 It is so frail, so delicate a thing :
 'Tis gone, if it but look upon itself :
 And he who ventures to esteem it his
 Proves, by that single thought, he has it not.

M. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. F's. MAGAZINE.

SIR,

My wish is to inform you of a procession of the Lodges in Barnsley, belonging to the Manchester Unity, that you may if you think it worthy of notice, publish it in your valuable Magazine.

The 19th of August (being the feast Monday) was the day appointed; about ten o'clock the different Lodges began to move from their respective Lodge-houses to a field adjoining St. George's Church, where they were regularly formed as one Lodge, being in number about 360, with ten guardians on horseback, five in front and the same in the rear. The procession then moved on to St. Mary's Church, where a most excellent sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Willan, junr. which had great effect on the members present. After service the procession regularly moved from the church and paraded the principal streets of the town, and returned to the Market-place, where a square was formed by the conductors, having the band and the horsemen in the centre; order was obtained, and the spectators and visitors, as well as the members, were most kindly addressed and commended for their good behaviour, and becoming good order throughout the day, by P. G. James Hall, of the Nelson Lodge, the band then played the national anthem; after which the word was given to form separate Lodges, which was immediately obeyed, each moving to its respective house, where a plentiful supply of the good things of this world had been provided, which gave great credit to our worthy hosts and hostesses. About six o'clock the Lodges were opened, where mirth and order were kept up till a late hour; time passed away unnoticed in the happy company of so many friends, they having come from Enly,

Skelmanthorpe, Clayton, Denby Dale, Dodworth, &c. to join us in our festivities. When brothers take to themselves the task of coming such distances to partake and share our pleasures, well might the uninformed exclaim, how happy with each other in thus enjoying the company of old friends.

Should this sketch be found fit to publish in your valuable Magazine, its insertion will oblige, Sir, &c.

Yours, in Friendship's Bonds,

S, THOMPSON, P. Prov. G. M.

Barnsley, Nov. 4th, 1833.

PRESENTATION OF A MEDAL TO P. G. ELI BATTY.

SIR AND BROTHER,

At a meeting of the Committee of the Countess of Oxford Lodge, held at the Lodge-house, King's Arms, Ancoats-street, Manchester, on the 3rd of October, it was resolved unanimously, that a MEDAL, of the value of five guineas, be presented to P. G. ELI BATTY, and that an account of the presentation of the same be inserted in the Magazine.—Your complying with the request will oblige, for the officers and brothers of the Countess of Oxford Lodge,

Yours, in the Bonds of F. L. & T.

W. HAMILTON.

P. G. M. Gray, in presenting the Medal, said,

P. G. Batty, I feel great pleasure in presenting you with this token of respect, given you by the officers and brothers of your Lodge, and rejoice to see that there is that good will and brotherly love among you, as to appreciate well meant endeavours for the welfare of our Institution. I am sure you are worthy of the honour done you; your motives in coming to this Lodge, must have been pure, for the Lodge you left was one of old standing, with good funds and members, and governed by excellent bye-laws; and when you entered this Lodge it was low, both as to members and funds, and quite in its infancy. It has now become prosperous, and I think I am not going too far when I say, that you are one among a number of individuals, to whose perseverance, and steadiness of conduct, that prosperity is owing. This medal is given you as a reward for that conduct, and

evinces the good feeling entertained for you by the officers and brothers of the Lodge. I doubt not but you will feel the honour done you, and in return exert yourself, if possible, more than you have hitherto done. Allow me, in conclusion, to present this token to you, and to drink the good health of yourself, wife and family, and also to beg, that I may be joined in so doing by every officer and brother present.

P. G. Batty replied,

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS—This is an honour I never anticipated, it exceeds anything that I ever knew or heard of, for an individual in so humble a station of life, to gain the good will and esteem of his brethren, as to be presented by them with so valuable a token. Allow me to return my best thanks, it is all I can do at present, but I assure you, that should my humble services ever be wanted to promote the interest of the Institution, I shall ever be ready to come forward; I am sure I shall always possess the will, and will look to Providence for the means.

Corresponding Secretary Peyton, of the Manchester District, said he could not but allude to P. G. Batty's remarks respecting his humble sphere in life. He thought the bestowment of such a valuable token, was in itself a sufficient proof that there is no individual, however poor and humble his station in life may be, but may rise to receive honour from his brethren, and be a lasting benefit to the Institution at large. It is neither money nor ability that constitutes a good Odd Fellow, but uprightness of conduct, firmness of purpose, and steady perseverance for the interest of the Order. The conduct of the officers and brothers of the Countess of Oxford Lodge is very praiseworthy, it convinces me that there is no disposition to partiality, but that where there is merit, it will be rewarded.

October 29th, 1833.

A SERMON

Preached in the parish churches of Oxtou and Blidworth, Notts, on the 14th day of May, and the 24th day of June, 1833, at the respective Anniversaries of King William the Fourth, and the Fountain Dale Lodges, of the Independent Odd Fellows,

BY THE REV. JOHN DOWNALL, M. A.,

CURATE OF BLIDWORTH-CUM-OXTON.

"Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men : See that none render evil for evil unto any man : but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men."—1 *Thessalonians*, chap. 5th., ver. 14, 15.

How beautiful are the instructions which abound every where in the gospel for the regulation of our conduct as brethren, members of the same faith, partakers of the same hope, heirs of the same inheritance ! It may surely be affirmed, that the scriptures are adapted to man as they find him, and that we have only to peruse diligently their sacred pages, to find for ourselves individually, or in our social capacity, whatsoever is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. The words I have selected for my text, though addressed by St. Paul, and his fellow-labourers, to the church of the Thessalonians, and intended by them for the edification of the body of Christ throughout all ages, are peculiarly applicable to ourselves, as a portion of that body, united together for the *more effectual* exercise of benevolence, according as the means and opportunities of doing which are at our command. We are required, it is true, to "do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." But it must be remembered that an injunction so general, can be complied with only *in part* ; that the power and opportunity of doing good cannot be extended by us to the whole of our species, and that "the household of faith" is too large a family to partake equally and discriminately of our fostering and benevolent care. From the confined limits of human ability, the wish and the good intention are all that we can afford to the bulk of mankind. If we would adorn our lives by acts of benevolence, they must of necessity be confined within a narrower circle, and the stream of charity to be effectual, must flow within the circumscribed bounds of human exertion.

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It is for this reason that we contend for the expediency, and admire the policy of forming and upholding friendly Institutions, for the relief of the indigent and afflicted; for mitigating the sorrows of disease, and lightening the pressure of poverty and want in declining old age: and more especially do we, on the same ground, claim support and encouragement for this our liberal and benevolent Order, which is founded on those salutary and lasting principles which cause it deservedly to be ranked first and foremost in the scale of all other similar Institutions whatever: claiming its superiority from the permanent nature of those laws upon which it is founded; from the extent and efficacy of its charitable operations; from the moral and religious tendency of its forms—its lectures—its mysterious institutes, and from the great end it ought continually to keep in view—the increased improvement and welfare of all its members.

But I have, on former occasions, set forth with sufficient plainness to the uninitiated the end and intention of our Order; and I am desirous, on this Anniversary, of directing your minds, my fellow-brethren, to those lessons of wisdom and caution contained in the text, as they are applicable to yourselves.

In the first place, then, you are exhorted to “warn the unruly.”—It is a fact which we are taught, by painful experience, that even into the most praiseworthy Institutions, and the best regulated societies, the disorderly will oftentimes gain admittance; and we cannot be ignorant, if we have any acquaintance with the members composing our own societies, that such, alas! is the case with ourselves. Forgetful of the solemn obligations under which they lie, as members of our Order—forgetful of the *pre-eminently* good example which is required of them—forgetful of their *duty* as *men*, and their *destinations* as *christians*, there are found amongst ourselves, “them that are unruly;” negligent of law; regardless of order; and doing and saying such things as give much “occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.”*

*It is, however, much to be regretted that greater care and circumspection are not observed in the *admission* of new members, and that the rules and penalties now existing are not more vigorously enforced. Censure, in this respect, attaches most strongly to the officers of the Lodges; they ought to enquire into the respectability of persons seeking admission; and it would be well if some fine were imposed on those members who *knowingly* propose a person who is not respectable. See my remarks on this subject in a Sermon and note, published in No 5 of the Odd Fellows' Magazine, p. 150. It is also a matter deserving of the attention of all who are interested in the welfare of our Institution, that none but men of character, influence, and determination should be elected to serve the offices; even the first and lowest offices should be filled by men of this stamp; men who will make it their business to become acquainted with the nature, and will enforce the laws of the Order; men of spirit and independence, who know no fear, but the fear of *not doing their duty*.

These, my brethren, we must "warn:" we must adopt, with such persons, every method which may appear conducive towards producing in them those tempers, and dispositions, and conduct, which can alone make them worthy to be continued in the union and fellowship of our society. We must "warn" them: but if they turn a deaf ear to such warning, and "go on still in their wickedness," both within the jurisdiction of their Lodges and without, recourse must then be had to the utmost severity which is sanctioned by our laws, and we must remove from us the guilty and refractory member. It is surely "better for us that one member be cut off, than that our whole body perish:" it is better far that we endure whatever pain it may cost us, by the removal of one of our party, than that the whole society should forfeit the good opinion of those whose countenance and support are essential to the respectability—nay, the very continuance of our Order. I hope our general laws may, in most cases, be found sufficient to *curb* "the unruly," when friendly "warning" has ceased to be of influence; where those general rules shall be found *ineffectual*, or in cases where they cannot reach. I advise that such bye-laws be enacted, according to the discretion of your several Lodges, and subordinate to your general laws, which will restrain every impropriety in your members, as well *out* of your Lodges as in them.

Many ungenerous and withering suspicions have been entertained by the world, respecting the *nature* and *objects* of our Institution—they have not hesitated to speak evil of those things which they know not—and because we are occupied in *secret*, furnishing the means, and devising the method of relieving "such as be in adversity:" because, I say, we are secretly employed in thus doing good, "every man according to his ability," we have been held up to the derision of those "who are wise in their own conceits," by the ignorant and the scornful. They are disposed to overlook those deeds of benevolence which we do unto the brethren, and which, though unobtrusive, would easily be perceived and acknowledged by a willing and generous mind, and with almost malignant avidity they fasten upon the failings and misconduct of an "unruly" brother, and judge unfavourably of the whole fraternity, because one member has acted in a manner disgraceful to himself—not only as an Odd Fellow, but *as a man*. While such is the case, and it always will be so, I think you will acknowledge that I am not recommending too severe a discipline, when I advise the adoption of bye-laws in your several Lodges, calculated to restrain, and to restrain effectually, all rioting and drunkenness; all impurity of language and conduct, not only during your periodical meetings, but also when your members

are in the world, and associating with the men of the world; all cursing and swearing.*

In the next place we are called upon to discharge every brotherly duty towards you "who are anyways afflicted in mind or body," and to bear with patience their weaknesses and infirmities.—Knowing how liable we ourselves are to affliction and distress, and what "innumerable ills flesh is heir to," we ought to be anxious and ready ever to mitigate the sorrows of suffering humanity, and to carry the balm of healing and consolation to the bosom of grief and despondency. The same kindness and gentleness—the same assiduity and care—the same patience and long suffering which we should value when shewn to ourselves in the hour of need, we must shew to the brethren in affliction—in distress—in necessity: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them." And when we further consider that as we are creatures of the same God; objects of the same redemption; partakers of the same spirit of grace—and that the common father of us all hath commanded us to shew forth our love to HIM, by our good will and affection towards the brotherhood, we feel still more powerfully the obligation to act up to the precept enjoined in the text, and by all and every means to "comfort the feeble-minded—to support the weak—to be patient toward all men."

We are further reminded to be watchful, lest any of our brethren evidence a feeling and a spirit of revenge towards any person who may have done them evil, "see that none render evil for evil unto any man." Be careful that ye injure not another by word or deed, and when an injury hath been committed it might be desirable for example's sake, and to prevent its repetition, to make formal complaint thereof before the presiding officers of your Lodges, that, taking the subject into consideration, they may admonish the offender, or proceed (if he be not repent-

*The law of the land has enacted penalties against such offences, and those enactments might most advantageously be embodied in our general laws; or adopted as bye-laws in our several Lodges. By the 4th James, cap. 5th, sect. 2nd, it is enacted, that every person who shall be drunk shall forfeit five shillings for the first offence; and if he transgress again (sect. 6th) shall be bound over in a recognizance of ten pounds, to his future good behaviour.—By statute 19th, Geo. 2nd, cap. 21st, it is enacted, that if any person profanely curse or swear he shall forfeit (if he be a labourer, common soldier, or seaman,) one shilling—every person under the degree of gentlemen, two shillings—above that degree, five shillings; for the second offence, double; for every other offence after the second, treble." I submit these suggestions to the G. A. M. C. and advise that they should be made to extend to members *out of Lodge*. I sincerely hope they will adopt some regulations of this sort, for the credit's sake and respectability of the Order.

ant) to the severity of that punishment which your laws have provided. But in no case, add fuel to a burning fire by "returning evil for evil to any man." Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malace, and be ye kind one towards another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

And in your connexion with the world, endeavour to maintain the same temper of forbearance and good will. "Offences needs must come." It would be in vain to expect exemption from the common lot of human nature. Having set yourselves *apart* in the great work of benevolence, in order that you may *promptly* and with *greater energy*, fulfil your labours of love, you must naturally expect much opposition—much reproach—much misrepresentation from the hatred and malice of wicked men and wicked spirits. But be not discouraged, go on in your good work, "be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Your principles are charitable, liberal, and enlightened, and *such* principles must prevail, Friendship, Love, and Truth; the *heart* of *charity* in the *hand* of *benevolence*; the innocence of the *Lamb* and the gentleness of the *Dove*, will secure you a noble triumph over every foe, and will carry you successfully "through evil report and good report," to the attainment of the great ends of christian benevolence from one side of the *Globe* to the other.

Finally, my brethren, "ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men," your lives must be one continual evidence of kind feeling and benevolent exertion towards all; "your light" must so "shine before men," in your intercourse with the brethren, as well as in your connexion with society at large, "that they may see," and that seeing they may of necessity admire "your good works." Ever remembering what are your principles, for what objects you are associated together, how great your reward will be, if you do good unto the brethren "*for the sake of Christ*;" how severe will be your punishment if you neglect them, you must lose no opportunity of contributing by every means in your power, by your personal attentions, by your influence, and recommendation, by the communication of every talent entrusted to you, towards diminishing the sorrows, relieving the wants, restraining the follies, and advancing the interests of the brethren, in a word, you must "do that which is good among yourselves."

But, suppose not, that because you have thus associated yourselves together into a benevolent Order, you have thereby set limits to your charitable feelings as christians. No, my brethren, our Order enjoins no such selfish principle. Our

means of relieving "such as be in adversity" are *necessarily* confined to a very narrow extent, and our brethren in Odd Fellowship have the first and the strongest claims to our benevolence, them we must nourish and protect; them we must console and pity, their benefit we must continuously labour to advance, but we must feel kindly *towards all men*, and when we have it in our power to relieve any poor suffering member of Christ's Church, we are bound by the highest principles of our religion to do so, "ever follow that which is good" says the Apostle in the text, "both among yourselves and *towards all men*."

I feel happy in the conviction of knowing that Odd Fellowship, so far from confining kindness and benevolence, has been the means of *producing* and *strengthening* them in bosoms where they formerly *existed not at all*, or but *faintly*, and that from the *constant exercise* of kindness of heart, towards the members of his Order, I have ever found the Odd Fellow *as ready*, and in many cases *more prompt* in relieving those who were suffering from adversity. And though his name may have been a by-word and term of reproach, and though (like as with the Samaritan of old,) the Jews would have no dealing with him, I have known him, not look upon a suffering creature with indifference, or "pass by on the other side" from the object of affliction, as he lay on the high road of public observation, but "coming to the place where he lay" he has "bound up his wounds," ministered to his necessities, and conveying him to the house of shelter, has provided for his wants, saying to the good man of the house, "take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest for him, when I come again I will repay thee."

And I feel anxious to make this public acknowledgement of those deeds of benevolence, those acts of charity towards those who were not of our Order, which upon the two last Anniversaries were done in this place by those members of our society, who came hither from many and distant places. I wish thus to thank you once more for your contributions towards the relief of the suffering Irish, and your kind remembrance of the poor in Oxtou, which you last year left behind you in my hands.* I wish not only to thank you, but to appeal to these facts, as proofs that our

*In 1831, on the Sunday following the Anniversary of King William the Fourth Lodge, I advocated the cause of the suffering peasantry in Ireland, in conformity with the king's letter issued at that time. The brethren by some means got information of my intention, and collected amongst themselves (before the Anniversary was ended) a considerable sum towards the relief of their fellow subjects in Ireland. In 1832 they left with me a sum of money to be distributed among the poor of Oxtou, and this year they have also recorded their benevolence by a similar act of charity.

principles, so far from contracting, enlarge the feelings of the human heart; that we minister not only to the wants of our body, but with universal good will "cast our bread upon many waters;" that we are anxious to "do good both among ourselves and towards all men."

Maintain your principles, my brethren, and by your continuance in well-doing, "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Like the assiduous *Bee* diligently hive up your stores for the hour of need and the winter of necessity; be cautious and circumspect like the *Owl*, amidst the dangers and darkness of a world that lieth in wickedness, and when "the *Sun* shineth by day, and the *Moon* and *Stars* govern the night," go on in the good work which you have begun, under the all-seeing *Eye* of him who observes your ways, and will reward your labours of love done unto the least of his disciples.

And so live, my brethren, that when your residence in this earthly Lodge shall be ended, you may be admitted to that society of "good men made perfect" above, where all other distinctions ceasing, you shall dwell for ever in the glorified presence of that "*Lamb of God*" through whose satisfaction made upon the *Cross* your souls have been redeemed from eternal *Death*.

PRESENTATION OF A HANDSOME MEDAL

TO

*P. G. and C. S. WILLIAM BROWN, of the Loyal Pilot Lodge,
Stockport, September, 1833.*

OFFICERS & BROTHERS—You have caused to be placed into my hands a very handsome medal to be by me presented to your late N. G. You are well aware that I possess no eloquence, yet the few words I do express shall be the words of sincerity and truth, and shall come from the heart. The services he has performed for you, while he held office amongst you, are already before you, and they have not been a few; for nothing that he could do for your Lodge did he leave undone, and allow me to say, he has left nothing for the district that he could do, and I am proud to have him acting with me as one of the District Officers, and you have now endeavoured to repay him by this pre-

sent medal. I trust that he will still continue to assist you, when time will permit, and never be weary of well-doing. Allow me to present this medal to you, for your meritorious conduct as N. G. of the Pilot Lodge.

DEAR OFFICERS AND BROTHERS,—Our G. M. said he possessed no eloquence, but of that I leave you to judge; but I stand abashed at the flattering manner he personally has spoken of me, and for which I cannot account, but by his having such a kind and feeling heart that caused him. Sirs, the handsome gift you have made me this night is already impressed on my mind, and you may depend that I do not entertain the remotest idea, that my work in the good cause is done, for you may demand my talent or services, small as they are, any time, when I can honestly serve you, and you have often heard me say, and once more I assert it, that man has no right to do as he thinks proper with his own; for any person joining our Order and possessing talent or knowledge, has, if against his will, a right to use it for the good of the Order. With this proviso justly made, that it does not tend to injure his wife, family, or connexions. Give me leave before I sit down to drink to the officers and brothers of the Loyal Pilot Lodge, and may the principles on which the Independent Order is founded be legitimately supported.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

There appears uneasy sensations in the minds of many members belonging to numerous Lodges, and though at the same time being possessed of rich funds; I say an uneasy sensation prevails in this District, on one account, the desire to receive greater interest than banks generally allow, and on the other hand, knowing that weakness is inherent in man, doubtful of making any persons trustees of their money.—Now, Mr. Editor, there are to appearance feasible means to be pursued, but which ultimately being put to practice might not work the desired end; some propose putting a number of shares into building or speculating societies, and out of which they expect to receive double the interest they can receive from most other sources, for a certain time, but often in speculating societies, though the profits may be greater, there is generally more hazard attending them. Some entertain the idea that entering

the above societies, and by purchasing shares, build or purchase dwellings would be the greatest benefit to them. But must we not admit, that though the divine disposer of events for some good purpose, doth lay heavy and great calamities in the shape of sickness, unforeseen accidents, or probably pestilential death; and we may have a greater demand on our gifts or funds, than we are able to support by our regular paid money. Would not those buildings be liable to be sold to disadvantage and loss?—Mr. Editor, these few remarks are not made without reason for them, for, the members (the knowing part) must see that in our rapidly and richly increasing order, there must naturally be an immense quantity of money belonging to them. Some Lodges in our own District being possessed of their hundreds of pounds, and being in the state above described, labouring between hope and fear, hope for an extension of their profits with security, and fear for the loss it is possible they may sustain. It would be well if some of our better informed part of the fraternity would attempt to reduce to practice some plan, or provided not that they would in some future number, place their own better practised view before this numerous body on this important subject.

Excuse these few remarks, they being well intended by yours, in the good bonds of

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH,

W. B.

Churchgate, Stockport, October 21st, 1833.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

It has long been my opinion, that if persons of experience in the Order of Odd Fellowship, were to communicate their thoughts and opinions respecting our laws and regulations, through the medium of your *Quarterly* (I wish I could say *Monthly*) Magazine, it would be an excellent method of causing an increased sale, and extensive usefulness, for there are numbers no doubt, and in particular distant members, who are but imperfectly acquainted with the laws by which we are governed. If some intelligent brothers would undertake to explain or descant upon them, it would no doubt tend to remove disputes, and greatly lessen the labours of the A. M. C. for every person

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who has attended those Committees, must have observed, that if the laws were properly understood, a number of the cases which occupy the time of that Committee would not appear there, and as some of our laws are very conflicting, it would be the best method of simplyfing them, and making them easy to be understood; besides it would render the Magazine more interesting, rather than so great a portion of it being devoted to relating the conviviality and satisfaction, a certain number of Odd Fellows met and regaled themselves with the good things of this life, how the "song, toast, and sentiment, went round until rosy morn appeared," and that the "feast of reason and the flow of soul were kept up until a late hour."* Or telling us that at such an Anniversary, all the brothers behaved themselves as they ought; that none quarrelled, but that when they had plentifully supplied themselves with the good things of this life, went quietly home. Instead of this, suppose a brother wrote for the intellectual gratification of Odd Fellows, and as Jesse Hargreaves, or Taygetus, in the September Magazine; endeavour to reason away anything which is absurd or vexatious, and prepare the minds of the delegates, who are to meet at the next A. M. C. to legislate for us.

There are some of our laws which require revision, and if the parties who feel themselves aggrieved upon any point, were to address themselves to the Order, through the medium of the Magazine, it would satisfy them, and no doubt others who are like minded, even though those laws were not altered, for to be labouring under a delusion, and suffered to remain so, tends to confirm us in that delusion, whereas to remove that delusion may remove a great obstacle to the spread of Odd Fellowship.— Or, suppose, when a brother meets with a choice scrap of poetry or prose, which it is probable falls into the hands of few, he was to call your attention to it, it would no doubt very much increase the sale, and increase the general knowledge. Having made these preliminary observations, I now proceed to the more immediate object of addressing you, which I will do in as brief a space as possible.

At the last A. M. C. a law was passed whereby any member may draw his card, and let his age or infirmity be what they may, he can force himself into any Lodge belonging to us, and with paying the small sum of one shilling and sixpence immediately becomes entitled to the benefits, &c. of that Lodge, equally

*By the bye I should expect that long before the close, reason had resigned her seat, and that Bacchus had usurped the sovereignty.

with those members who are young and healthy, who have (as a matter of course, and which is always observed) passed the examination of a surgeon, paid at his entrance one pound one, has since paid a considerable sum of money towards that fund, and who expect to receive none that are above thirty years of age, or that are diseased.

If such a man was proposed to be initiated he would be rejected, but coming with a card they have no choice but to receive him, or be fined a heavy sum, which leads me to the following observations :—

First, It ought to be left to the discretion of all Lodges, who they receive as members.

Second, If a Lodge will not initiate any man above the age of say 30 years, such Lodge ought not to be forced to have an old man, say 45, 50, or 60 years of age from another Lodge.

Third, Such law being in existence *may* induce a Lodge to admit an aged or deceased member merely on account of the profits of the initiation, with an understanding that he shall draw his card at a certain time.

I know there may be objections to repeal this law, on account of a brother travelling, but this may be removed, by an understanding that when a brother goes to reside at a distance from his own Lodge, any Lodge near where he resides should (free of all expence to him) remit his money to his Lodge, or in case of sickness, &c. pay him for his Lodge, what the allowance may be, which I think would be far preferable for travelling brothers.

Most heartily do I wish the principles of Odd Fellowship to spread on account of their excellence, and on account of the benefits to be derived therefrom; the system of government under which we exist is the best I know, for we are governed by men who are conversant with our laws, understand the system, and have the welfare of the Order at heart, and who endeavour to prevent any illegal act, if such should be attempted, and who succour the weak because they are weak, and support the poor because they are poor, and while I am on this side the grave, and Odd Fellowship remains what it is, so long will I support it, and so long I hope I shall feel an interest in its welfare; but Sir, I must conclude, I have written much more than I intended, and so have to crave pardon and patience.

I am, &c.

J. G.

Bilston District, February, 1834.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,

It would confer a very great obligation if you would favour me with a corner of the next Magazine, for the purpose of merely informing the Order in general, that Odd Fellowship is now making rapid progress in this part of the kingdom, as I am assured it only requires its tenets to become a little more generally known to make it appear what it really is, a benefit to society at large. The following, I hope, is a proof, that it is likely to become more under the patronage of the higher orders of society in this town. On the 31st of January, 1833, at the Good Intent Lodge, the following persons were regularly initiated as members of the Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity, viz :—William Hutt, Esq., M. P. for Kingston-upon-Hull; John Hutt, Thomas Newmarch, William Woolley, George Newmarch, Esqs., and Mr. Simeon Thornam, merchant. The chairs were taken by P. Prov. C. S. James Stubbs, N. G. : Prov. D. G. M. Mich Ward, V. G.; and P. S. Jefferson, as Secretary; with a full attendance of officers and brothers from the various Lodges in the District. A number of loyal and appropriate toasts and sentiments were given, interspersed with harmony, when addresses were delivered suitable to the occasion, by our benevolent and patriotic member, and some of his friends, when the utmost conviviality prevailed.

I remain,

Sir and Brother,

Yours, in Friendship's Bonds,

JAMES STUBBS, C. S.

Hull, March 2nd, 1834.

We give insertion to the following communication with unfeigned pleasure, and, in the name of the Order, most heartily thank C. S. Reed. If similar efforts were made in ALL our Lodges, we have no doubt similar results would be effected—brothers thereby become better acquainted with the nature of the Institution, and the A. M. C. enabled to gladden the heart

of the widow and the fatherless. What incalculable good might be done, by members laying out, *advantageously*, less than one halfpenny a week ! We hope this brief notice will have the desired effect.—ED.

TO THE C. S. OF THE ORDER.

SIR AND BROTHER,

In looking over the Magazines I took the hint of pressing it upon the members of each Lodge in our District to become subscribers, in which I have been rather successful ; be so kind as to send with the next Minutes 26 Magazines, (which are for the Tideswell brothers) besides those for the Lodges.

Yours, most respectfully,

IN FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH,

JAMES REED, C. S.

Baslow, March 3rd, 1834.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR AND BROTHER,

There is a subject, to me an all-engrossing one, which I think you and your correspondents have too much neglected. The Order is accused of selfishness. Women are rigidly excluded from any participation in our regular assemblies; and, for ought that *appears* to the contrary, they are as rigidly excluded from our affectionate regard and benevolent consideration. My plan, if adopted, would increase our comfort and happiness at home and our respectability abroad. In a word, then, Sir, I would say, let a given sum be annually expended in relieving the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of our departed brothers, at the discretion of every A. M. C. We cannot, I know, give to ALL, but that is no reason why NONE should be relieved. Let the females know though out of sight they are *not* out of mind. Let them know, that when in health, we spend some part of our income, and devote some portion of our time, in devising plans for the future happiness and comfort of those whom we may be called upon to leave behind us. Let them know these things,

and then see whether we shall have any opposition from them.— On the contrary, our wives will not only think well of us and the Order, but induce their neighbours to persuade their husbands to join such a charitable Institution. They will tell their children of the good treatment they received from us, which will be a memento for the youth to join us when of age.

Let this plan, Sir, be adopted, and let every member, who has any improvement to suggest, communicate it to the Order, through the medium of the Magazine, and there will be plenty of useful matter for that publication, without the often nonsensical narrations of our Bacchanalian revelries, I mean Anniversaries.— By this means the deputies at the A. M. C., will become acquainted with every charitable project which may be laid before them, and the Magazine itself will increase, I have no doubt, to double or treble its present circulation, from the profits of which we shall be enabled to considerably extend our charitable donations.

That these brief and somewhat hasty remarks, may produce the good intended, is the earnest wish of,

Yours, &c.

J. PEISER.

TO THE EDITOR.

RESPECTED SIR AND BROTHER,

Should you deem the following lines worthy of a page in your next Magazine, their insertion would very much oblige,

Yours, most faithfully,

In friendship's bonds,

T. C.

Lancaster.

ON RESIGNATION.

When this world forsakes us, when the pleasures, the riches of the world we have so dearly loved are taken from us, when adversity presses the full weight of her iron hand upon our hearts, where shall we look for consolation? shall we not seek for comfort from that God who has said "come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refresh you." Shall we not turn to God when man forsakes us? Shall we not adore that Almighty that inflicts our sufferings? When we reflect that

God chastens those whom he loves, if we did but remember when every new affliction assails us, that God who created us knows best what will make us happy, we should surely bend in resignation to his Almighty will, and endeavour to say with the sincerity that should accompany our submission, "Father, not our will but thine be done." How can we repeat these words at our devotions, and yet murmur at the trials we endure? That Father whom we address watches over the humblest of his children; not the least of our sorrows is inflicted on us without his permission; he can, in his power and wisdom, convert those very afflictions into blessings, either temporal or eternal. Short-sighted as we are, yet our own experience teaches us the bitter lesson, that the earthly prosperity which we so ardently covet, often proves the very means of our distress. Should not this conviction induce us to refer every wish of our hearts to that Almighty Being, who knows so much better than we can know, what will make us happy, what will tend to our ultimate benefit?—Should not this conviction teach us to bend in resignation to an indulgent Father, who suffers us to be afflicted because he sees that those very sorrows that we so much deplore, may prove the means of making us happy both in this world and the next.

When earthly affliction presses hard upon us, when the cup of our misery is full, if we can then bend the knee to God, and say, "Father not my will but thine be done;" if we can say these words, and feel as we ought to feel when we say them, then are we blessed beyond the power of aught in this world to increase or diminish; then every new affliction will but bring us nearer to that God who watches over us; every new trial we endure will but render us dearer to that Father, who will accept the offering of a resigned spirit, as the best and purest return we can make for his Almighty protection, and the most certain proof we can give that we are willing to be considered his children, and to shew by an implicit acquiescence with his dispensation, that we rely wholly upon him, as upon a wise and indulgent Parent, who will make us happy in his own good time and manner.

The very act of resignation to the divine will, will bring with it a reward more than adequate to the exertion it may cost us, even although God should vouchsafe us no other earthly recompence; for if we can but resolve to submit our wills to the will of our Creator, to merit with faith and patience, for the fulfilment of our Saviour's promises of protection, and assistance, then though misfortune should press most heavily upon us, though those to whom we have looked for all our earthly happiness should deceive or forsake us, though we should mourn for the death of our dearest and nearest friends, yet the certainty that our fate is

in the hands of a merciful God, of an indulgent Father, will sooth every pang we suffer, and blunt the edge of every affliction we endure.

Combermere Lodge, Stockport, November, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,

Should you think the following, in the smallest degree, worthy of a corner in our Magazine, you will be pleasing a good and a great friend of the Order, (I mean P. Prov. G. M. Clayton,) by its insertion.

Yours,

W. BROWN, C. S.

LINES written by JAMES CLAYTON, on his dying child. She left this world on the 21st of October, 1833.

That sigh's for thee, thou precious one, Life's pulse is ebbing fast,
And o'er thy once all-joyous face, Death's sickly hue is cast,
The azure eye hath lost its ray, thy voice its buoyant tone,
And, like a flower the storm has crush'd, thy beauty past and gone.

Another pang, and all is o'er : the beating heart is still ;
Meekly, though sad, thy mother bows to the Almighty's will ;
Grief presses heavy on my heart, my tears fall thick and fast,
But thou, thou art in Heaven, my child—Life's chequer'd dream
is past.

The busy feet that gladly ran thy mother's smile to greet—
The prattling tongue that lisp'd her name in childhood's accents
sweet—

The glossy curl that beam'd like gold upon thy snowy brow—
The lip—meet rival for the rose—Oh, Death ! where are they
now ?

Wither'd beneath her icy touch—lock'd in her dull cold sleep ;
Whilst all the joy a mother knows—in silence is to weep :
Or start as fancy's echo wakes thy voice to mock her pain,
Then turn to gaze upon thy corse, and feel her grief in vain.

The grave—the dark cold grave—full soon will hide thee from
my view,

Whilst I my weary path through life in solitude pursue ;
My early, and my only, love is number'd with the dead,
And thou, my last sole joy on earth, my girl, thou too art fled.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 23rd, 1833, the wife of Sec. Robert R. Elliot, of the Cumberland lodge, Manchester, of two daughters.

April 22nd, 1833, the wife of Sec. Toplis, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, Ilkiston, of two sons.

Dec. 11th, 1833, the wife of P. G. George Spencer, of the Franklin Lodge, Manchester, of a daughter.

Dec. 22nd, 1833, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Henry Greenhalgh, Esq. of the Orthodox Lodge, Bolton District, of a daughter.

Dec. 24th, the wife of P. G. Thomas Neild, of the Key Lodge, Wooley Bridge, of a son.

Nov. 10th, 1833, the wife of V. G. James Bridge, of the Key Lodge, Wooley Bridge, of a daughter.

Nov. 28th, 1833, the wife of P. G. Kellitt, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, of a son and heir.

Nov. 26th, 1833, the wife of V. G. Chappel, of the Minerva Lodge, of a daughter.

Dec. 24th, 1833, the wife of P. G. Wilson, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, of a son.

Dec. 30th, 1833, the wife of brother Joseph Rushton, of the Minerva Lodge, of a daughter.

Aug. 16th, 1833, the wife of brother James Burgess, of the Earl of Stamford Lodge, Altrincham, of a daughter.

Dec. 5th, 1833, the wife of P. G. M. Fallows, of the Middleton and Heywood District, of a son.

Dec. 28th, 1833, the wife of P. G. Dixon, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Dewsbury, of a son.

July 19th, 1833, the wife of D. G. M. Walker, of the Dewsbury District, of a daughter.

Sep. 14th, 1833, brother Robert Keen's wife of a son.—Oct. P. G. Holman's wife of a son and daughter.—Nov. 5, brother David Keen's wife of a son.—Dec. 21st, brother Thomas Prosser's wife of a son.—All of the Friend in Need Lodge, Grosmont.

Nov. 30th, 1833, the wife of P. G. M. Harrison, Lancaster, of a daughter.

November 1st, 1833, Susannah, the wife of P. G. Thomas Grunwell, of the Fairfax Lodge, of a son and heir.

The wife of brother William Turpin, of the Bath City Lodge, Bath, of a son.

Dec. 1st, 1833, the wife of brother Wilkinson, of the Friendly Lodge, Wray, of a son.

January 5th, 1834, the wife of V. G. Maddock, of the Marquis of Cholmondeley Lodge, Frodsham, of a son.

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Jan. 7th, 1834, the wife of P. G. May, of the Wellington, Huddersfield, of a son.

Jan. 31st, 1834, the wife of P. G. Bramwell, of the Lily of the Valley, Huddersfield District, of a daughter.

Jan. 31st, 1834, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Thornton, of the Victory, Huddersfield, of a son.

Feb. 14th, 1834, the wife of D. G. M. Miller, of the Amphibious, of a son.

Jan. 6th, 1834, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. W. Lathom, Esq., of the Orthodox Lodge, Bolton District, of two sons.

Jan. 28th, 1834, the wife of brother Geo. Renshaw, of the Earl of Stamford Lodge, Altrincham, of a daughter.

Feb. 19th, 1834, the wife of brother Tommy, of the Refuge of Hope Lodge, Wem, of a son.—Feb. 15th, the wife of Sec. Astley, of the same Lodge, of a son and heir.—And the wife of brother Jebb, of the said Lodge, of twins, a son and daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 17th, 1833, P. G. Crowther, of the Star of Providence Lodge, Birtle, to Miss Ann, eldest daughter of host Chadwick.

Sep. 3rd, 1833, P. G. E. Niblet, of the Friend in Need Lodge, Grosmont, to Miss Ann Rooke, eldest daughter of Mr. Rooke, of Dewchurch, Herefordshire.

May 24th, 1833, brother Jagger, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Dewsbury, to Miss Cave, daughter of the late Mr. Cave, of Haton.

Oct. 29th, 1833, N. G. Kidhe, of the Pilgrim's Rest Lodge, Stapleford, to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Shaw, farmer.

Sep. 18th, 1833, P. G. William Shellard, of the Hanbury Lodge, Pontypool, to Miss Catherine Wainwright, of Abersychan Iron Works.

Nov. 2nd, 1833, brother William Sutcliffe, of the Friendly Lodge, Wray, to Miss Jane Burrow.

December 30th, 1833, John Price, Secretary of the Victory Lodge, Bewdley, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Davis, Farmer, of Horton, in the county of Salop.

September 24, 1833, brother Henry Warren, of the Navarino Lodge, Great Bridge, to Miss Elizabeth Leeck, of Birmingham.

Feb. 13th, 1834, at St. John's Church, Manchester, brother James Ainsworth, of the Orthodox Lodge, Bolton District, to Miss Mary Jackson, of Manchester.

Jan. 1st, 1834, at the Collegiate Church, brother Robert Bradshaw, of the Lord Byron Lodge, Manchester, to Miss Charlotte Jones.

Jan. 29th, 1834, at the Collegiate Church, V. G. Alexander Wright, of the Lord Byron Lodge, Manchester, to Miss Rachel Etchells.

Jan. 2nd, 1834, P. G. James Williams, of the Hanbury Lodge, Pontypool, to Miss Twining of the same place.

Jan. 1st, 1834, V. G. Coulson, of the Friendly Lodge, Wray, to Miss Elizabeth Charnley.

Jan. 27th, 1834, brother Thomas Varley Fell, of the John o' Gaunt Lodge, Lancaster, to Miss Jane Anderson.

Feb. 3rd, 1834, Bernard Truem, Secretary of the Wellington Lodge, Kidderminster, (To whom?)

DEATHS.

Lately, P. Prov. D. G. M. Goldfinch, of the Hull District—His remains were accompanied to the grave by upwards of 150 of his brethren.—A large concourse of spectators attended, who appeared highly gratified by the solemnity of their appearance, and the mark of respect they paid to the memory of their departed friend.

Nov. 3rd, 1833, the wife of brother William Wright, of the John o' Gaunt Lodge, Lancaster.

Dec. 19th, 1833, the wife of N. G. Proctor, of the Earl of Lincoln Lodge, Dolphinholme.

July 17th, 1833, the wife of G. M. Slack, of the Dewsbury District.

Nov. 12th, 1833, the wife of brother Bresley, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Dewsbury.

Aug. 18th, 1833, the wife of P. G. Keeling, of the Morning Star Lodge, Macclesfield.

March 25th, 1833, aged 38, brother Henry Davis, of the Hanbury Lodge, Pontypool.—A man of strict integrity, beloved by all.

Nov. 28th, 1833, brother Joseph Duckers, of the Refuge of Hope Lodge, Wem.

Dec. 14th, 1833, the wife of brother Matthew Beaumont, of the Harvest Home Lodge, Hanley, Hull District.

Sep. 28th, 1833, the wife of P. G. Miller, of the Philanthropic, Uttoxeter.

Dec. 5th, 1833, the wife of P. V. Henry Heywood, of the True Benevolent Lodge, Manchester.

Dec. 2nd, 1833, aged 61, James Taylor, C. S. of the Oldham District.—His remains were attended to their peaceful retreat by his relations, and upwards of 600 brothers of the Order, to pay their last tribute of respect. He filled the office of C. S. for 13 years, during which time it may be truly said, HE DID HIS DUTY as a faithful and honest servant.

Oct. 28th, 1833, George Edward, son of P. G. Beard, of the Hope Lodge, Gloucester.

Nov. 24th, 1833, William Arnold, P. S. of the Wellington Lodge, Kidderminster; much and deservedly respected.

Jan. 18th, William Jinks, P. W. of the Star of Bethlehem Lodge.

Jan. 23, Henry, son of P. D. G. M. Henry Fielding, of the Marple District.

Jan. 27th, 1834, brother James Shaw, of the Albion Lodge, Hanley.

Feb. 9th, 1834, in childbirth, aged 29, Mary, the beloved wife of brother Edward Chew, of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, leaving an infant two years and a half old, and a disconsolate husband to lament her loss, while the memory of her amiable and affectionate disposition will long be treasured in the hearts of those who had the honour of her acquaintance.

Jan. 9th, 1834, much respected, the wife of P. G. William Whalley, of the True Benevolent Lodge, Manchester—She was a virtuous wife, a tender parent, and a good neighbour.

Jan. 9th, 1834, brother John Rothery, of the True Benevolent Lodge, Manchester.

Jan. 24th, 1834, P. G. John Smith, of the Briton's Pride Lodge, Birmingham, formerly of the Rock of Horeb Lodge, Manchester, and late Host of the Good Intent Lodge, Birmingham.

Jan. 17th, 1834, brother Thomas Lem, of the Wellington Lodge, Kidderminster.—He was followed to the grave by the members of his Lodge, and many others of the District.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

JUNE, [PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.] 1834.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' USEFUL INSTRUCTOR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF
THE LIFE OF SIR MATTHEW HALE,
Lord Chief Justice of England.

Few men have been placed in more difficult circumstances than Sir Matthew Hale, nor can any one be pointed out who has maintained more successfully, a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. There can be none of our brethren disinclined to take an interest in this good man's story.

Matthew Hale was born at Alderly, in Gloucestershire, the 1st of November, 1609. His grandfather was Robert Hale, an eminent clothier at Wootton-under-Edge, in the same county, who acquired by trade a large property, which he divided equally amongst his five sons. Robert, the second of them, studied the law; but feeling an objection in conscience to the practice of the courts in some points, he quitted the profession, and betook himself to his estate in the country, where the subject of our narrative was born. He lost his mother before he was three years old, and his father before he was five, and was committed to the guardianship of his near kinsman, Anthony Kingscot, Esq. of Kingscot. Great care was taken of his education, as he was intended for holy orders; and his guardian being inclined to the way of those who were then called Puritans, put him to school with some members of that party. In his 17th year he was sent

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to Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he proved himself a good scholar; but the stage-players coming there, he was so much corrupted by intercourse with them, that he almost forsook his studies. He was afterwards so sensible of the evil which he had suffered in this matter, that upon coming to London, he resolved never to see a play again, to which resolution he steadily adhered.

The corruption of a young man's mind in one particular, generally draws on a great many more after it; he quickly gave himself up to all the follies incident to youth, retaining however his outward purity and probity of mind. These courses gradually led him to give up his purpose of becoming a scholar and a divine, so he resolved to be a soldier; and as his tutor and friend, Obadiah Sedgwick, was about to proceed to the low countries as chaplain to the famous Lord Vere, who commanded the British troops, then serving with the Dutch, he determined to try his fortune as a volunteer in the army, but a happy stop was put to his resolution; he was engaged in a law suit with Sir William Whitmore, who laid claim to some part of his estate, and his guardian being a man of retired temper, and not liking business, he was forced to leave the University, and go himself to London to manage his own affair. He had been recommended to the celebrated Serjeant Granville for his counsellor, who soon perceiving in him a great fitness for business, took great pains to persuade him to give up his design of turning soldier, and to apply himself to the study of the law; he complied, and at twenty years of age, entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, where, being sensible how much time he had lost, he betook himself to his studies, with a diligence which could scarcely be believed, if the signal effects of it did not gain it credit. It is recorded of him, that for many years he studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day, yet he did not at first break off keeping company with idle people, till a sad accident drove him from it; for being invited with some other young students to a jovial party, one of the company called for so much wine, that, notwithstanding all Mr. Hale could do to prevent it, he drank to such excess, that he dropped down as dead before them. This awful occurrence particularly affected him, so that he went into another room, and shutting the door, fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly to God that his friend might be restored, and that himself might be forgiven for giving countenance to such excess; and he made a solemn vow that he would never again indulge in that manner, or drink a health whilst he lived. His friend recovered, and he most religiously observed his vow until his dying day. This wrought an entire change in his conduct; he forsook all idle company, and divided himself between the duties of religion, and the study of his profession. In the former he was so regular, that for six and thirty years

he never once failed going to church on the Lord's day. This observation he made when an ague first interrupted that constant course; and he reflected on it as an acknowledgment of God's great goodness to him in so long a continuance of his health.

Mr. Hale did not long remain undistinguished; Noy, the Attorney General, who was considered to be one of the profoundest lawyers of his day, soon sought him out; and he likewise formed a friendship with the learned Mr. Selden, which was terminated only by death. It was this acquaintance that first set Mr. Hale upon a more enlarged pursuit of knowledge; and in time he made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the branches of learning; but his favourite pursuit was the study of divinity, in which he made a progress truly wonderful, as is proved by the writings which he left behind him. But we must call to mind, that as his parts were quick, his memory great, and his judgment strong, so his industry was indefatigable. He rose betimes in the morning; was never idle; in eating and drinking he observed the greatest plainness and moderation. He had also an admirable temper, which enabled him to apply himself to whatever studies he thought fit to turn himself to.

About the time he was called to the bar, the troubles of the Rebellion began to break out, so that it became no easy thing for a man to preserve his integrity, and yet live free from vexation. This he endeavoured to do, by avoiding not only all public employment, but even to talk of news; he showed himself always favourable and charitable to those who were depressed, and took pains never to utter censures or reflections on any one.

He was engaged in his practice for all the king's party; being assigned as counsel to the Earl of Stratford, to Archbishop Laud, and afterwards to the king himself, for whom he would doubtless have pleaded with all the courage such a cause should have inspired, but he was not permitted to appear.

Cromwell soon perceiving that he was not only one of the most eminent men at the bar, but that he was not afraid of doing his duty, even in the most critical times, resolved to take him off from it by making him a judge. Mr. Hale saw well enough the snare that was laid for him, but he determined to accept the offer on this ground:—"That it being absolutely necessary to have justice and propriety kept up at all times, it would be no sin to take a commission from an usurper, provided he never acknowledged his authority; which he never did. He discharged the duties of his high office till Cromwell's death; and constantly shewed not merely his learning in the law, but the boldest and most inflexible integrity. At the Restoration he was returned to Parliament, without any solicitation on his part, for

- his native County ; and when the courts of law came to be settled, he was appointed Lord Chief Baron. Eleven years he presided in the Court of Exchequer ; and the only complaint for which he ever gave occasion was, that he did not determine causes quick enough ; but the great care he used had this good effect, that causes tried before him were seldom tried again.

In the year 1671, he was promoted to be Lord Chief Justice of England, and discharged the duties of his high office for four years and a half ; a period short indeed for the advantage of his country, but long enough to enable him to establish his character as one of the ablest and most upright magistrates that ever presided in the British courts of law. Suddenly, however, an inflammatory attack, which led the way to a most painful asthma, destroyed at once his hitherto sound constitution. After much entreaty with the king, who was most unwilling to lose so valuable a servant, he was permitted to resign his office in the month of February, 1675. He lived only till the Christmas-day following, but all the while in so ill a state of health, that there were no hopes of his recovery. As the winter came on, he saw with great joy his deliverance approaching ; for besides his being weary of the world, and longing for the blessedness of another state, his pains increased so on him, that no patience inferior to his could have borne them ; yet he expressed to the last such submission to the will of God, and so equal a temper under them, that it was visible to all what mighty advantages he derived from religious consolation. He continued to enjoy the free use of his reason and senses, till the last moment, and when his voice was so weak that it could not be heard, his attendants could perceive, by the motion of his hands and eyes, that he was still aspiring after that blessed state, of which he was so soon to be possessed.

Thus lived and died Sir Matthew Hale, the renowned Lord Chief Justice of England ; of whom it might truly be said, though his modesty forbade to engrave it on his tombstone, " that he was one of the brightest patterns any age has afforded, whether in his private deportment as a christian, or in his public employment at the bar or on the bench."

It will perhaps enable us to form a more exact notion of this pious christian's practice, if we subjoin a short extract from his journal, containing the rules by which he endeavoured to regulate his daily life.

MORNING.

1. To lift up my heart to God in thankfulness for renewing my life.

2. To renew my covenant with God in Christ.
3. Adoration and prayer.
4. Setting a watch over my own infirmities and passions ;
over the snares laid in our way.

DAY EMPLOYMENT.

1. There must be employments of two kinds ; our ordinary calling—to serve God in it, and perform it with faithfulness, diligence, and cheerfulness.

2. Our spiritual employments, mingling somewhat of God's immediate service in the business of every day ; in refreshment to observe great moderation ; in recreations, to remember that they are not our business ; to take care they are suitable ; to engage in no games which lead to covetousness or passion ; if alone, beware of wandering, vain, and lustful thoughts ; fly from thyself rather than entertain these.

Let thy solitary thoughts be profitable, view the evidences of thy salvation, the state of thy soul, the coming of Christ, thine own mortality, it will make thee humble and watchful.

In company do good to them ; use God's name reverently ; beware of leaving an ill impression of evil example ; receive good from them if more knowing than thou.

EVENING.

Cast up the accounts of the day ; beg pardon for everything amiss ; gather resolutions of more vigilance ; bless the mercy and grace of God, which have supported and preserved thee.—*Plain Englishman's Library.*

J. H.

Clarence Lodge, Lewes, April, 1834.

MAY-RAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS."

PALAUS, overtaken by a sudden shower as he returned from a walk, hurried into the grounds of his friend Lucius, near which he was, at the little gate which led into a labyrinthine shrubbery, and over a rustic bridge, to the bottom of the garden. As he was running hastily towards the house, he heard Lucius calling

to him, and soon found him seated very quietly under the great plane-tree, which spread its thick canopy of foliage far over the piece of water which a beautifully clear and rapid brook, that came sounding along amongst the trees, was here made to spread itself into.

The garden sank, in the lower part, into a hollow, completely hidden from the house,—and this, with its little lake amid the pleasant trees, and with its sloped banks of turf, kept short and soft as the finest carpet, was a favourite resort of the friends.—Yet Palaus was surprised to find Lucius sitting here so composedly in the midst of the shower. “What are you doing there?” he said; “are you not afraid of taking cold?” “I might as well ask you,” he replied, “what you are running at? Are *you* not afraid of taking cold? Are you afraid of May-Rain? Come, my friend, sit down here. You see there is room enough in this old, stooping, and rugged trunk to defend you and me too from a tempest. Come, and enjoy one of the most delicious of God’s May gifts. Do you, citizen as you are, run from May-rain? Let me tell you it is one of the most soothing, yet inspiring, most balmy most refreshing, most delectable of the streaming bounties of this genial season. And what a month is May in England, after all the scandal and abuse it has received! What a glorious month is May, even in England! Around all is youth and fragrance, tenderness, and vitality! The commonest hedge is at this moment lovely beyond my or your power of expression; the veriest bush is become a portion of Fairyland. How soft, and delicate, and odorous are the leaves of the hawthorn and wild-rose! how vivid the grass! what a firm yet fragile beauty in those blue-bells, and glowing goldilocks, and green plants that stretch themselves aloft, as impatient to breathe once more the vernal air, and to feed and expand themselves hourly with dews, sunshine, and rain! Yes! this month, not a bank but is beautiful; the most tame scenery becomes delightful; and the very rain of May—how soft and bland it is! It is the wine of heaven. See, how gushingly it streams down! It is none of your cold and gusty elements,—your wintry drift, chilling and half-congealed into flying ice; nor your tempestuous outpouring of Autumn, drenching and dispiriting you; it seems to have no kinship with rough natures; it is melting, dropping, nepenthe, and the delighted earth drinks it in with a silent, never satiated avidity, and hoards it in its depths to return it to the daylight of summer, in a boundless exuberance of beauty and fruitfulness,—of corn, and wine, and oil.

“Look at this canopy of young broad leaves on which the gracious rain is playing and pattering in large, round, and per-

pendicularly-descending drops ; how they seem to spread themselves forth and rejoice in the sweet deluge ! See, how beautiful is the tracery of the veins and fibres along their delicate amber, which but a week ago was folded up in the darkness of the poddled boughs. Look around ! how every varied bush gently waves its boughs covered with a glory of new leaves,—a glory which with this month shall deepen into a more earthly aspect. What a soft cloud of vernal odours is diffused around us ! The birch, with its bright golden tassels, breathes to me of the mountains, in which I have seen it growing and hanging its weeping tresses over dells, in inexpressible grace. Those taccamahacs at the extremity of the garden send hither their aromatic spirit ; and the fragrance of the sweet briar diffuses itself around every other shrub and tree, as if, in the prodigal passion of Spring, it would give all that it has.

“ It is May-rain that has elicited all this sweetness ; that has poured over us this breath of heaven : that has set free the imprisoned spirit of every tree, and shrub, and flower. Can you any longer wonder why I love to sit here ? Do you not perceive that the air has just that delicate softness, that balmy temperature that fills you with a sensation of pure and perfect enjoyment, that makes it a joy to breathe it ? Do you not hear how the blackbird, and the thrush, and the lark, from the trees about us, the copse below, in air above us, sing through the whole shower ? ay, and if it lasted through the whole day they would still sing, and in notes accordant with the quiet gladness of the time. Yes, the songs of these three glorious English birds are never so tenderly sweet and eloquent as during the dropping of May-rain.—They sing then, not in those wild and rapturous strains that more fervid hours excite, nor in the hurried clamour which the vivacity of early summer morning produces, but in languid and flowing melody, which, if you lay with closed eyes, your imagination might soon persuade you came from the woods of some enchanted land.

“ I love May-rain. I love the season altogether, as a spirit-stirring, spirit-soothing, youth-restoring time ; and I love it for one thing which many must have felt, but which I know not that any one has yet described,—the clear and awakened sense of the power which is at work in, and animates all things.

“ We walk about in this wondrous world with an unreflecting familiarity. Its great phenomena revolve around us, pass before us, rise to our view, and depart from it ; and we witness them with an apathy as wonderful as are those mighty changes themselves. But in Spring, when every thing is bursting forth with life and beauty, when the ground beneath our feet suddenly

loses the black and naked bleakness of winter, and glows with grass and flowers of a thousand glorious shapes ; when every tree and bush quickens into leaves and blossoms, and the voice of birds, that had forsaken us for a time, again sound in our ears,—a thousand wings are fluttering about us,—a thousand insects come from their oblivious hiding places, and flit once more amid sunshine and bloom,—the dullest mind becomes struck with the immediate presence of the mighty Spirit that is working around him, and feels awe-touched before that illimitable Power which thrills through ten thousand worlds, and throbs in the heart of all created things. We are apt to stop at the sight of a beautiful flower and exclaim, ‘ The finger of God shaped that very plant ! ’—and the Divinity becomes awfully near us in imagination, and almost palpable to our senses ;—in this tree resides a portion of the energy that lifted the vastitude of creation ; nay, as I have sate here, I have been led by the chain of association, commencing with such a feeling, to trace this wide and exhaustless spirit of nature, or, in other words, the spirit of God, pouring itself with a flood of sunshine upon earth ; stirring through all vegetable natures on the surface of the whole world ; through its mighty forests—through its mountains and sublime wildernesses : filling with life and delight the various shapes of animal being ; the winged creatures of the air—giving them eager propensities, eager pursuits ; and working in little subterranean cells, in millions of minute existences, with active passions, marvellous instincts, and an ingenuity that casts into the shade the very productions of human science, in as much as its efforts are instinctive, and dependent neither on study nor experience.

“ No ! there is no season that, like Spring, startles us with a living sense of the stupendous power that surrounds, that lives in every thing, and bears us along the ocean of infinitude, so smoothly that we cease to think of the hand that leads us. In Spring it becomes suddenly visible to our eyes, and we trace it from object to object, till we are lost in our pursuit of it, amid the stars, and the invisible host of living spirits in the depths of eternity.”

TO THE OFFICERS AND BRETHREN OF THE
CALARENCE LODGE, LEWES.

"What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared. and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour."

DR. JOHNSON.

Never was an aphorism more truly expressed that applies with so much force and truth to our own Order; for the more we become acquainted with it the more we value it, the more we contemplate its charitable and benign intentions and purposes, the more we admire it; the more we reflect on its capability as a means to an end (that end, or object, being the benefit of mankind, the improvement of their moral character, the promoting the spread of "peace on earth, good will towards men," and the inculcating the friendly, kind, and noble sentiment of brotherly love and charity,) the more ought we to exert ourselves in our endeavours to make our Order purely what it professes to be, is, and will I hope continue. It is professing sincerely these feelings that have induced, nay, urged me on in my labour, zealously to promote its interests, and enhance, if possible, its value. My *motives* I have ever endeavoured to shew fully in my *acts*; my *words* have always been intended to express my *feelings*.

It is my long acquaintance with your Lodge (shortly after its commencement) that has afforded me the means of strict examination and comparison; I have found it honourable, just, and good—honourable in its intentions towards the world as well as its members—honourable in the transaction of its rites, ceremonies, and business; just in its conduct towards man and man—in the laws that guide, direct, and govern it—and just and true towards our country and our king; and good in the precepts it instils—the maxims it inculcates—the duties it teaches and requires us to perform—and good in its kind, charitable and benevolent principles.

No wonder then we persist to value the possession of so valuable a gem, so inestimable a jewel; because frequent, I may say constant, comparisons have confirmed *our* opinion in its favour.

When we take a hasty glance at what Odd Fellowship formerly *was* and now *is*, it is truly astonishing. What magic wrought this charm, this change? F. L. & T.! What power achieved this glorious triumph over folly and low revelry that

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depraved the better feelings of mankind? What power has placed us thus so high in the estimation of the good and generous, and made us what we are? Perseverence and Unity! aided by the consciousness that we were labouring to maintain a society founded on the basis of philanthropy—fostered by the hand of friendship and charity, and supported by truth and justice. Who were the means of effecting this sudden and great change?

A few, a happy few, a band of brothers,

well known to the readers of our valuable Magazine, to whom, and the Board of Directors, we are deeply indebted for the Order of Odd Fellowship as *now* constituted.

Is it not miraculous that this mighty machine is kept moving in the quiet unostentatious manner it is? Many in the world know not of our existence, although society at large is decidedly reaping the *advantages* derivable from our Institution; for I hold it incontrovertible that if we benefit any of our members, improve their moral and intellectual character, the public are benefited thereby, in as much as such improvements must be manifest *out* of the Lodge as well as *in* it.

Who would not then cheerfully and zealously lend his aid to promote its welfare—who would not gladly labour to promote so good a cause, and sacrifice some portion of his time to further our laudable profession.

How I have so done for the benefit of your Lodge, I leave facts and circumstances to speak; you have been my judges on all occasions, and your decisions have hitherto been in my favour. How I have *merited* the many marks of your esteem *you* best can tell; how I have *endeavoured* to *deserve* them I best can *feel*. I have laboured with and for you, your prosperity has been my constant care, that *all* of us might reap the benefit. I flatter myself I have not aimed at honours undeservingly, or disparaged the actions, or thwarted the efforts of any brother however humble his pretensions. My object has been to instil confidence into the minds of the timid, to instruct the less competent, and lead on the meritorious and deserving to acquire those honours which I hope with *all* to share.

I flatter myself I have wanted no other stimulus to my exertions than that of a disinterested feeling to benefit an Order, which my experience teaches me to admire, or to serve you as members whom friendship bids me to respect; and I hope I have not relaxed in my attention and labour to make the Lodge what we all wish to see it, viz:—happy, united, and prosperous.

You have conferred upon me those marks of favour that call from me an expression of my warmest thanks and gratitude.—

Have I served you? you have repaid me by your friendship.—
Have my efforts given satisfaction? your kindness assures me,
yes.

I have now received another proof of your friendship, in the presentation of a Silver Snuff Box, which with other tokens of your kindness I shall ever cherish as lasting mementos of your affection and esteem. Its value is to me inestimable, because it was *purchased by friendship* and *given* as a token of *affection*. It is the offspring of your kindness and the child of your regard, and another memorial of unsolicited, unsought, and *unexpected* kindness, rendered doubly dear by the manner in which it was raised and presented.

Perhaps I may be censured by some for thus "trumpeting forth" (as it may be said) your gift: but I crave excuse, believing that I cannot more appropriately *record my thanks* and feelings than in the Magazine, to which half our Lodge subscribes, and particularly as it has been hinted to me that some mention will be made of the presentation of the Box in that publication.

My conception of words is too poor to thank you as I feel; if however the diction will not charm, the matter I hope will please. I here tender my best, sincerest, kindest thanks to the promoters of and subscribers to this additional token, (which I understand was mentioned only *two* nights prior to its presentation.) I accept it with gratitude to you all (and without being invidious I must thank Prov. D. G. M. Inkpen for the manner in which he presented it, and for his address on the occasion, which I purposely omit alluding to, to avoid if possible, the charge of egotism.) Long may I live to *cherish and esteem the prize*, and *you to see how I value it*. May Odd Fellowship in its purity prosper and flourish!

I shall never forget the happy night, when I so unexpectedly received from you the elegant present—

I felt a throb, 'twas pleasant, and again
It fill'd my heart; the passion brought
My then quick pulse to quicker time. In vain
I tried to utter what I thought;
What could this be? (how sweet a treasure)
My heart responded—purest pleasure!

Again I thrill'd with joy! my heart
It danced to pleasure's sweetest chord;
What made me thus in raptures start?
My FEELINGS with your WORDS accord?
There was a charm I can ne'er forget,
'Twas *love and friendship*! I feel it yet.

Sensation sweet, its fervid heat
 Unknown to him who never *felt*;
 I love its dear remembrance sweet,
 It made the heart in fervour melt.
 What could such deep emotion be?
 'Twas GRATITUDE thus felt by me.

Believe me to be, yours, sincerely, truly and devotedly, in
 the bonds of

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, & TRUTH,
 GEORGE COOKE. *Prov. C. S. of the Lewes District.*
Lewes, May 10th, 1834.

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER SNUFF BOX

TO

Prov. C. S. GEORGE COOKE, of the Clarence Lodge, Lewes.

SIR AND BROTHER,

At the request of the officers and brothers of the above Lodge, I beg to solicit the favour of your inserting the following in your valuable Magazine.

On the 17th of April, 1834, at the termination of the business of the Lodge, Prov. D. G. M. Inkpen rose with the most intense silence and attention of the brethren, and stated that he had a most pleasing and gratifying task to perform, in presenting an elegant SILVER SNUFF BOX to Prov. C. S. George Cooke, which had been raised by the voluntary subscription of the brothers of the Lodge; he was satisfied the Prov. C. S. had gained their universal esteem, and well merited this token of their gratitude—he had stood forth manfully and successfully to defend them against enemies who once brought their now flourishing Lodge to the brink of destruction. If a brother had been in distress or trouble, he had always manifested the true spirit of an Odd Fellow; he had been their staff in promoting the welfare and harmony of the Lodge, and had spared neither his valuable time or exertions towards supporting, maintaining, and improving the Order in general.

The Prov. D. G. M. then presented the Box, which P. C. S. Cooke acknowledged with feelings of considerable emotion, al-

luding to the transactions of the Lodge from its commencement, the difficulties and dangers that had threatened its dissolution as well from without as within the Lodge, and compared the same with its present prosperous and happy state; he dwelled with considerable feeling on the gratification he felt at receiving so many proofs of the friendship of the Lodge, and the gratitude with which he accepted this additional token of their esteem.

It is impossible for me to go through the whole of his address on the occasion. Suffice it to say, that if he felt happy in *receiving* the token, the brethren were equally happy in *presenting* it.

Yours, in F. L. & T.

JOHN WELLS, Sec.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If you consider the following (from an American Publication) worthy a place in the Odd Fellows' Magazine, by giving it insertion, you will oblige,

Yours, in Friendship's Bonds,

J. B.

Trowbridge, April 21st, 1834.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart and burning brow,
Thy soothing heart may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour! 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left,
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form,
Less favour'd than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour's worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

O! pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou can'st redeem
The breaking heart from misery,
Go share thy lot with him.

ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE MOUNT ARARAT LODGE, TROWBRIDGE.

On Monday the 7th day of April, 1834, the members of the above Lodge held their first Anniversary, when about forty (including brothers from the Bath City, and the Devizes Independent Lodges) sat down to a dinner, which did the worthy host and hostess great credit.

After dinner the brethren retired to the Lodge-room, and the chair was shortly afterwards occupied by P. G. M. Rawlings, supported by Prov. G. M. Wilbae, of the Devizes District, as Vice.

The worthy chairman gave a brief but suitable address to the brethren assembled, and behaved himself during the evening so as to merit the approbation and the best wishes of all.

Many appropriate toasts and sentiments were given, and the conviviality of the evening was kept up in the most social and spirited manner. Several songs were sung, and recitations given which elicited the warmest applause; it was a scene truly gratifying to see so many brothers so united, and apparently so happy in each other's society. They separated soon after eleven o'clock, impressed with the belief that they should always feel a pleasure in looking back to the seventh day of April, 1834.

RIPPONDEN, MAY 14, 1834.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

In looking over your last Quarterly Magazine, I saw an article, signed "J. G." I read and considered well the propositions he advanced for altering the law, or laws, relative to a brother after having drawn his card, or clearance, being at liberty to throw it into any Lodge he may think proper.

Now, Mr. Editor, with due deference to the superior *abilities possessed by J. G.*, I take the present opportunity of telling him, (through the medium of your valuable Magazine) that by altering the present law, or laws, to the form he wishes, it would be striking at the root of our *glorious Institution*. Yes, Mr. Editor, it is such laws as these (that he wants altering) that have been the cause of advancing Odd Fellowship to its *present state*; it is such liberal articles as these that have caused the Independent Order of Odd Feilows to boast at this day of numbering in her ranks nearly *forty thousand members*.

By adopting the suggestions of J. G., we should be on the road to reduce Odd Fellowship to a level with the old *Sick Clubs*. Having it in our power to throw our cards into the Lodge most convenient, is in my opinion one of the *finest and brightest ornaments* of our honourable Order. What is the cause of the old Sick Clubs being in a state fast hastening to decay? I answer, as one, and I think the primal cause is, because a member may have been a regular subscriber for twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty years, and then some unforeseen cause renders it necessary for him to remove to a considerable distance, he has *no alternative*, but either to loose his interest in the society, or be at the expence of sending his subscription; or if sick, the carriage of his weekly allowance might perhaps amount to nearly one half of the whole; besides him being deprived of the power of taking part in the *administration* of the affairs in his society. The disadvantages here are too palpable to escape even *general notice*. The same applies to J. G.'s proposed alteration, viz:—"For all Lodges to have a discretionary power to accept such members only as they choose." Yes, a man might have been a good, steady, honest, consistent, and active member for forty years, and at that period circumstances render it *imperative* for him to change his residence. He of course draws his card—presents it to the nearest Lodge—is he accepted as a brother? No. Methinks I see him start, the tears trickling down his aged and *venerable* cheeks, and hear him exclaim, What, reject me? Me, that has filled the highest office

my Lodge or District could confer upon me? Me that has been a subscriber for forty years, rejected? And for what? Why, because he has the *misfortune* to be an *old man*, because he has grown grey headed in the *good cause*. I ask one question, would this be in accordance with our boasted principles of benevolence and *charity*? He must take back his card to his own Lodge, or loose for ever the benefit of the Institution; forbid it heaven that this should *ever be* the case. J. G. attempts to obviate the evil by paying and receiving his money at the nearest Lodge; he is not I feel persuaded aware of the *difficulty* of transmitting money to great distances. I can assure him it is *no easy matter*, it is attended with no little both trouble and *expence*. Besides the evil he complains of is *reciprocal*, for instance, if a Lodge in London has to receive an old member from Liverpool, by the same rule a Lodge in Liverpool is under the necessity of admitting an aged member from London. And if it so happens that a Lodge has been reduced by having to support aged members, (and it would be more consistent with our principles to endeavour to smooth the path of an aged member "in the downhill of life" than to spend our money in buying useless *regalia*) that Lodge has the privilege of applying for a grant from the fund appropriated for the relief of distressed Lodges, and it need scarcely be added that such application would in *all probability be successful*.

You must excuse the length of this letter, and I leave the case to the candid and deliberate consideration of every member in the Unity, and subscribe myself,

Yours, in Friendship's Bonds,

T. S. ROWLANDSON, Sec.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. F's. MAGAZINE,
AND THE GENEROUS AND SYMPATHIZING HUMANE AMONG
THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS,

These few lines are humbly addressed, the object of which is to shew the important necessity, and lasting benefits, that would arise from holding our meetings entirely separate from places where spirits of all kinds are vended, by your friend, and well-wisher,

In the Bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth,

DANIEL HADFIELD, P. G.

Manchester, April 11, 1884.

SIRS AND BROTHERS,

What delightful emotions throb in the bosom of every Odd Fellow, as he attends upon the sick, and visits the huts of cheerless poverty—the abodes of age and decrepitude—the cottage of industry, sunk in disease and misfortune—the habitation of the weeping widow and her helpless unconscious orphans; and without reluctance—nay, with pleasure (such as charity only knows) we behold a new creation in the moral world, rising before these philanthropists: the furrowed cheek is smoothed, and the winter of age wears the aspect of spring—the hut of poverty is no longer cheerless—industry is restored to health and vigour, and plies its wonted task—the widow wipes away her tears, and smiles—her orphans have enough, and her house is no longer the house of mourning—hope illumines and expands the countenance, and by its kindly influence expands and softens the heart. A Society like this, which supports the helpless; assists the indigent; comforts the disconsolate; relieves the orphan, and makes the widow's heart to sing for joy, merits the support of all mankind. But how much is it to be regretted that our energies to do good should be cramped; our charitable deeds contracted, and ourselves injured; and all in consequence of holding our meetings in places for which we have to pay an indirect tax; for the use of which costs ten times more than if we had to pay a stipulated sum of money for them yearly. We have not a room of our own to assemble in, to dispense our munificent acts of charity, when we have the amplest of means and resources to erect a building of a princely style; but grandeur and magnificence will not enhance our charitable deeds; neatness, combined with utility, will answer all purposes, having for its sole object the amelioration of the labouring man; for if the following plan was adopted, there would be an evil avoided; an advantage reaped; and a happiness secured. If a Lodge, composed of a hundred members, erected a building by voluntary subscriptions, one pound shares, and a grant from their Lodge funds, or even invest the whole in such a laudable undertaking, which would be upon good security: if this structure was devoted to no other purpose than for such a Lodge to meet in once a week: if the chief rent, taxes, and all other incidental expences, amounted to £20 per year, it would not be a penny per week each member: but such a building would serve for eight Lodges, and allow four nights in the fortnight for Lecturing and Quarterly Committees—exclusive of Sundays, upon which the generality of lecturing is done—then the sum of mo-

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ney, which such a building would incur to support it, might be paid by all the Lodges holding their meetings in it, out of their funds, an equal share each, which would but be a trifle, and even that trifle saved from petty meetings where the deputies are allowed liquor, to remunerate the landlords for the use of their rooms. A building, erected on the foregoing plan, could be given up in the day time for the use of an infant or charity school, or some other benevolent purpose, which would reflect a great honour on the Order, and dignify and adorn it: and if it was let for a day school it would realize a sum of £8 or £10 per year; then the remainder of the building would be comparatively light; but it could be built upon such a principle that the Lodges would sit free of expence—if not, add something to their funds, by erecting a Lodge-room over dwelling-houses, market-houses, shops, cloth-halls, coach-houses, and a multiplicity of other ways might be adopted, which would point themselves out according to circumstances. Country places have a great advantage over towns, as land can be purchased so much cheaper—in no respect ought a thirst for gain to preponderate in this momentous affair—let no sordid motive be suffered to have the least weight—spurn at the idea of what will bring in the greatest interest, and quickest return for money invested.—If these would have the least tendency to lead you to places where you might contract bad habits; consider well what will add to your present comfort and future happiness, and benefit the rising and succeeding generations.

The Order would be placed upon a more respectable footing if our Lodges were conducted upon the afore-mentioned plan, and make a way for thousands of well-disposed individuals, so that we should benefit the Order, ourselves, and mankind. In having such a place as this at our disposal, which (when not occupied) we could meet in to mutually instruct each other in reading, writing, and arithmetic; a library and reading-room, might be established, and by taking a quantity of periodicals in weekly, many hours would be spent here to good account, and your time glide sweetly away, which might have been devoted to worse purposes and embitter your declining years; on Lodge-nights when it would not obtrude upon the business, a short lecture might be given upon some art or science, which would be blending instruction with amusement; Lodge-business would have a better chance of being gone through sooner, and each subject calmly and dispassionately discussed over; and after it closed, there would be no inducement to stay beyond undue hours, as is now the case, by getting into company. The subject matter of lecturing is more adapted to be held in such places, and last and not least, there would be here a resource for the widow and the

orphan ; there has been much wrote and spoke of late to shew the necessity that some provision ought to be made for them, those who have the least spark of humanity about them will readily admit this ; but it will never be accomplished by going directly to the members' pockets, and levying something from them yearly to do it, the thing must be brought about gradually. The generality of the charitable Institutions in England are supported from rents arising from land and other property which was bequested for to support the widow, orphan, aged and infirm, and in many instances to promote learning. According to the last Funeral Fund Balance Sheet, there were 6000 members belonging to it, if these were voluntarily to subscribe one pound each, there would be a good round sum of £6000. enough to erect 12 commodious buildings, which being interspersed through Manchester, would admit of 100 Lodges holding their meetings in, and produce 5 per cent after sitting free of expence ; so here is £300 to relieve the widow, the fatherless, and forlorn. This would be far the preferable way to follow, than by expending some thousands of pounds in a building to be centrally situated to hold the general meetings in ; this might and would follow in its train. In calling upon the generous and sympathying humane for their aid and support of an Institution, which has for its object the bettering the condition of the labouring man, we hope the prayer will not be made in vain, especially when it is reflected, that it is to perpetuate his name, as the founder of a building which will be the bulwark or fortress of Odd Fellowship—an orb that will shine most luminously—it will be as a sun to our system, whose rays will vivify and impart a zest to the Order. How cheering, how exhilarating that thought must swell in our breasts, to reflect that Odd Fellows are about to erect a temple, to be dedicated to virtue—that our godlike deeds must flow from an edifice untainted by vice, where we can enbale a pure air ; a structure erected for this purpose will be unparalled in history, and commemorated to the latest posterity, and be co-eval with time. Let no one say, they have not the means to contribute their mite, which bespeaks a lukewarmness to do good, a little self-denial will enable you to do it ; if there be any in such necessitous circumstances as to be debarred to assist us in what your hearts wish to see accomplished, then aid us with your tongues, with your earnest heartfelt pleadings, speak of it wherever you go, advocate it as the poor man's hope to elevate him and his children to fame and felicity ; to have buildings to be appropriated to this purpose, is only that the people will it so, which, may that soon be put into active operation, is the earnest prayer of,

Yours, truly,

D. H.

A POEM.

THE WIFE'S CONSOLATION TO HER HUSBAND UNDER AFFLICTION.

No more lov'd partner of my soul,
 At disappointments grieve;
 Can flowing tears our fate controul,
 Or sighs our woes relieve?
 Adversity is virtue's school,
 To those who right discern;
 Let us observe each painful rule,
 And each hard lesson learn.

When wint'ry clouds obscure the sky,
 And heaven the earth deform,
 If fix'd the strong foundations lie,
 The castle braves the storm.
 Thus fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
 Let us endure a while
 Misfortune's rude impetuous shock,
 And glory in our toil.

Ill fortune cannot always last,
 Or tho' it should remain,
 Yet we each painful moment haste,
 A better world to gain;
 Where calumny no more shall wound,
 Nor faithless friends destroy;
 Where "Friendship, Love, and Truth" are crowned,
 With never fading joy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. F's. MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Although many Odd Fellows do not profess to deal or meddle with politics, and although political discussions are never suffered or admitted in any Lodge; yet, at the same time, persons not being initiated, must not from this infer, that they are callous or dead to what may be passing in the political world, particularly at this season of turmoil and agitation; when so many new theories are brought to public view, for the only purpose of making one party in the state more conspicuous than the other. I hope, and trust these few observations will not

offend any of our Order, as they are not made with that intent. We, who according to professed principles are in actual peace with all mankind, and who, at the same time, do (or ought to do) hold out to all the right hand of Odd Fellowship, should be very careful how we mix ourselves with parties, or allow our well-disposed minds to be contaminated, or ourselves led into a behaviour unbecoming our laudable profession.

I well recollect an enigma that said, "when the wind blows worship the echo." This may be construed, that when popular tumults arise, be careful in having a wrong impression made on you, and should you be wise, you will retire into solitude, and then give your mind an opportunity, soberly to consider the cause, and with due caution, because the mind being prone to evil, often receives bad or false impressions, which time and their best endeavours can scarcely ever completely eradicate; and though a person may, and justly so, enter into the political arena, and attempt to fight honestly and honourably, yet, how often does he get deceived and deserted by those whom he considered to be the greatest champions on the list—and what peace or tranquillity does he derive from his exertions in the cause he has espoused; his mind gets embittered, and no longer can he say, my house is the mansion of peace, or my household the subjects of content. Better would it have been for him to have preferred the breaking up of ground, than the breaking up of statesmen—better had he preferred the rage of storms than the rage of parties—better had he considered the wonders of God in the firmament, than the follies of man on earth; I would not have it supposed, that there are no evils in the state, yea, on the contrary, there are a many defects which exist, and must be eradicated.—No, but I want to put on their guard, some of our Order who might be led into the state above described; for what gives more content to men, than having a mind at ease; it is said that quietness in a state, is like charity in religion, which ought not to be broken, dispensed with, or violated on any pretence; and very careful should we be in allowing the designing to carry us to too great lengths in making inroads, or breaking in upon the good order that should exist in the state; to be a lover of one's country, should not be held as a small matter; be just and fear not, let all the ends thou aims at be thy country's, but with a reserved quantity of the milk of human kindness, we ought to have for all of every colour, clime or nation, and happy would it be were all of our own fraternity to act up to those philanthropic views laid before them, through our fundamental laws; when they could take all the good and charitable by the way, and own them for their brethren; and may we also hope that the time may partially,

if not wholly arrive, when the lamb may lie down with the lion, and every man sit under his own vine and fig tree ; desirable end, when thou, Tranquility, shall be found in every breast, and not as now, only to be found when with mild and downcast eye by the low cradles of infants ; thou delightest to sit watching the smiles play on their innocent cheeks, and bidding the sweet slumbers easy lie, or sometimes hanging over the bed of death ; the patient sufferer feels a desire to throw off this mortal coil, and be at rest from all agitation or misrule with Him who lived and died for us.

Oh, Tranquility, beauteous sister of heavenly peace, we sure shall find thee in that place, where care and anguish must resign their power ; where hope alike and vain regret shall cease, and memory lost in happiness serene ; repeat no more that misery has been mine, and that when we come to take the last degree belonging to the mysterious Lodge we have to join above, we do so without fear and trembling, and taste the joys of sweet tranquility ; whose cup can never be dashed from our mouth, and whose sweet and fragrant scent will continually be in existence, where the glad sounds of joy and harmony never cease, where perfect unanimity, and concord prevail ; and that such may be the destiny of every Odd Fellow, and of all others, is the fervent desire of

Yours,

In the good old cause,

W. B.

Churchgate, Stockport.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON,

PREACHED BEFORE

THE LOYAL ROSE OF SHARON LODGE, NEW MILLS,

On the 8th day of July, 1833,

BY THE REV. IRVING CARLYLE, M. A.

My christian brethren, I have perused with much pleasure the articles of your Institution ; they are such as every enlightened and liberal mind must at once cordially commend ; and I am happy to say they meet with my *entire* approbation. It is, however, as is very justly remarked by the able individual who com-

posed your preface, 'but too common to find mankind condemning what they do not properly understand, and either through prejudice or ignorance, neglecting to pay that attention to principle which it necessarily requires.' This illiberal mode of censuring every thing that we do not understand, can reflect no discredit on the thing itself, but must, in the estimation of all well-informed persons, redound to the dishonour and disgrace of those only who adopt so unjustifiable a mode of proceeding.—For any one to be convinced of the respectability and utility of Odd Fellowship, I conceive he has only to make himself acquainted with the leading principles and rules of the Society; and, if after a careful perusal and consideration of those, he still declare that he can perceive no advantage to be derived from the Institution, I must confess, that I should not envy him either his feelings or his discernment.***

The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is of great price in the sight of God, and, therefore, candour and gentleness, liberality and politeness, ought to characterize the conduct of all christians. As then you regard the improvement of your intellectual and moral nature, the culture of the understanding and the heart, you will strive against all weakness and depravity, all selfishness and malevolence, you will endeavour to fan the flame of christian charity, and animate the glow of generous emotion, 'you will be kind one to another.'***

Forgiveness includes two things; the overlooking of real offences, and forgetting the most injurious treatment, though it may, in the first place, have been resented. For the recommendation of this virtue, we are indebted solely to the pure and humane system of christian ethics. The heathen philosophers were of opinion, that patience under insults and injuries, or even the forbearing to avenge them, bespoke an unmanly and pusillanimous spirit, and betrayed the weakest and most culpable meanness; resentment, hatred, revenge, implacability, and many more of the most unlovely passions, were therefore not classed among the vices in their imperfect theories of moral sentiment. The author of our religion delivered the doctrine of forgiveness as the peculiar, the most sublime, and the most exalted virtue in his divine morality. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt *love* thy neighbour, and *hate* thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."***

As members of the most respectable Society of Loyal Independent Odd Fellows, you have laid yourselves under still farther

obligations to 'be kind one to another, tender-hearted, and forgiving one to another.' By becoming members of this Institution, you have not contracted but extended the sphere of your benevolence; neither is it for a moment to be supposed, that, whilst your chief attention is directed towards the brethren of the connexion, that the great family of mankind will share less of your regard. Remembering that you are citizens of the world, you will cultivate its friendship, at the same time that your principal care will be to promote the primary objects of your own Society, which are the cultivation of friendship, the pleasures of good company, and the improvement of morals. Recollecting the solemn obligation you came under when you were admitted into your Lodge, you will not fail to regard every member of the same as a brother—you will sincerely love him, and inflexibly stand by him in sickness or in health, in poverty or in competence, in prosperity or in affliction.' 'Friendship, love and truth,' is the motto on your standard—truth ought therefore to reign on the lips—love in the affections—and friendship in the heart of every Odd Fellow. 'Be ye therefore kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you; that when it shall please the Almighty disposer of all events to remove you from the Society of your brethren on earth, you may be considered worthy of admission into the Society of the Saints in heaven, where friendship, love and truth, hold their triumphant and eternal reign.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE,

DEAR SIR,

If you think that the enclosed lines possess sufficient literary merit for a place in the next Magazine, you will oblige me by inserting them.

Yours, truly,

E. CHEW.

Manchester, April 7th, 1834.

THE PILGRIM.

Where Sol's fierce rays in streams of fire descend
On Afric's plains, and arid sands retain
Their action; and the parch'd ground is riven
And seared beneath his powerful beams,

The wearied negro toils throughout the day,
 Neglected and unpitied ; while the moor,
 His haughty master. in his tent reclines,
 Or lolls beneath the fig-tree's ample shade.
 The slave of superstition, in whose train
 Bigotry and oppression follow,
 To do her bidding, and at her nod to drag
 Her wretched victims to their dreaded doom.
 Or when the Sirocco rages o'er the scene,
 And hurls the burning sands like clouds of fire
 Across the waste, while vivid lightnings scath,
 And the loud thnnder shakes the solid ground ;
 The homeless, friendless, and dejected slave,
 Falls to the earth to 'scape the dreadful scourge ;
 Yet, his proud chief impervious to his woe,
 Heeds not the thirst, or toils that do consume
 His little strength, but he must still endure,
 Until kind death affords him certain aid.
 'Twas in these wilds, and barbarous scenes like these,
 Where blest religion's soul-inspiring rays
 Ne'er pierc'd the centre of their dark profound,
 That Sidi Ali with his moslem crew,
 Unto the east a willing votary went,
 Austere and subtle, with his hands imbued
 In innocent blood, which he oft time had shed
 For dire revenge, or when his interest urg'd
 Him on for safety ; these acts did demand
 Some restitution, and his frighted conscience
 Bad him repair to Mecca's sacred shrine,
 And expiate his deeds of horror there ;
 From whence returning spotless as his robe,
 He might again his evil course resume.
 Behold him then ! in pilgrim's humble guise,
 And staff in hand, wending his weary way,
 O'er wastes and wilds to view interminable ;
 Through swamps and rivers, and o'er parched vales,
 And craggy hills, whose rugged aspects bore
 No trace of nature's beauteous vegetation ;
 And where she ne'er displayed her fostering care.
 Onward they went, and as they near'd the desert,
 Their camels made their usual mournful cry,
 Seeming to dread this vast ocean of sand.
 Yet they paused not, but pursued their way.
 Lighted by Cynthia's mild refulgent beams ;
 A solemn stillness reigned, and nought was heard

But their own measured tread ; save when
 A groan,—not loud, but deep,—escap'd the breast
 Of some poor drooping slave, whose scanty food
 Could not sustain his sinking frame, care worn
 And degraded by the tyrant's chain, and torn
 From country, home, and those whom most he loved.
 When reach'd the centre of this dreary waste,
 With means exhausted, and no asylum near,
 Forward to cheer their tir'd and weakened forms,
 Zamiel across the sterile expanse flew,
 With scorching heat, and wrapt in clouds of sand,
 Through which the sun shone with a sickly glare,
 Gave them the seeming of huge walls of fire;
 And then they would by the keen tempest's force,
 Appear like columns raised to the sky,
 Form'd by the whirlwind, and then would fall
 In confused masses to the ground again,
 Bearing devastation on their ruthless wing.
 Prostrate on earth affrighted Sidi lay,
 Beneath the sand, and mad with raging heat,
 While his accusing conscience warr'd within ;
 And ever and anon as he did breathe,
 The particles would find their certain way
 Into his system, and increase his thirst ;
 The storm wax'd stronger, and the heated sand
 Engulph'd the tyrant in its horrid vortex ;
 He called on Allah, but no succour came :
 Thus he expir'd beneath the reckless blast,
 Deep in a grave made by the whirlwind's rage,
 His spirit speeded with the tempest's howl ;
 And when the winds exposed his corse to view,
 As they tore up his desert shroud again,
 His bleached bones a sad memento lay,
 Of superstition link'd with tyranny.

TAYGETUS.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, May, 1834.

ANNIVERSARY AND OPENING
OF THE
*NEW ODD FELLOWS' HALL, of the GOOD SAMARITAN
LODGE, GOOLE DISTRICT.*

SIR AND BROTHER,

The P. G. M., and Officers of this District, will esteem it as a particular favour if you will have the kindness to insert in your next Magazine, the report of the fifth Anniversary of our Lodge, which took place on the 21st day of May, 1834. The Lodge was opened at eight o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of managing Lodge-business, and closed at eleven, when the procession was immediately formed, by the kind assistance of brother William Anthony, from the Victory Lodge, Hull, to whom we return our most sincere thanks for his unwearied exertions, and meritorious conduct. The brethren were neatly attired in the costume of the Order. The procession started from the Hall, headed by an excellent band of musicians, which produced a most pleasing effect to an innumerable assembly of spectators. The route was through the several streets of the port of Goole, over the River Dun, through Old Goole; from thence to Swinefleet, where the brethren took some refreshment; afterwards returned to the Episcopal Chapel, at the port of Goole, at three o'clock in the afternoon, where a Sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, from 64th chap. Isaiah, 6th verse, appropriate for the occasion. After divine service the procession continued to the Hall, then dismissed.—At five o'clock, the brothers of the Lodge, together with visiting brothers from other Lodges, about one hundred sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Host Johnson, in the New Hall. The cloth being drawn, the Chairman, P. G. M. Greer, and N. G. Hanslip, to whom the Lodge is indebted, for their zealous exertions in promoting the welfare of this District, kept their respective chairs during the evening. The order and regularity which manifested itself during the evening is highly meritorious to the Order in general.—Toasts—The King, by P. G. M.; God save the King. sang by the brothers, and accompanied by the band—The G. M. and Board of Directors, by P. G. M.—three times three—Tune, Rule Britannia—Song by V. G. Clark; The Sea—Recitation by brother Booth, from the Nelson Lodge, Selby—Toast by brother Anthony, from the Victory Lodge, Hull: May health and prosperity attend the Good Samaritan Lodge, Goole—Tune, Bay of

Biscay, O,—Toast by P. G. Slingsby : Peace and prosperity attend the Order in general—Song by N. G. ; Bundle and go—Song by Secretary Liggott ; Highland Home—Song by the N. G.'s right supporter ; Weeping Quaker—Toast by the P. G. M. ; May the shipping, the commerce, and the trade of the port of Goole, still continue to flourish and increase—three times three ; with a variety of other loyal and patriotic toasts and songs, and enlivened with airs from the band. At one o'clock the company dismissed, highly delighted with the good conduct and order with which the Anniversary had been managed by the P. G. M. and N. G.

On the 22nd, invitations were given to about forty ladies, from the officers and brothers of this Lodge, inviting them to take tea in the new Hall. As soon as the tables were removed, preparations were made for a splendid ball. The dresses of the ladies were most superb,* and we may justly announce, that we never did witness on any occasion (at Goole) so numerous an assemblage of the fair sex as attended this ball. The party broke up about one o'clock, gratified with the pleasures of the evening, and particularly for the prompt attention of our worthy Hostess, Mrs. Johnson.

DANIEL GREER, P. G. M.

*Good Samaritan Lodge, }
Goole, May 23rd, 1834. }*

THE LECTURE.

AN INCIDENT OF A LIFE.

" Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

To me one of the most delicious incentives to unabating exertions, is to hear the laurel crowned in art or science, recount what motives, what inducements stimulated them on to—

" Climb

The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar,"

And the gratification afforded me by these recitals, is in proportion as the difficulties overcome have appeared insurmountable.

Now my friend M—n has long waged war with penury, and felt the influence of malignant stars, but genius and industry have raised him to the very pinnacle of success. In him, therefore, I love to trace the springs of action, and learn the causes, both of sentiment and conduct, which have contributed towards producing such magnificent results. I know none worthier; that “he is a great man,” has passed the lips of all who have seen his works: that he is a good man is engraven on the hearts of all who know him. I admired the genius ere I knew the man, and the hope of making his acquaintance was a strong stimulus to my exertions; now I know him I esteem him, (I cannot say how highly,) and listen to his words as the young men listened to the counsels of the wise and persevering Job—nor is he chary of inculcating those lessons of experimental wisdom, which he has so well learned in the school of adversity.

My friend, M—n, delights to ramble over green fields to luxuriate in the beauties of nature, but a double pleasure is their's who accompany him; unseen beauties are pointed out, and combined imagination bodies forth the forms of things, and the glowing enthusiasm of the poet and painter, gives them a lovely, as well a local habitation, and a name; is it not natural then that a mind full of hope *to do*, should be anxious to know the sources of power, and that curiosity should seek the cause? In answer to one of my inquiries about early inducements, my friend M—n related to me the following anecdote:

“Poverty and its consequent miseries, under any circumstances, excite the sensitive mind, but our sympathies seem most deeply affected when the object sported with by fortune once enjoyed and seems worthy of a better fate. My early years were attended with a succession of obstructions; I saw those around me steeped in poverty to the very lips, but none of the numerous scenes of distress and misery I have witnessed, ever left a more lasting impression upon my mind than the fate of the poor lecturer.

“I had often heard my brother Richard speak in the most unmeasured raptures of admiration of Mr. Wilton as a man of vast acquirements, as a philosopher, poet, orator, historian, in short as a man of universal genius and learning, and as I entertained a high opinion of his judgment, I felt a strong desire to see this second Creighton, you will believe, therefore, that I was not a little delighted at being called upon one evening to accompany Richard to a lecture on poetry, to be delivered by Mr. Wilton.

“On our way to the lecture-room, Richard gave me to un-

derstand, that I must not expect to see either a superbly decorated hall, or a very fashionable audience, for Mr. Wilton had fallen somewhat into the rear of fortune of late, and all his struggles had hitherto been unavailing to advance him—in short, the room had been hired for that evening for a small sum of money, although it was the whole produce of the sale of the only earthly remaining valuable which Mr. Wilton possessed; it was a token of love from his esteemed Eliza, a bible, since rendered more precious to him from containing the genealogy of his youthful family in the manuscript of his beloved wife.

“Upon our arrival at the place of destination, the outer door was opened by a slender youth, clean in his appearance, and sensibly polite in his address, one of the sons, as Richard informed me, of Mr. Wilton; he had conducted us through a long passage, and having ascended a flight of narrow steps, we found ourselves in a spacious room, which was abundantly supplied with benches, and dimly lit up by a few candles, placed in the most advantageous situations, about the further end, near where the pulpit or rather desk for the orator was placed. Eight o'clock was the appointed time for the lecturer to make his bow, but that hour was already passed, and not a single other visitor had arrived, although the price of admission was a mere trifle.

“There is something very damping to the spirits in a thinly attended lecture room; our sympathies work reflexly, and are busily, if unconsciously, at play with and for the lecturer. By my brother's manner I saw he was not much disappointed, and to wile away the long minutes of waiting, he began to tell me a portion of his friend's history. Mr. Wilton had been educated at the university of Oxford, and had left that scene of his pride and fame full of spirits and high feeling; elated with love and hope he had married soon after leaving college, and a youthful helpless family had held him in one continuous struggle for subsistence. Mr. Wilton had, with much ado, been able to live, and live (to use a common phrase,) but from hand to mouth, this lecture was an effort *in extremis*, an effort to keep his wretched family as long as possible, at least, sheltered from the pitiless elements.—From the necessities arising out of a protracted illness of his wife, other resources had been exhausted, and his rent had grown into considerable arrear. The few articles which had remained from former shocks, had been parted with from day to day to supply a scanty meal of the coarsest food. Mr. Wilton had hit upon this method of reviving his finances; he fancied it a lucky thought, and hoped to realize his wish from the results of a public lecture. He had made some sacrifices to publish his intention, and had

taken every means in his power to insure a full attendance ; but alas !

“ Who can control his fate.”

Half an hour had now transpired ; we began to exhibit marks of misgiving about the success of Mr. Wilton's enterprize, the door opened, and a single person entered ; this was an old friend and school-fellow as he informed us of Mr. Wilton's who had been invited by him to attend the lecture. Our conversation ceasing, we began to grow somewhat fidgety. At length the door again opened, and Mr. Wilton appeared ; a charm of gentility so thoroughly pervaded his air and gesture, that you saw not the shabbiness of his apparel ; his age I considered to be about fifty, but his hair had long since been grey. Although his countenance was strongly marked with care, there was so much openness and honesty in it, that you would have felt your natural tribute of veneration unthinkingly elicited : he passed us on his way to the desk with a firm step, though he appeared wholly absorbed in thought, I fancied he acknowledged, with a slight inclination of the head, the recognition of his friendly visitors.

“ He ascended the rostrum ; after some moments suspense, I looked into his countenance, my heart beat, and my spirit sank within me ; poor fellow, thought I, he has set his all upon a cast and the prize is not sufficiently large to remunerate him for the small scroll upon which he has written his lecture. I turned to Richard ; he was holding down his head, I saw he was already sensibly affected. The lecturer had not yet ventured an utterance, he was struggling to do so, and filled up the interval with attempting to accommodate to his satisfaction the manuel which he held upon his desk. I fancied I saw him weak and sinking, I fixedly observed him ; another moment and the struggle was over ; subdued nature gave way in a half suppressed convulsion, which he had been striving with all his energies, physical and moral, to conquer ! His last effort seemed to show a desire to hide his grief and shame ; he buried his face in his hands, and fell where he stood—powerless, senseless.

“ It was a considerable time before we could restore him ; when he had recovered his senses, we assisted in leading him to his home, where we beheld a scene of wretchedness which can never be erased from my memory. The partners of his sufferings, his wife and children, were anxiously awaiting their father's return provided with food to satisfy their cravings ; they flew to the opening door, all demanding, in language suited to their several ages, the food which their papa had brought them ; they had not in their first transports beheld him pale and trembling, which

on perceiving, their implorings were immediately turned into tears and caresses. A parent, who has been compelled to answer the hungry yearnings of his loved offspring with excuses, can alone feel justly the bitterness of Mr. Wilton's condition : never did I feel so severely as upon this occasion the misery of being unable to afford relief to my suffering fellow-creatures ! all the way home I was sorely troubled in heart, I could not sleep ; I pictured to myself a similar fate. If I was disappointed of the lecture on poetry, I received from this scene, although an awful, a much more useful lesson : I was then very young, and struggling hard with adversity, and if the hopes and fears ingendered by this incident alone, were not sufficient inducements to enable me to come off victor, they considerably accelerated the conquest.

" I was not a little surprised at receiving a visit from the poor gentleman a few days after this occurrence. He had called he said to apologize to me for his conduct, he had been accustomed to disappointments, and it was not so much the loss he had sustained by the failure of his scheme which so deeply affected him, as the thoughts of the state in which he had left his poor wife and children, whose condition and sufferings obtruded themselves upon him, and he could not with all his philosophy, dismiss the picture.

" I endeavoured to console him as well as I was able, but I here again felt the sting arising from the conscious inability to afford any substantial relief. " Alas ! my good young friend," said Mr. Wilton, " my own indiscretion has brought all my affliction upon me ; I have been more imprudent than unfortunate. The great error of my life has been, that I have always been making attempts, forming projects, without prosecuting any design to a practical termination, always if I may say so, beginning life. I have been a man in the world without a purpose: born with some blandishing prospects, I was exalted beyond my proper sphere, my vanity was flattered ; I soon conceived my talents were very considerable, and hoped and thought they would always provide for me in emergencies ; with this ill-founded confidence I married very young, and lost my fellowship annuity at the time I most required it. I had to provide for others before I could by any definite means support myself ; my family increasing soon compelled me to dispose of the residue of my paternal fortune, which when I had disbursed I found myself totally destitute ; thus did I by this act of early imprudence involve in my own wretched fate that of an innocent and deserving creature, and have lived to see a guiltless family reared amid destitution and despair. This act my young friend I consider the worst of my

life, and the kind manner in which my Eliza bears her destiny has rather increased than alleviated my sufferings."

"Mr. Wilton departed, I saw him no more, but the memory of his fate will never be erased from my mind; his words fixed themselves indelibly on my heart. "I have been a man without a purpose," these words seemed still to vibrate in my ears, at times reproachingly, sometimes as a salutary warning.

"It is impossible to say," added my friend M—n, the extent of benefit I derived from this early lesson. When disappointments and crosses have perplexed me so that my energies have begun to relax; suddenly I have thought of Mr. Wilton; when I have been puffed up with an overfraught fancy to reach beyond natural powers or temperate judgment, Mr. Wilton has recurred to my thoughts; whenever I felt that I was blindly disregarding a fixed aim, I have recollected the words of Mr. Wilton; and Providence has hitherto averted the anticipated dangers.

Mr. Wilton is long where the weary are at rest: but daily experience among men must impress on us the melancholy conviction, that the unhappy infirmity of which poor Mr. Wilton was the victim, is not extinct, but is frequently to be met with in men least deficient in natural ability, who are nevertheless going through life without any direction or purpose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I hope you will insert the "*Lecture*," which I herewith send you. It is one of the best, if not *the* best, I ever read—It is given in a pleasing, sentimental style, the spirit of "Yorick" presiding over every sentence, and the moral is a most admirable one—May none of your readers, Sir, live to exclaim, "*I have been a man without a purpose.*"

Yours, affectionately,

W. L. T.

PROFITS OF THE ORDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE I. O. F's. MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,

I take the liberty of forwarding you the following brief account of the Profits of the Order, from May 1st, 1833, to April 1st, 1834.

Yours,

W. P.

Salford, June, 1834

GENERAL FUND.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Balance May 1st, 1833, (see page 316 of the Mag.).....	11	70	4	2		
Cash received (for Initiations and Fines) as per } Balance Sheet, 1834.....	284	7	0			
Cash paid as per Resolutions of Bury A. M. C 1833, 73 13 6..				210	13	6
Making the General Fund Balance.....	£1380	17	8			

INTEREST.

Balance, May 1st, 1833	39	3	5			
Received as per Balance Sheet, 1834.....	8	4	3..	47	7	8

Profit upon Goods sold after all expences paid.

Balance, May 1st, 1833.....	1221	15	10			
Neat profits from May 1st, 1833, to April 1st, 1834..	221	11	5..	1513	7	3
Total worth of the Fund, April 1st, 1834.....	£2941	12	7			

BIRTHS.

April 26th, 1834, the wife of brother Jesse Turner, of the Loyal Key Lodge, Wooley Bridge, of a son.—Nov. 4th, 1833, the wife of brother Robert Tothill, of the Bath City Lodge, of a daughter.—January 10th, 1834, the wife of brother Robert Tothill, of the Bath City Lodge, of twin sons.—November 12th, 1833, the wife of G. M. John Chatterton, of the Clio Lodge, Glossop District, of a son and heir.—October 24th, the wife of brother Job Sunior, of the Clio Lodge, Tintwisle, of a son and heir.—May 19th, the wife of C. S. Slack, Clio Lodge, Glossop District,

of a son.—May 23rd, the wife of brother William Hardman, of the Clio Lodge, Tintwistle, of a son and heir.—January 30th, 1834, the wife of P. G. Turner, of the Devonshire Lodge, Bake-well, of a daughter.—February 16th, 1834, the wife of V. G. Brad-bury, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—May 29th, the wife of brother Leadbeater, of the Anglesea Lodge, Rugely, of a daugh-ter.—The wife of brother J. Haslam, of the Surrey Lodge, Mitcham, of a daughter.—The wife of brother T. Fletcher, of the same Lodge, of a son and heir.—March 24th, the wife of brother Bennett, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton, of a daughter.—April 16th, the wife of P. G. M. Salter, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton, of a son.—April 20th, the wife of P. D. G. M. Yeats, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton, of a daughter.—April 20th, the wife of N. G. Pike of a daughter.—February 11th, 1834, the wife of brother Ralph Winsby, of a daughter.—January 5th, the wife of host Clarke, of the Cadwgan Lodge, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 4th, V. G. Altham, of the Minerva, Bentham, to Miss Jane Taylor, of that place.—March 12th, brother J. Clarke, of the Loyal Lonsdale Lodge, to Miss E. Grundy, second daughter of the worthy host of that Lodge.—April 13th, P. V. Newton, of the William the Fourth Lodge, Lancaster, to Miss Maria Bell, of that place.—May 4th, brother Thompson, of the William the Fourth Lodge, Lancaster, to Miss Dorothy Johnstone, of Lan-caster.—May 6th, brother John Leader, of the Anglesea Lodge, Rugeley, to Miss Nixon, of Pentridge.—December 29th, 1833, brother George Lock, of the Bath City Lodge, to Hannah Louisa Witcombe, of the said city.—March 24th, 1834, P. G. Milnes, of the Friendly Drop Lodge, Horton, to Miss Wood, of the same place.—February 16th, 1834, at Saint Paul's Church, Shipley, brother Isaac Webster, of the Friendly Mechanic Lodge, to Miss Sarah Pollard, sister to P. G. Thomas Pollard, of the Friendly Drop Lodge.—January 22nd, brother Robert Jesher, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton, to Miss Eliza Wood.

DEATHS.

March 4th, 1834, brother Henry Bridge, of the Loyal Key Lodge, Wooley Bridge. On Sunday, his remains were followed

to the grave by nearly 200 officers and brothers, where the funeral oration was gone through in a very solemn and appropriate manner.—April 22nd, greatly beloved and highly respected, brother Joseph Garside, widower, of the Clio Lodge, Tintwistle. He was unfortunately killed by a log of timber falling upon him from a waggon, while assisting to unload it; he has left three orphan children to deplore his loss. His memory will long be cherished by the brethren of his Lodge with regret; in proof of which, I am happy to state, that they clothed his children in the most respectable manner possible, and accompanied them in following the remains of their parent to the grave in the usual manner, which has left such deep and lasting impressions on the minds of the numerous spectators, as caused many to exclaim, that Odd Fellowship was something more than an empty name.—April 30th, Mary, the beloved wife of N. G. Joseph Daxon, of the Morning Star Lodge, Glossop.—February 11th, 1834, brother John Shipley, of the Fountain Dale Lodge, Bledworth.—March 31st, 1834, P. G. William Bean, of the Industry Lodge, Mansfield.—Sarah, the wife of P. G. Hollingsworth, late of Shrewsbury.—March 10th, 1834, P. Prov. D. G. M. James Walker, of the Stockport District. His funeral was attended to the grave by a number of his relations; and many of our fraternity from Stockport were joined by a number of the Earl of Stamford Lodge, Altrincham; his remains were interred at Bowden.—February 28th, 1834, the wife of brother Robert Tothill, of the Bath City Lodge.—March 18th, brother Brown, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton, of a consumption.—April 6th, P. V. G. Jesher, a worthy and respected member, after a few hours' illness.—May 2nd, at Mold, in the county of Flint, after a long illness, brother Isaac Young, of the Ancient Britons' Lodge, Wrexham; his funeral was attended by the officers and brothers of the Ancient Britons' Lodge; it being the first funeral procession ever witnessed in that town, hundreds assembled on the occasion. The funeral address was delivered by C. S. Philips.

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